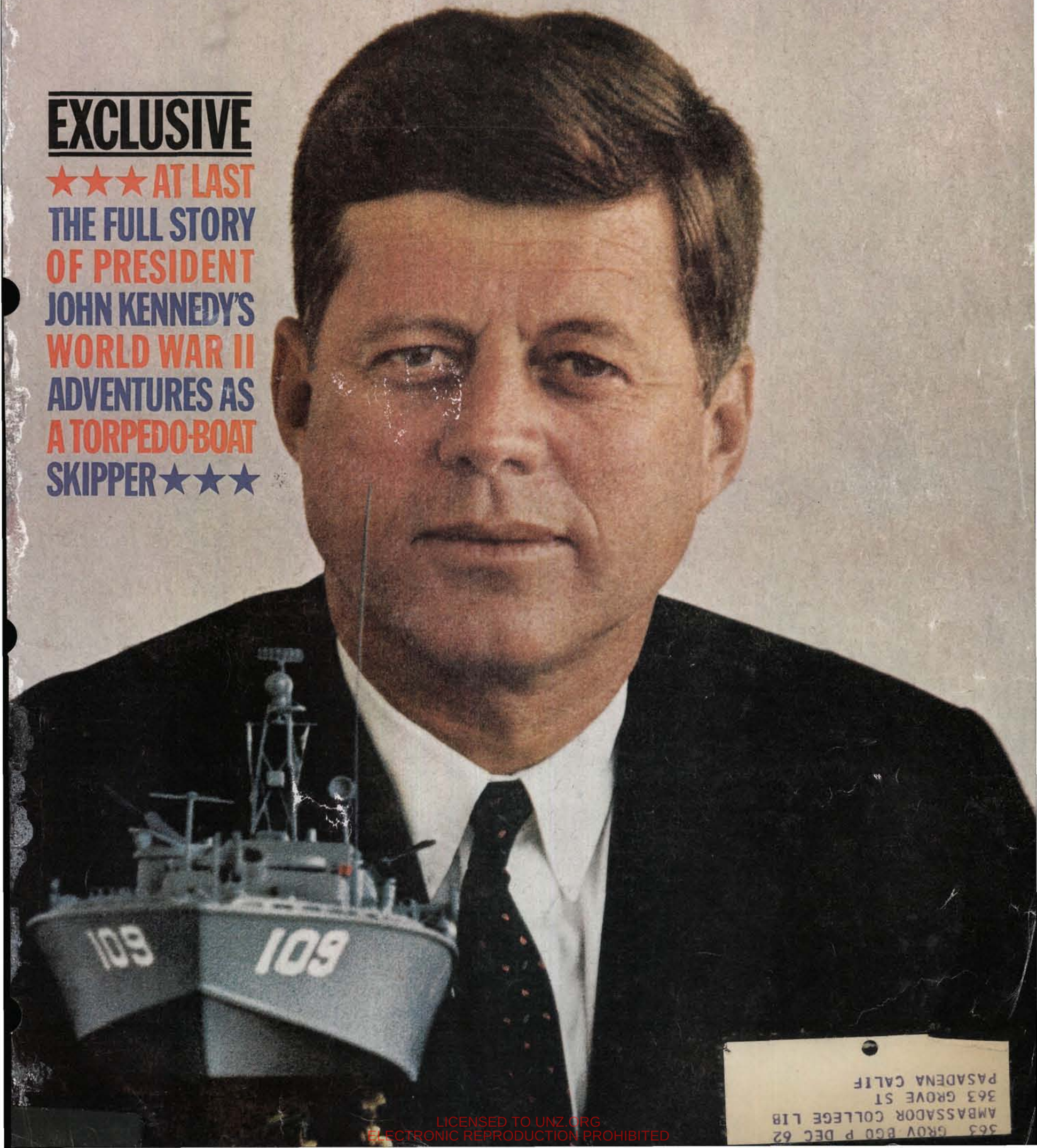
The Saturday Evening
POST
Nov. 18, 1961
20¢

EXCLUSIVE

★★★ AT LAST THE FULL STORY OF PRESIDENT JOHN KENNEDY'S WORLD WAR II ADVENTURES AS A TORPEDO-BOAT SKIPPER ★★★



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Donovan (in T shirt), Erwitt and islanders

PT 109: THE ADVENTURE THAT MADE A PRESIDENT. Eleven men survived the sinking of PT 109 in 1943, including its 26-year-old skipper, now President of the United States. Recently, veteran reporter Robert J. Donovan set out to track down every detail of the story: the sinking, the six-day ordeal that followed for the crew, and Kennedy's later experiences on PT 59. In addition to interviewing President Kennedy many times, Donovan traveled 30,000 miles—in the U.S., the South Pacific and Japan—to talk with the people who took part in the hazardous adventure. "With the Post's photographer Elliott Erwitt," Mr. Donovan writes us, "I explored the islands in the Solomons where the President and his crew fought hunger, thirst and fear of capture, walking along the same reefs and swimming in the same currents they did. We found all the natives who had taken part in the rescue operations, many of whom accompanied us around the islands to show us exactly what had happened, where and how." The Post will publish PT 109 in five parts. The first begins on page 17.

DON'T LABEL THEM INCORRIGIBLE. A Federal youth center rehabilitates juvenile offenders (page 98).

HOLLYWOOD'S BASHFUL GENIUS. Andre Previn: winner of two Oscars, a pianist who can pack in an audience for a half-classical, half-jazz program—and who once made peace with Louella Parsons by promising never to get married again without telling her (page 38).

ALSO: "Protestantism has marched fearlessly backward" (quoted by G. Paul Musselman in Speaking Out: Churches Are Failing the Cities, page 10). A strangely audacious—and clumsy—burglary of paintings valued at $760,000 (The Great Art Robbery, page 30). "Life was beginning upstairs and ending downstairs, and Alan Crowe, caught in the middle, was untried in the enormities of either birth or death. Beyond the window the relentless deluge was drowning the land" (The Four-Day Ark, page 32).

THE COVER. John F. Kennedy is no stranger to our cover, for his face appeared there little more than a year ago (October 29, 1960), when he was a presidential candidate. The ship model in Elliott Erwitt's cover photograph symbolizes the war experience that is graphically described in the five-part serial beginning in this issue. The President keeps the model in his White House office, where it reminds him, perhaps, of the heavy responsibility he once bore as commander of a shipwrecked crew. Such a reminder may be heartening to the man who now, as President and Commander in Chief, bears a responsibility equaled by none.

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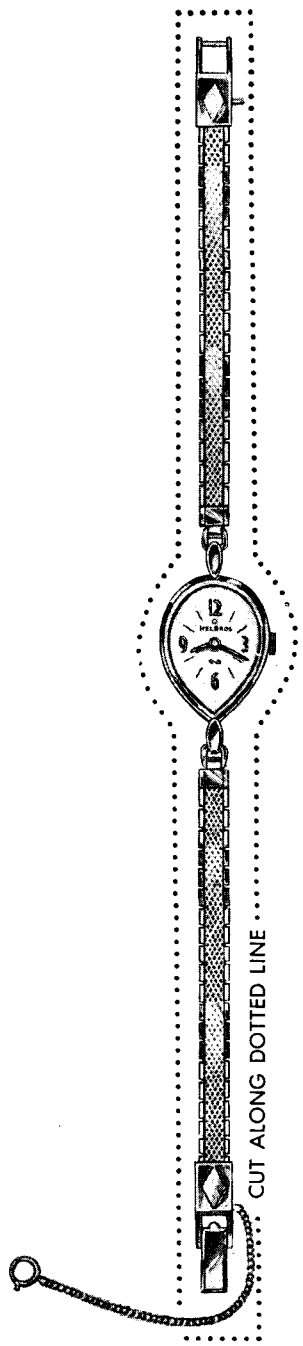

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LETTERS

EX-RED'S CONFESSION

Dear Sirs:

In his article Ring Lardner Jr. [MY LIFE ON THE BLACKLIST, OCT. 14] follows the usual Communist line. In his bid for sympathy he does not denounce Communism, but criticizes the treatment accorded him under the American system of government he sought to destroy.

MRS. JOSEPH L. DICKS
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

So what is the average country-loving, patriotic American to do—sit down and cry because Ring Lardner Jr. joined an organization whose avowed intent is to destroy the United States? Does Lardner actually think real Americans' hearts will bleed for him? He should have thought about some of these things when he was so hell-bent to change a country and government that has been far better to him that he has to his country.

HAROLD G. ANTHONY
Shreveport, La.

Dear Sirs:

The only regret apparent was for a reduction of income. . . . I have no pity for "thoughtful, witty and generally stimulating" Communists or ex-Communists lowered to tasks also performed by millions of good citizens of lesser education. My pity goes to the loyal American men, women and children whose life, liberty and happiness is jeopardized by the unloyal few.

REAR ADM. W. R. TERRELL USN (Ret.)
Lawrence, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

The article is a sad indictment of our country and the petty megalomaniacs who were permitted (by our daily papers in particular) to terrorize anyone and everyone who presumed to disagree with them. . . . Thank you very much for giving Mr. Lardner a forum.

REBECCA HARMON
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Lardner cleverly attempts to discredit the House Un-American Activities Committee's purpose by citing the misdeeds of its former chairman, Mr. J. Parnell Thomas. But thoughtful readers will readily realize that this is no more a discredit to the purpose of the committee than an occasional wayward minister is a discredit to the Gospel of Christianity.

OMAR HENRY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Congress still has faith in the House Un-American Activities Committee as evidenced by a recent vote of 412 to 6 to give them their full appropriation this year.

MRS. DELMAR NANCE
Tallula, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you on your courage in printing a history which needs very much to be told at the present time, but which is bound to bring recriminations from your more conservative readers—and also from organizations of the extreme right—who would prefer that this side of the history of the Hollywood blacklisting not be revealed.

CARTER BANCROFT
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I myself could name a person who attended Communist meetings in the 1930's and one who joined the party in Harvard just as a joke. Evidently college men joined the party just as a lark,

perhaps even as their sons now pretend to support [Sen. Barry] Goldwater.

RICHARD P. PETTY
Plainview, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Lardner and those who sympathize with him might ask themselves, would they find the blacklist so abhorrent if it were applied to a former member of the Ku Klux Klan who refused to inform upon his colleagues?

GEORGE W. PRICE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I am impressed with Ring Lardner Jr.'s article on the Hollywood Blacklist—and more impressed with *The Post* for its intelligence and taste in publishing the article. If this is the new *Post*—I'm for it!

FRANCES BORDEN
New York, N.Y.

● *At press time we had received 391 letters on the Lardner article, and they were still coming in strong. Because of the interest we plan to print more next week.*—ED.

READERS STRIKE BACK

Dear Sirs:

I've read the pros and cons in *The Post* from your readers indicating their pleasure and displeasure with the changes you have made. To me *The Post*, like old wine, grows better with age. . . . Thanks for all the innovations. I await the mailman from issue to issue.

CATHERINE DOLLARD DEITERS
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

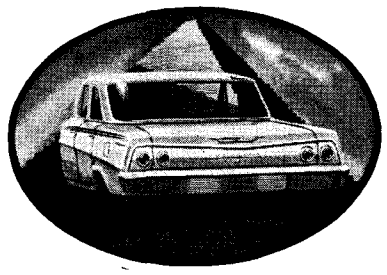
You are printing so many brickbat letters you must be getting very successful. As for me, I say, more power to you. Keep on trying to make people think things out pro or con. Uh-huh, I like you better.

VERNER C. AURELL
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

If magazine publishers have "Oscars" or "Emmys," you deserve two for your new format. One for creating an exciting and truly artistic layout. The second for your courage in suddenly springing something startling

Look at where you'll "live" before you buy...



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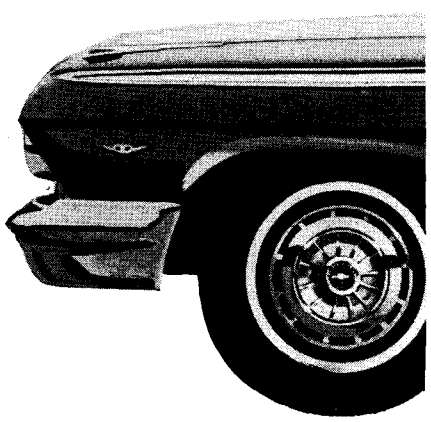

The Exclusive Extra

IN ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS

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Foreground: Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan
Background: Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sedan

Body by Fisher makes it a better buy!

When you're about to buy a new car, it's wise to examine the body as carefully as you would if you were buying a home. For that's what the body will be – your family's "home on wheels." The body is where you'll sit back, see the scenery, talk and take it easy for years to come. It is where you will live.

So before you spend any money on a car, spend time looking over the body. Be sure it carries the Fisher Body coachmark of quality – and you can be sure you'll get more for your money, more to enjoy. The column of no-cost extras on the left will show you why Body by Fisher makes it a better buy.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

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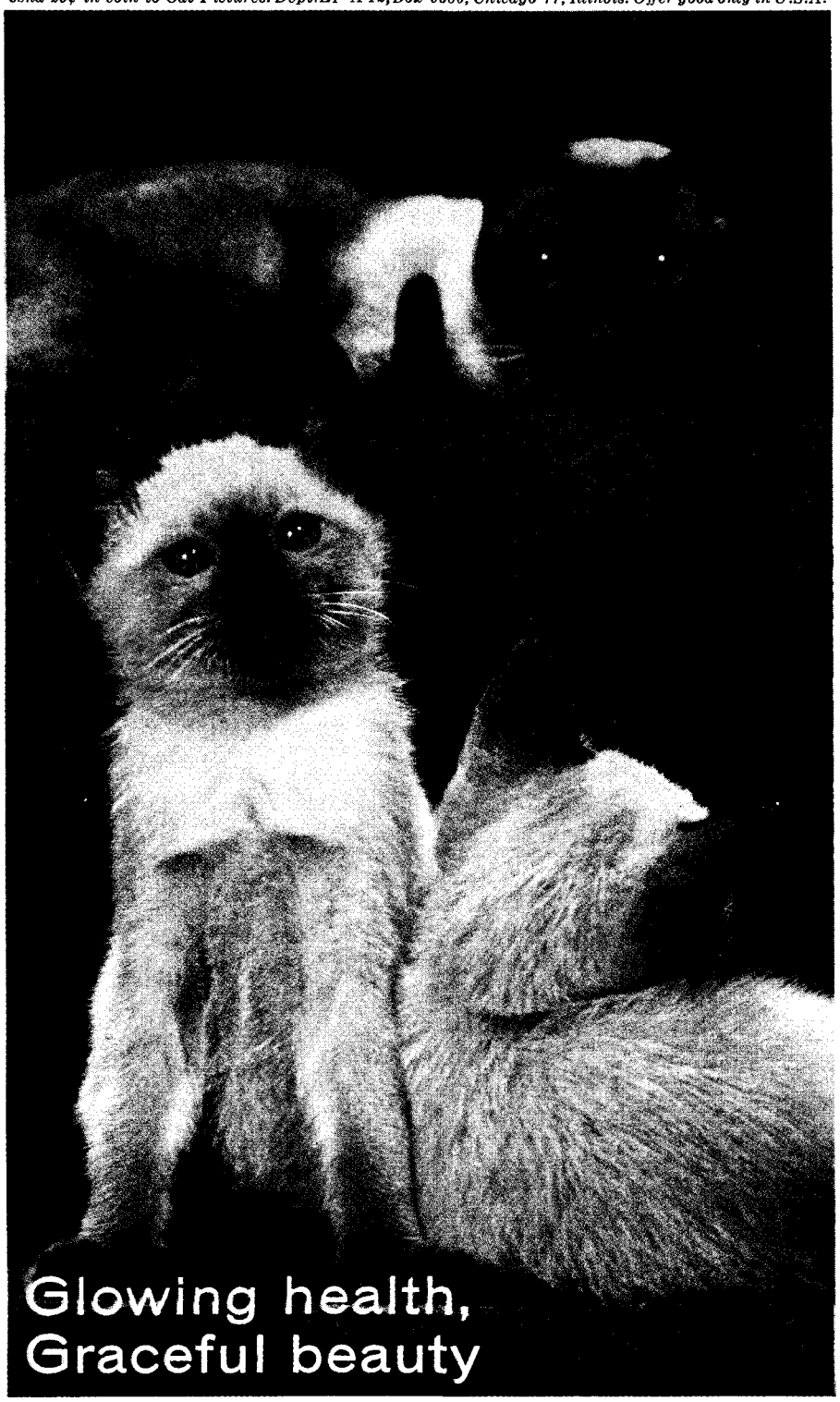
"Siesta on the stairs." For a 6½" x 12" full-color print of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ in coin to Cat Pictures. Dept.EP-A-12, Box 6586, Chicago 77, Illinois. Offer good only in U.S.A.



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Wholesome nourishment balanced carefully in a daily diet that contains every vital nutrient cats need – that's Puss 'n Boots. Feed the Original Fish Formula if your cat prefers fish, the New Meat Flavor if she likes meat. Both will keep your cat aglow with radiant health, and a sunny disposition to match.

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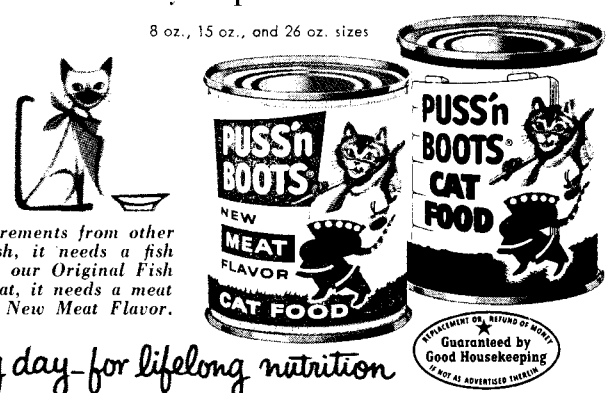

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Cats have different food requirements from other animals. If your cat likes fish, it needs a fish food formulated just for cats: our Original Fish Formula. If your cat likes meat, it needs a meat food made just for cats: our New Meat Flavor.

Once a day–Every day–for lifelong nutrition

Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

LETTERS

and new on audiences so accustomed to spoon-fed and gradual evolution.

WILLIAM M. WALKER
Des Moines, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I'm gradually getting used to the dear, dignified old *Post* in her new floozy make-up. In fact, I think I'm beginning to like it. It seemed rather odd at first . . . but the shock soon wears off.

W. M. TOWLE
Shell Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the rejuvenated *Post*. Everything changed—everything just fine. . . .

And to the staid critics—remember that Ben Franklin was about as progressive a guy as there was in his time, and I'm sure he would have revised the format many times between then and now if he could have. I'll bet he rolled over with a contented sigh a few weeks ago and muttered, "The *Post* IS in good hands."

A. R. NICHOLS
East Greenwich, R.I.

WHO HAZES BEST?

Dear Sirs:

In reference to the article on the Air Force Academy [YOU ARE NOBODY HERE] in your Oct. 14 issue, we take offense to the remark, "New men of the older service academies, West Point and Annapolis, get a rough initiation too, but the ordeal of the Air Force Academy doolies is extraordinary."

We can assure you that the physical training and mental harassment dealt out to the plebes here at West Point is at least the equivalent of that which the Air Force Academy freshmen receive.

MICHAEL S. MC CORMACK
JOSEPH D. HALGUS
KENNETH E. WALL
United States Military Academy
West Point, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am sure that the ordeal of a doolie is no more extraordinary than the ordeal of a plebe at the Naval Academy.

THOMAS Y. EVERSOLE
United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

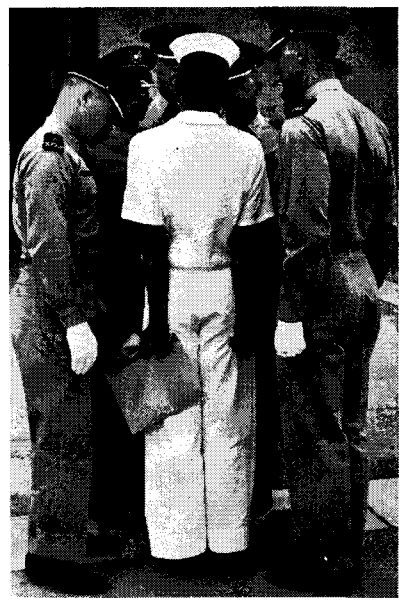
Dear Sirs:

I suppose it was inevitable that the Air Force Academy would try to surpass the two older service schools in the hazing of underclassmen. It would be too much to expect original thinking about what is necessary for our national security—leaders who might at times be nonconformists but who are not afraid to explore new ideas, who dare to think new thoughts, who are flexible and imaginative. . . . Perhaps I speak from the "twisted attitudes of civilian life," but it seems to me it is time that we reappraise our entire system of training this nation's military officers.

A. D. STOPPELS
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The caption with the picture [below] of Gary Corbin said that he was being



"worked over" by some upperclassmen for appearing at the academy in his "fish suit." If these men were sharp in their military knowledge, they would know that Mr. Corbin was required to wear his uniform because he was still in the Navy until he took the oath as a cadet. Also, and more important, if they were true military men they would *never* degrade the uniform of another service—especially a uniform with such a proud tradition as the Navy's—by calling it a "fish suit."

G. R. DUKES
United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

KENNEDY DEFENDERS

Dear Sirs:

I just read your LETTERS [Oct. 7] concerning President Kennedy and THAT WIT IN THE WHITE HOUSE [by Rowland Evans Jr., Sept. 2]. I must admit some people make me sick. All they do is criticize Kennedy instead of standing behind him when our support is needed most. They seem to know what it does or doesn't take to be President. I wonder if they'll be running in 1964.

MRS. JAMES ALLARD
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

If some of these people who criticize President Kennedy were in his shoes for one hour, they'd panic! His sense of humor puts Abe Lincoln's in the shade. What a doll!

OLIVE DIXON
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I, for one, did not favor Mr. Kennedy in the last election, but he *was* elected, and I *will* support him. I am not saying that the American public has no right to criticize him, but I am sick of this senseless, sour-grapes mud slinging that is going on. . . . I enjoyed the article. . . . His sense of humor just serves to prove that he is a well-rounded, stable person.

SUE MITCHELL
Silver Spring, Md.

AUTHOR'S NAME

The short story A Grandfather's Gift *in the November 4* Post *was written by Willard Marsh. Mr. Marsh's first name was inadvertently printed as William. The* Post *regrets the error.*—THE EDITORS

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Every year, everywhere, more cars ride on U.S. Royal **LOW PROFILE** tires

In 1962, 1 out of 4 new cars will ride on the new

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Here's the best tire we have ever offered for original equipment and general replacement. No other tire in its field can match the combination of advantages and improvements found only in the Safety-800. And automobile manufacturers like the new U.S. Royal so much, they're putting this new tire on 1 out of 4 new 1962 cars.

Look what you get in the Safety-800 ● 22% more mileage than competitive tires ● new "anchored tread" for a higher safety factor ● superior skid resistance (thanks to deeper tread grooves) ● "Low Profile" construction for a *cooler*, quieter ride ● new high-strength bonded cords for increased dependability. All this . . . *only* in the new U.S. Royal Safety-800.

"Low Profile" is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire.

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United States Rubber

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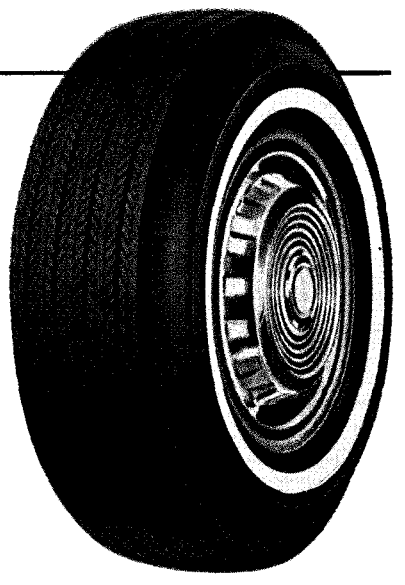

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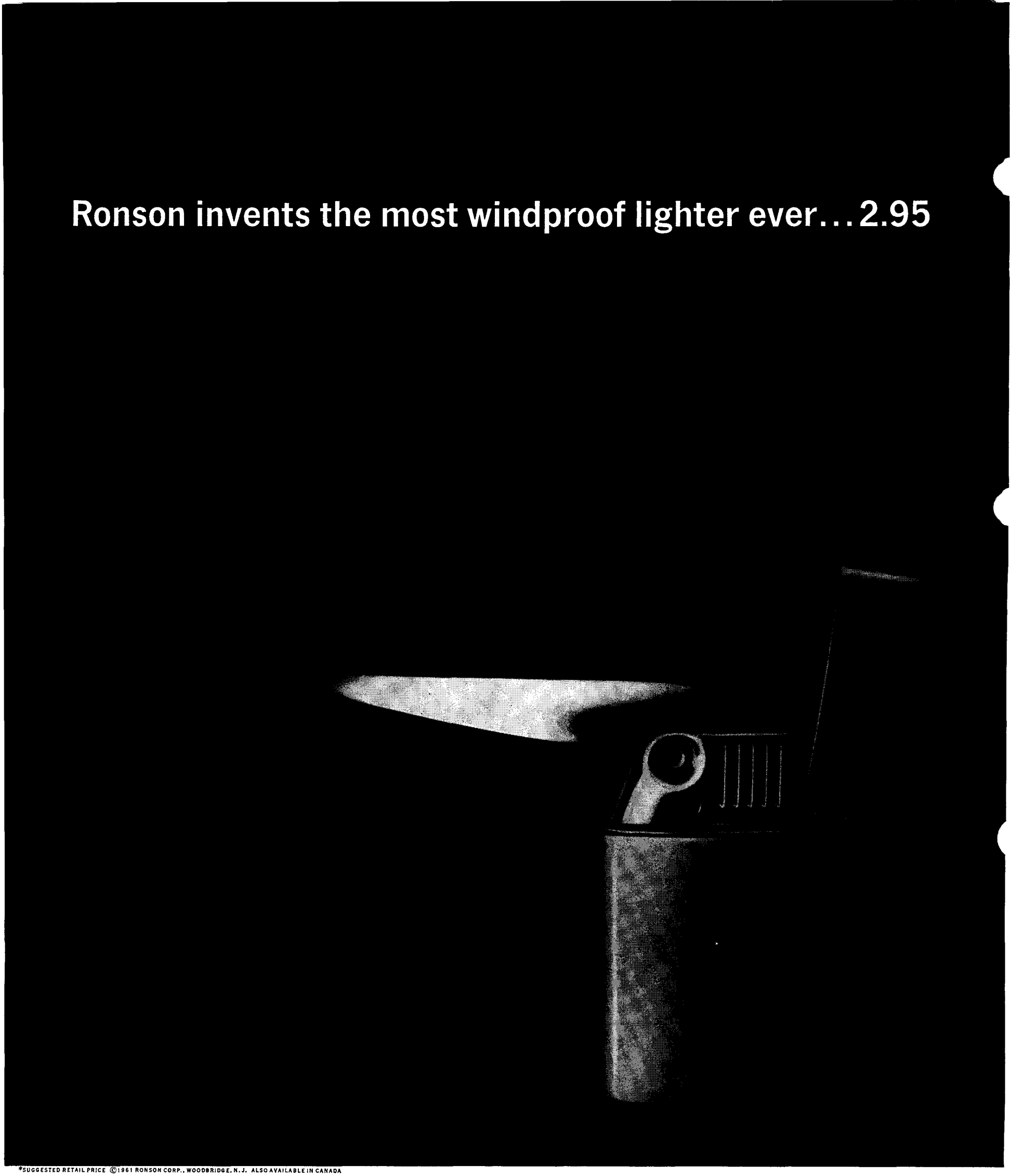

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Put it through a wind-tunnel test and you'll find out.

We did. We took the new Ronson Typhoon and wind-tunnel tested it against every leading competitive brand.

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Radically new design does it. A design, curiously enough, making use of new metal-working techniques that actually *lower* costs. (That's why only $2.95.*)

It's rugged, handsome, exceptionally light. Available in 4 new silver and gold tone finishes.

Best of all, it's windproof. The most—ever.

Ronson® Typhoon

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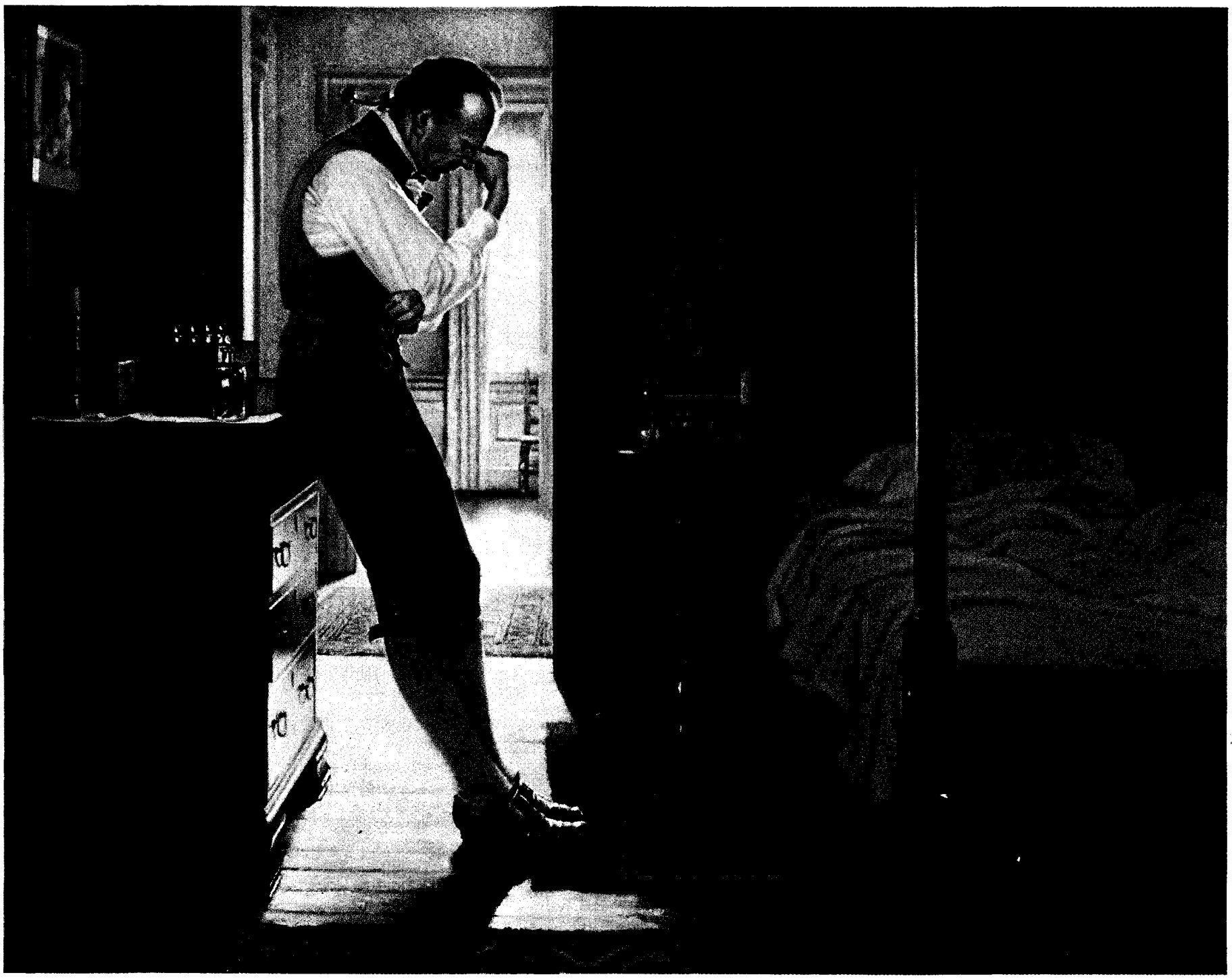

BENJAMIN RUSH: Physician, Pedant, Patriot—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

The first years of the new United States demanded much of the men who helped shape the union, and Doctor Benjamin Rush proved worthy of the challenge. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, Rush was also an Army Surgeon and teacher. He was a man who backed up his moral convictions with great physical courage. In 1793, a yellow fever epidemic scourged Philadelphia, then capital of the fledgling nation. While others fled, Rush stayed on to try to help the sick, and himself survived two attacks of fever. Though many of his ideas were controversial, he has come to be known as the United States' first great physician.

Men like Benjamin Rush, who persevere for the common good despite personal danger, benefit all mankind. It is this very kind of individual courage that has raised medicine from unscientific beginnings to today's skilled and dedicated profession.

At Parke-Davis, the search never stops for better medicines for use by the medical and pharmaceutical professions to combat illness and disease. It started in 1866; it continues today. Research such as this helps make possible longer, pleasanter, more useful lives for you and your family.

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SPEAK!NG OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

CHURCHES ARE FAILING THE CITIES

By G. Paul Musselman

The author is executive director of the Department of Evangelism for the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. An Episcopalian, he was director of his denomination's Division of Urban Industrial Work before joining the Council.

The most compelling mission of the Church today is not in the far-off, least civilized corners of the globe. The biggest task lies right at the heart of urban civilization, in the tall towers and asphalt jungles of our cities. That is where the Church has failed. It is a failure that is told in terms of dwindling congregations and closed church buildings—and an increasing inability of the Church to enter the lives of those who desperately need something of the spirit to give meaning to our materialistic civilization.

The Church's failures in the city are no longer glossed over by Catholic, Protestant or Jewish leaders. The Protestant failure, with which I am familiar, seems to be the most apparent. For instance, take the water-front area of Detroit, where I was rector of the historic Mariners' Church a few years ago. Before the turn of the century, there were more than ten busy churches in the thriving residential district by the water front. One by one, as the district gradually changed into a low-grade commercial area, the churches folded up or moved to the suburbs. And many of those church members who moved to other locations within the city failed to reunite with a church and lost active contact with their religion.

"Protestantism has marched fearlessly backward," states Bryant George, associate director of the Urban Church Department of the United Presbyterian Church, commenting on the fact that in the past fifteen years or so New York City has lost more than 300 churches, Chicago 150, Cleveland 72, and Detroit 63. In all these cities populations have remained just about constant since 1945.

The Rev. Milton Heitzman, director of educational evangelism of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, says that in almost 100 medium-sized U.S. cities, more than 90 per cent of the people claim some sort of religious preference—yet less than half the citizens of these cities are on the church rolls. Carroll Charles, United Lutheran Church's secretary of urban church planning, has reminded his denomination that since 1945 nearly 12,000 baptized persons dropped out of 98 United Lutheran churches in New York City. And C. E. Autrey, evangelism director for the Southern Baptists, says that, as his church has become more urban in character, those members who have moved to the city—either from rural or other urban areas—and have not reaffiliated would fill 9000 average-size churches.

Protestant leaders are worried less by the loss of some church buildings than they are by the Church's loss of contact with people and events in the city. Jon L. Regier, executive director of the Division of Home Missions of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, says, "Perhaps we have been building temples to prove to God how religious we are. Now we've got to take a new look at everything in terms of the confrontation of the Church by the materialistic, technological society of the urban culture."

We must, he adds, discover the relevance of the Gospel to the city, lest not only Protestantism but the city and the city culture fall into complete decay.

Various studies are now under way to analyze the causes of the urban failure and suggest means to reverse the trend. A number of conditions are believed to have contributed to the failure. One is the intensification of racial intolerance as city populations change. Another is Protestantism's large capital investment in its urban real estate.

Church leaders are taking a new look at expensive church buildings in which clublike congregations sometimes ignore the world outside and slowly hug themselves to death in huge structures they no longer can support. It is strange that the Church of Him who had not where to lay His head is today deeply worried about the maintenance of its expensive real estate. Yet the fact is, it is easier to raise money for bricks and mortar than for people and programs. One hard-pressed inner-city church strained its resources to build a new office-and-educational building—but fired a curate and a parish worker to balance its budget. Perhaps Protestantism must lose a few more status symbols before it remembers that its destiny is not to be a custodian of property but to be the creator of a Christian culture.

Another reason for big-city church failure is the frequency with which city people move. Clergy in some areas have reported 50 to 75 per cent change in their membership lists annually. Communities change their characteristics, and neighborhood ties are shattered owing to this restlessness of our twentieth-century population.

Areas with many new, tall urban-renewal apartments inevitably show lowered church activity. Surveys in areas where homes, flats and duplexes were replaced with apartment buildings of four or more stories time and again show a drop in family church participation from 50 to about 15 per cent. Studies are still under way to find out why. Possibly it is because the families who move into the tall apartments are seeking a life less involved in the affairs of their fellow man. Or it may be partly due to the fact that in many of these apartments pastors are discouraged or even barred from making door-to-door calls.

Doctrinal dilution, low-pressure evangelization methods and ideological irrelevance are also blamed for failures in the city. These may be the fault of pastors who don't keep up with the times, or of a theological training system which needs modernization.

Some observers believe the churches must offer more recreational, health, welfare and counseling services. Yet Jehovah's Witnesses, and other sects which offer few such services, seem to be growing or at least holding their own in the cities.

Many urban dwellers may feel that they can get along without the Church because they see it preoccupied with its own organizational affairs instead of reaching out to help people. Certainly the churchgoer's ignorance of scriptural teachings must seem less than inspiring to the nonchurchgoer. In a survey of officers in churches, it was found that many of the leaders were not sure, for example, whether the Sermon on the Mount was in the Old or the New Testament.

Although no long-range master plan has evolved, many groups are taking action to stem the tide of urban failure. Detroit Protestants, for instance, are co-ordinating their strategy in order to reach the people in the inner-city boulevard area, where more than half of the 428 organized religious groups will be

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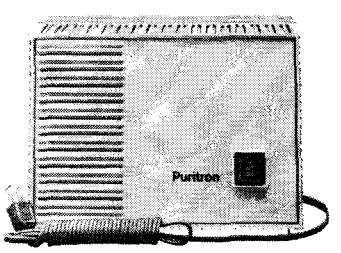

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SPEAKING OUT

affected by an urban-renewal program which is replacing substandard housing with moderately priced apartments. Some of the existing churches will be merged, a few of them abandoned, and some will be relocated. But almost without exception the churches which will remain will be able to serve the area more effectively. The high cost of land—up to $50,000 an acre—may force the churches which rebuild to abandon the tradition of monumental structures. The supposed prestige of big church buildings may have to yield to the needs for large parking areas.

Efforts are being made in several cities to overcome the disadvantages of the tall apartments, where people seem to lose contact with the Church. One current program is making headway through "house-church groups," which meet at the apartments or in social centers near them. St. Stephen's Episcopal Church of Houston, Texas, whose plight ten years ago was pronounced hopeless by experts, now holds weekly meetings with small congregations in twenty areas.

Pastor John Gensel of Advent Lutheran Church, on Manhattan's Upper West Side, does his pastoral calling mostly in coffee bars and clubs. He thinks the jazz musicians have something to say to our culture and to our Church. As a by-product of his offbeat ministry, he finds that his eleven-o'clock service is almost a little United Nations at worship. His next step is to start a five P.M. service, frankly recognizing the hours his city people keep.

The demands of the mid-twentieth century put the urban minister on the spot. No longer can he fulfill the conventional image of the Protestant minister as a sort of spiritual handyman; nor can he be a leisurely parson who goes around in the afternoons to drink tea with members of his congregation. In Evansville, Indiana, under the leadership of Church Council Secretary Nevin Danner, the Mead-Johnson and RCA Whirlpool companies have trained three groups of clergy to equip them with the needed administrative and organizational skills.

The speed with which the character of a city neighborhood can change was illustrated in the West Adams Boulevard district of Los Angeles. When McCarty Memorial Christian Church was established there, all the residents of the neighborhood were white. Within two decades the neighborhood was nearly all-Negro. Several nearby churches pulled out. Convinced that the Church is the place to train people for leadership in today's world, McCarty Memorial stayed. Today its congregation is 70 per cent Negro. The first church-sponsored social activities for the youth of the neighborhood had to be chaperoned by police. But no longer is this necessary. Now the teenagers demonstrate a sense of responsibility for their church.

There are other promising ventures. The First Presbyterian Church of Kansas City is in the center of what has become a deprived and depressed downtown area. When their building burned down, the members of the dwindling congregation had an easy opportunity to move their church to the suburbs. But they decided to keep it in the city. Now they are knee-deep in every problem of delinquency, racial tension and disorganized living and hard at work, with the enthusiastic support of the people who remained.

The leaders of Washington, D.C.'s Augustana Lutheran Church, in an area which has become a mixture of expensive and cheap housing, of white and Negro residents, resolved to take their neighborhood to their hearts. For four years, week after week, thirty to forty members of the church knocked on door after door to make friends and to offer services. This year Lutheran young people from ten states, joined by youngsters from the local congregation, repainted, replastered and renovated four houses in the area.

A pioneer parson who is standing up and scrapping for the Church in the city is the Rev. James E. Gusweller of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's Episcopal Church on New York's Upper West Side. The Rev. Mr. Gusweller made headlines when he collided with elements of racketeering involved in slum housing and with city officials who, it was charged, were more efficient in holding out the palm than in finding the housing violators. Gusweller now is well known, not because he is an Episcopalian but because he fights effectively against the exploitation of people in his area.

Urban Protestantism's determination to stand up and fight is not an altogether recent phenomenon. About the turn of the century the Presbyterians in Chicago decided that facilities of local churches were not adequate in meeting the problems of the city. And, beginning in 1956, eight settlement houses operated by the Presbyterians in Chicago pioneered in "on the street" ministry for youngsters whose behavior patterns are so disturbed that they cannot accept the discipline of being in a building. The increase in juvenile misbehavior has been held down in the areas around these centers.

All of these forward steps, gratifying as they are, can only hope to offset retreats, until modern Protestantism can throw all of its resources into the battle. Suburban churches must become big brothers to some hard-pressed inner-city churches and give them financial support. They must, in addition, help to supply the city churches with leadership.

Protestant losses in the inner city are continuing, but Protestantism is doing much more than holding hands with the people and telling them not to worry. In spite of the loss of church membership and of churches, there may emerge a new breed of fighting Protestants who will be considerably less concerned with institutional preservation and more effective in bringing the Church to areas where it is most urgently needed. THE END

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How to tell the year of a Volkswagen.

(It isn't easy. We never change it to make it look different; only to make it work better.)

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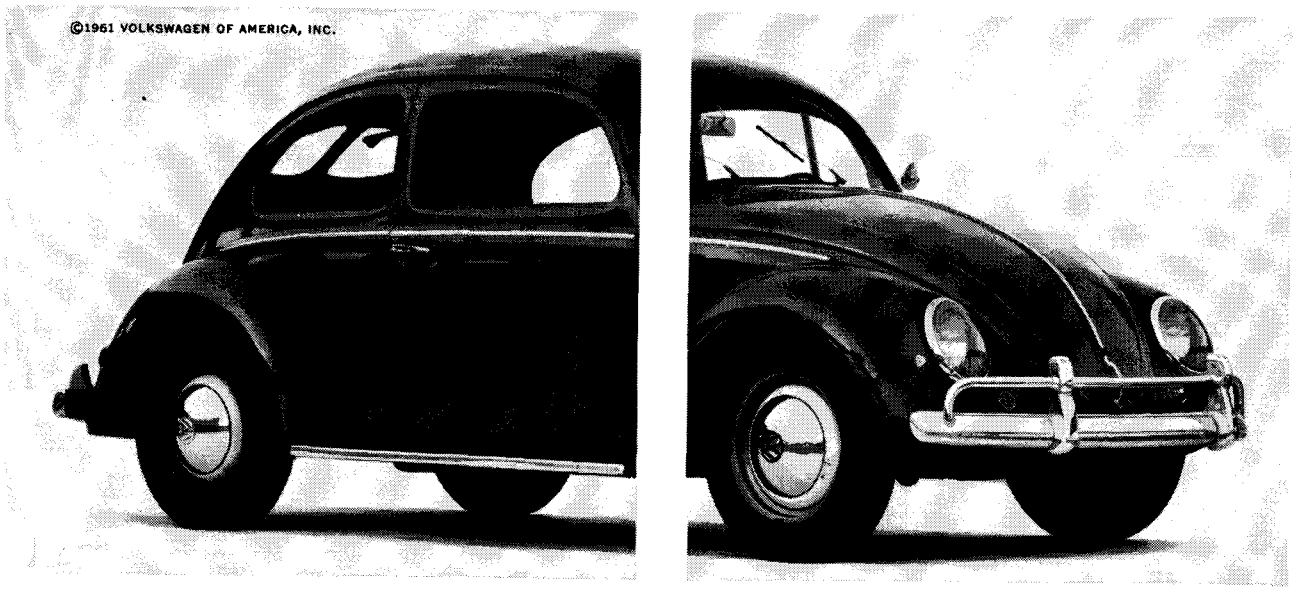
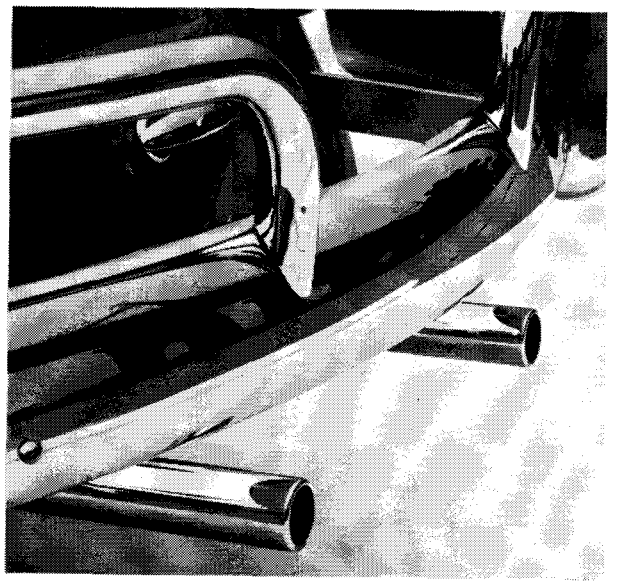
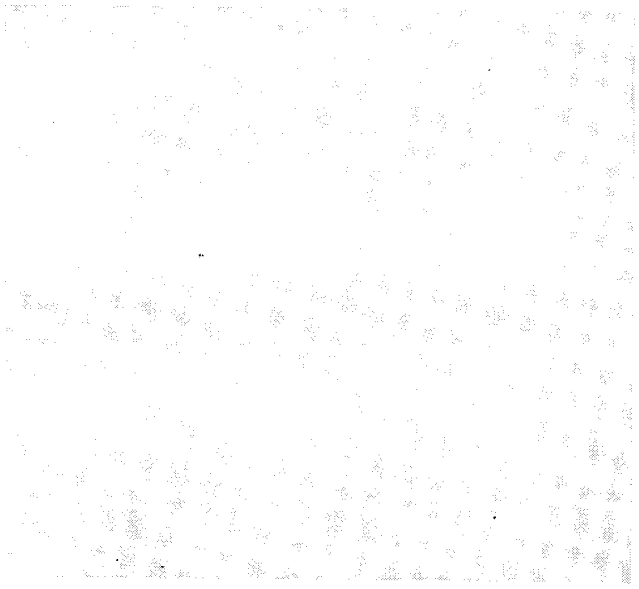


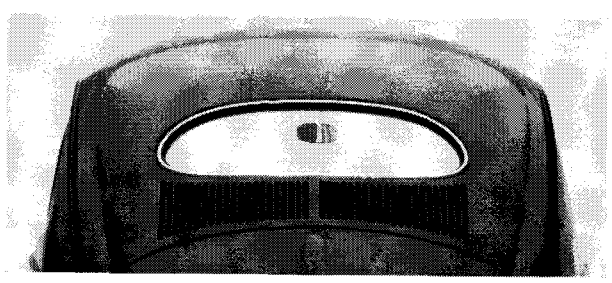
1952-1955. '52 was the last year we split the rear window. In '53, the VW sprouted front window vents. And by '55, flashing directional signals replaced those funny-looking little arms.



1956 Or is it a '57? This one's tricky. Look for twin exhausts *plus* an oval rear window.

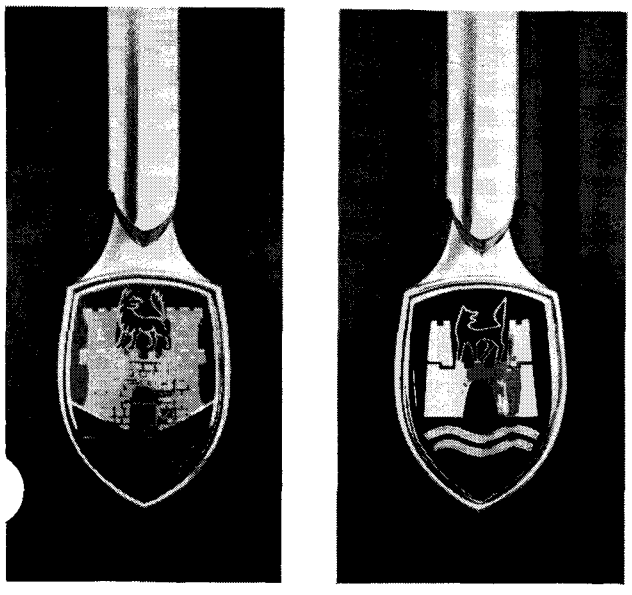


1957 No visible change.

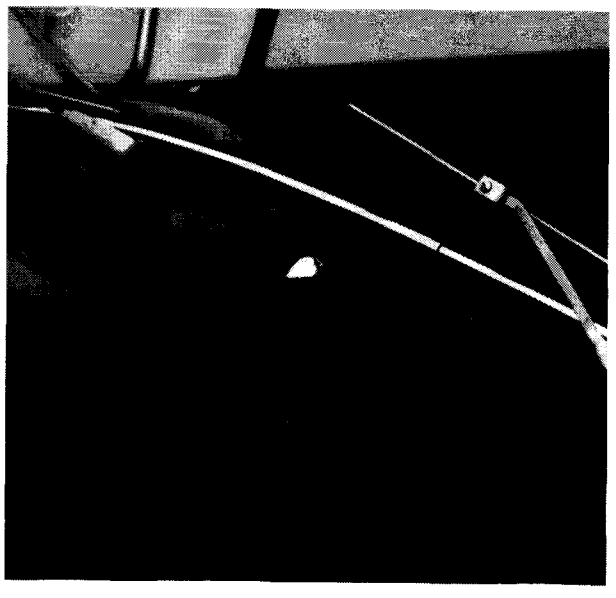


1958 A famous Italian designer suggested we make the rear window bigger. We did.

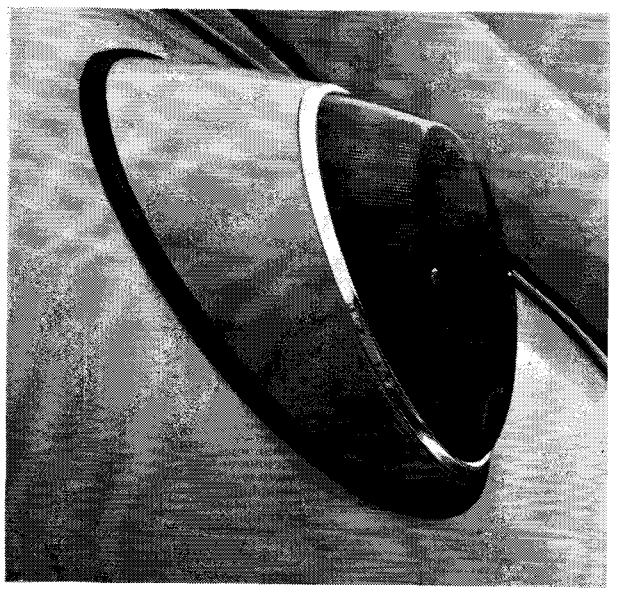
1959 We changed the door handles from the pull type to the new push-button type.



1960 Look for the new medallion design on the front. (You may need your glasses.)



1961 Your clue is the windshield washer nozzle on the hood. (Standard equipment.)



1962 Bigger tail lights. (Final proof: Peek inside. Only the '62s have a gas gauge.)

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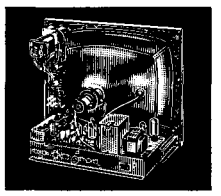

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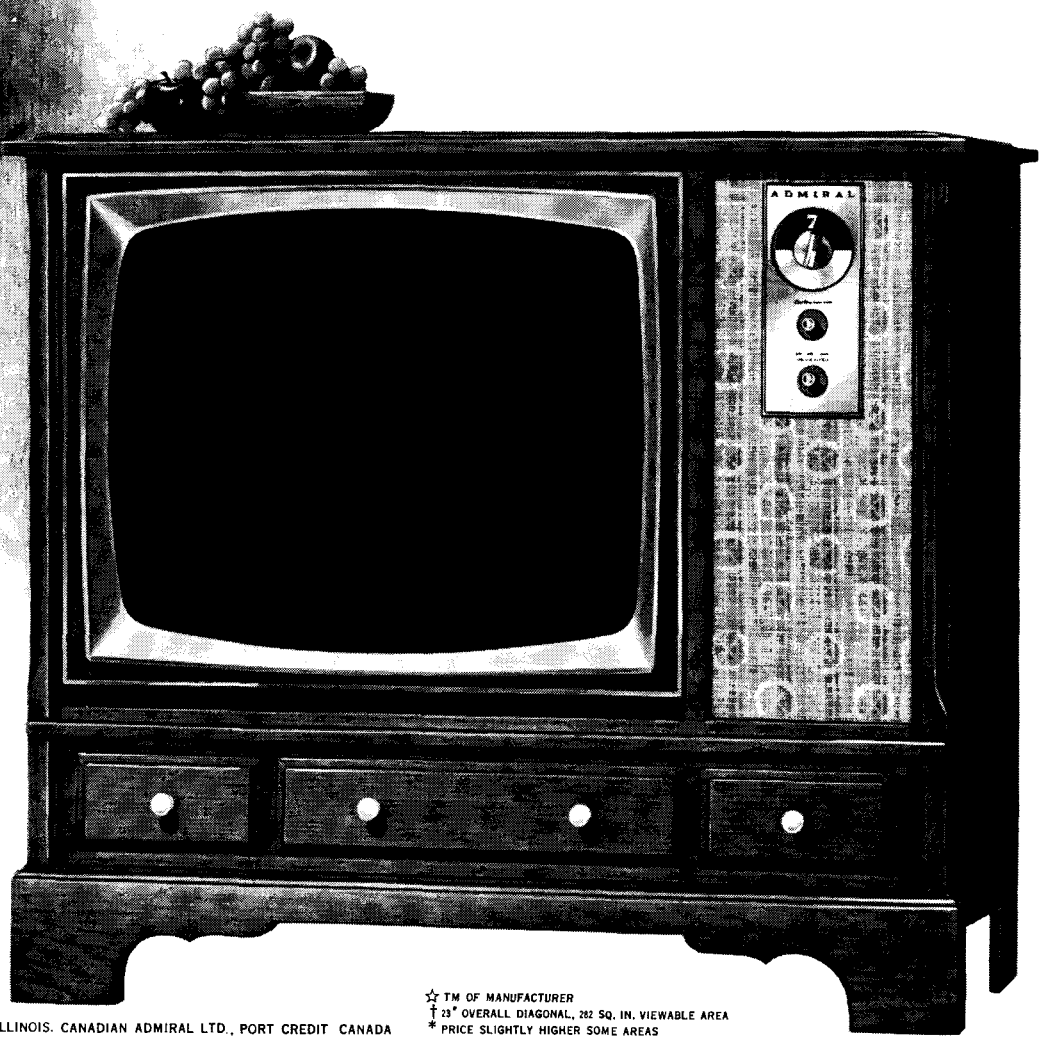

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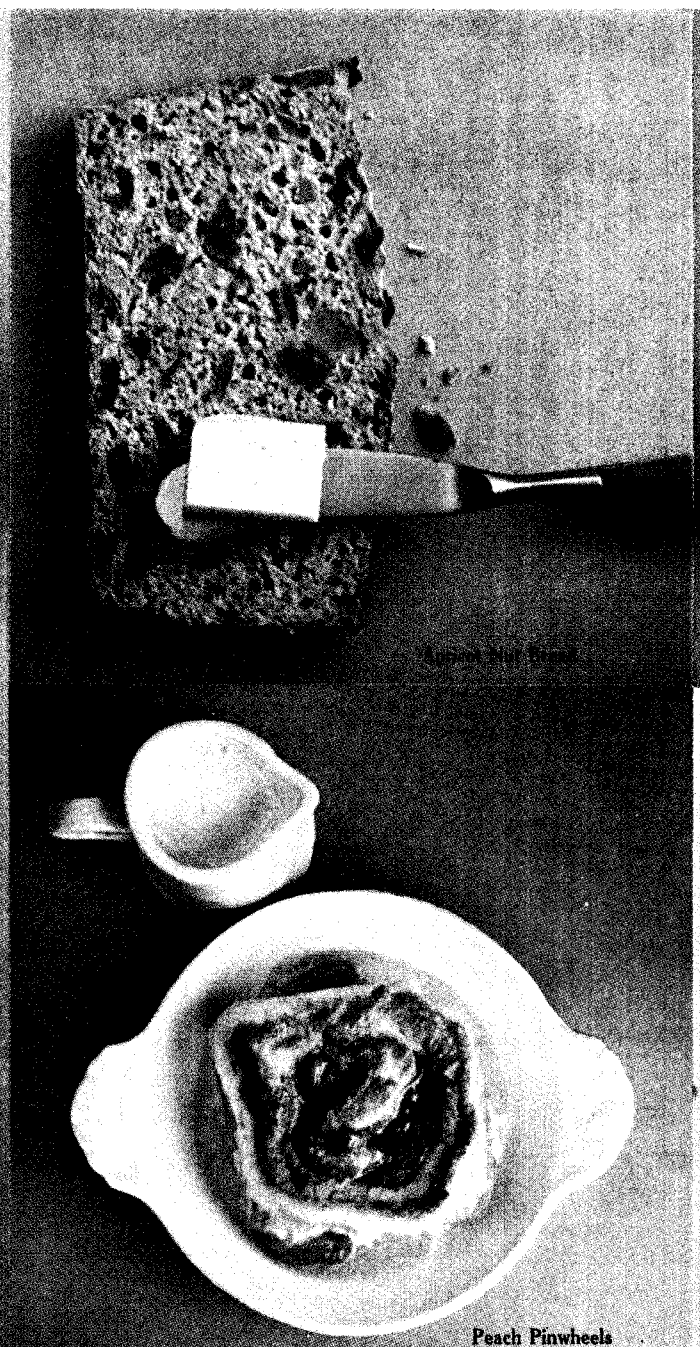
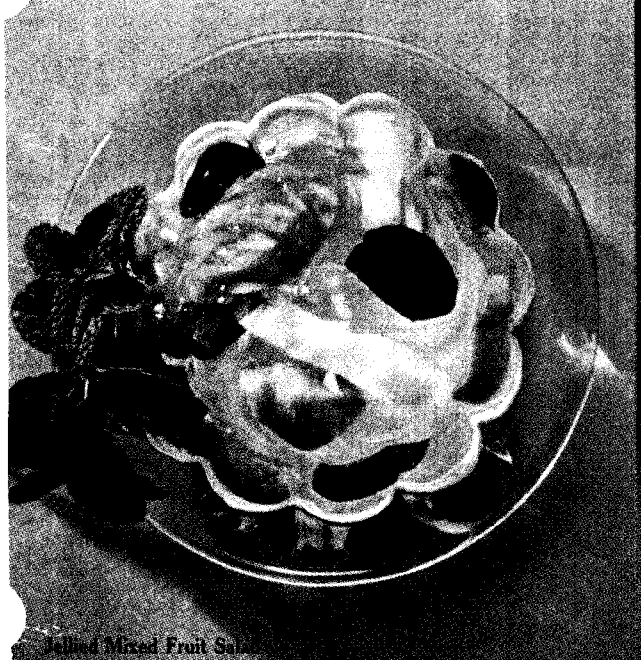


Apricot Nut Bread

Raisin Slaw



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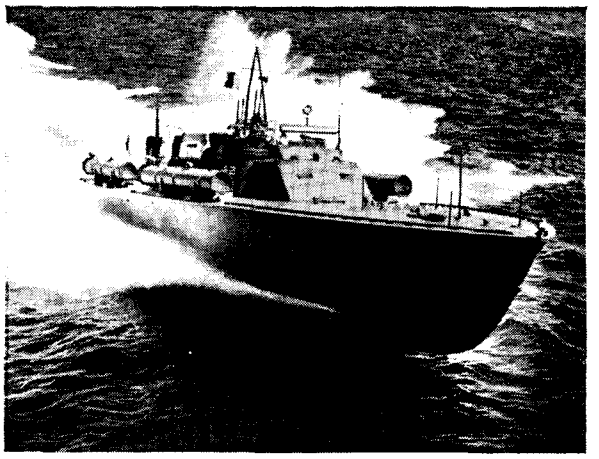

Life!

by ROBERT J. DONOVAN

...ief, Washington Bureau, New York Herald Tribune • Author of "Eisenhower: The Inside Story"

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The story of President Kennedy's war adventures beginning in the issue is from Robert J. Donovan's book, *PT 109: John F. Kennedy in World War II*, published this week by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

Left: A unique and historic photograph of young Lt. John F. Kennedy USNR

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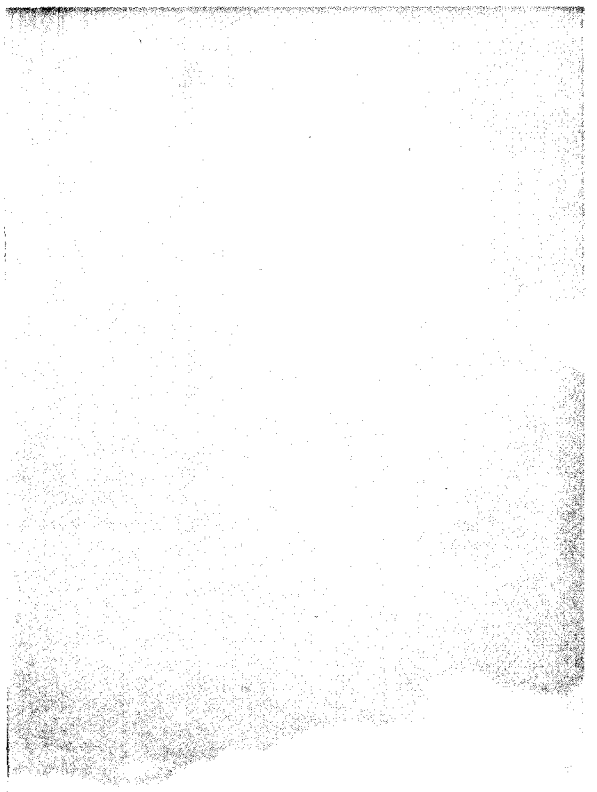
The Adventure that Made a President



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 20, 1961

Dear Bob:

I have read your book with great interest. I find it to be a highly accurate account of the events of the war. I have been particularly interested in the many facets of the story that you developed that I was not in a position to know at the time.

Sincerely,

Mr. Robert Donovan
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
National Press Building
Washington, D.C.

A letter from the President to author Donovan.

As the cargo-laden Navy vessel *LST 449* lumbered into sight of Guadalcanal, Lt. (j.g.) John Fitzgerald Kennedy USNR, a lanky figure in khakis, sprawled in his bunk reading. It was noon, April 7, 1943. Beyond the horizon, 177 Japanese dive bombers and fighters roared onward in their greatest air attack since Pearl Harbor. Objective: Surprise and smash the hard-earned U.S. base on bloody Guadalcanal, key island of the South Pacific.

Probably no future President of the United States ever was ushered into the grim realm of warfare amid more peril. Certainly it would be hard to devise a keener psychic priming for a young man who would one day, in an era of push-button warfare, be Commander in Chief. John F. Kennedy, coming face to face with war for the first time, nearly had his own Pearl Harbor.

For no one in *LST 449* had the least inkling of what lay immediately ahead. Kennedy, a Harvard graduate trained at the motor patrol-torpedo (PT) boat school at Melville, Rhode Island, was aboard as a passenger on the last lap of a trip from the West Coast, to take command of a PT boat at Guadalcanal. Being a transient he had no assigned duties, even in battle.

At 12:15 P.M. the LST skipper, Lt. Carl S. Livingston, saw American transports and destroyers racing from their Guadalcanal anchorages into the open sea. Minutes later the signal station at Koli Point flashed "Condition Red"—air raid imminent. A fleeing destroyer relayed the warning. Livingston now understood the rush. The ships did not want to be trapped in harbor, with no room for maneuvering.

Livingston turned *LST 449*'s blunt bow seaward and joined the flight. Most of the other ships sped past handily. LST's, designed for beaching heavy cargo, including tanks, seldom managed better than ten knots. Sailors nicknamed them "Large Slow Targets." Now it was no joke.

LST 449 carried as passengers 170 Army replacements and a batch of Navy officers, including Lieutenant Kennedy. As part of its cargo it carried a large consignment of aviation bombs. One direct hit could readily blow *449* to bits and kill everyone on board.

Livingston, on the bridge, received orders to wait off Togoma Point for the destroyer *Aaron Ward*. The destroyer, with its heavier antiaircraft guns, was to screen the LST. Soon after the ships joined forces, dots in the sky over Cape Esperance grew into Japanese "Vals" and "Zekes." Many peeled off to bomb Henderson Field on Guadalcanal. Some attacked the fleeing ships.

Livingston ordered his helmsman to turn the LST in tight circles, the standard maneuver to dodge bombs. The circling aroused Kennedy's curiosity. He climbed out of his bunk and started for the companionway to go on deck.

Just then a Japanese bomber glided down out of the sun and went for *LST 449*. The ship's little guns blazed and rattled. The plane came on—and on. Its 500-pound bomb splashed into the water only ten feet off the LST's port side. A tremendous explosion rocked the ship into a twenty-degree list and lifted her stern out of the water.

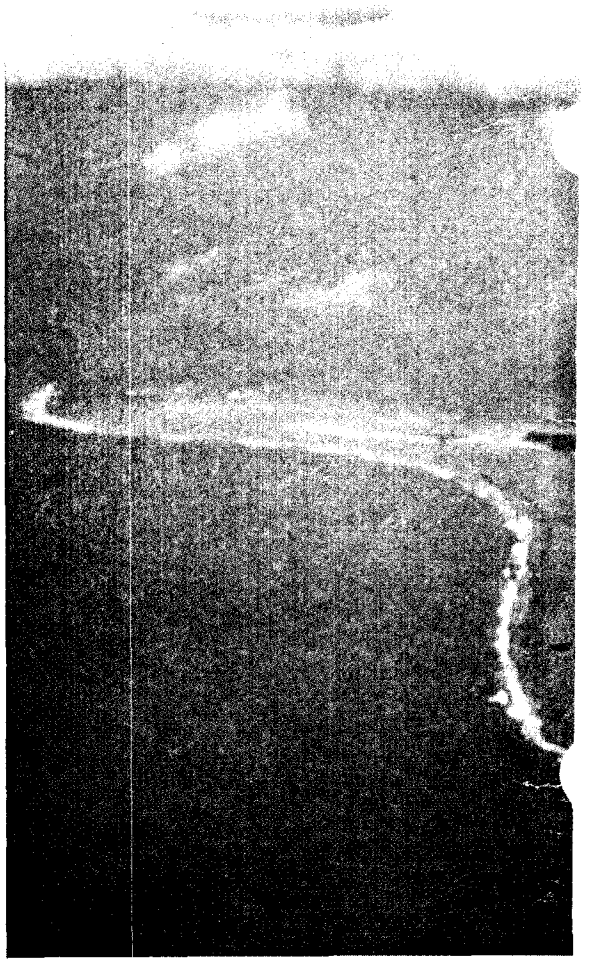
The blast picked up and slammed Livingston, the skipper, from one side of the bridge to the other. He landed with a bang but felt no severe pain. Unaware that the jolt had broken his neck, he continued in command.

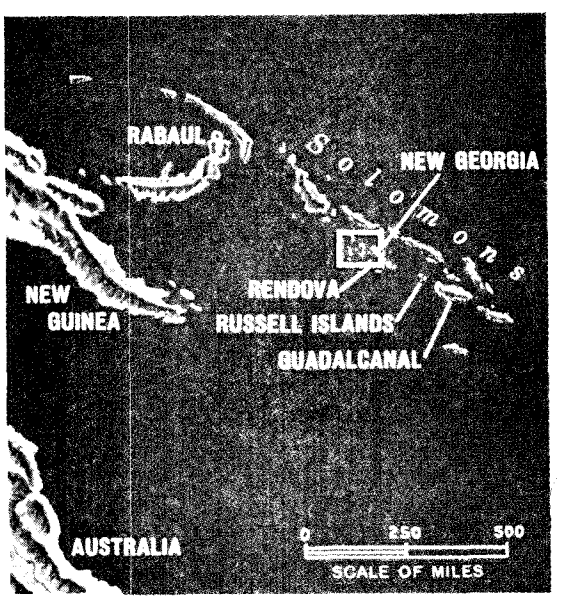
Kennedy, nearly thrown to the deck, recovered and scrambled up the companionway. His first sight of the air-sea battle remains to this day one of the most spectacular in his memory.

Nine enemy planes were attacking the *449* and the destroyer *Aaron Ward*. Some hurtled steeply downward. Others slanted in on long glides. Their bombs bracketed the *449*, raising towers of water that drenched the ship. One bomb hit fifty feet off the port bow, two more exploded off the starboard bow, another spouted a geyser aft near the bridge. The pounding blasts sprang watertight bulkheads, demolished a pump, jarred much of the ship's machinery out of order and wrecked some landing boats nested on deck. Yet *LST 449* was spared a direct hit.

The *Aaron Ward* was less fortunate. A bomb tore the destroyer's after engine room apart, and near misses flooded both firerooms. Smoke lifted from the destroyer in thick black billows cut by tongues of red flame. The *Ward* began to sink, and *LST 449* started to the rescue. A mine sweeper, however, got to the destroyer first and saved the crew.

Lieutenant Livingston then turned his ship to pick up a Japanese pilot seen parachuting into the





On August 1, 1943, Kennedy's *109* left Rendova with fourteen other PT boats.

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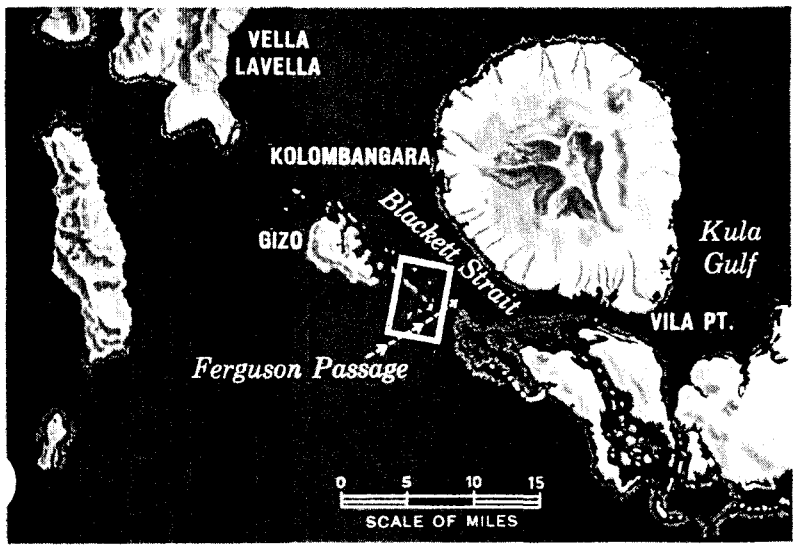
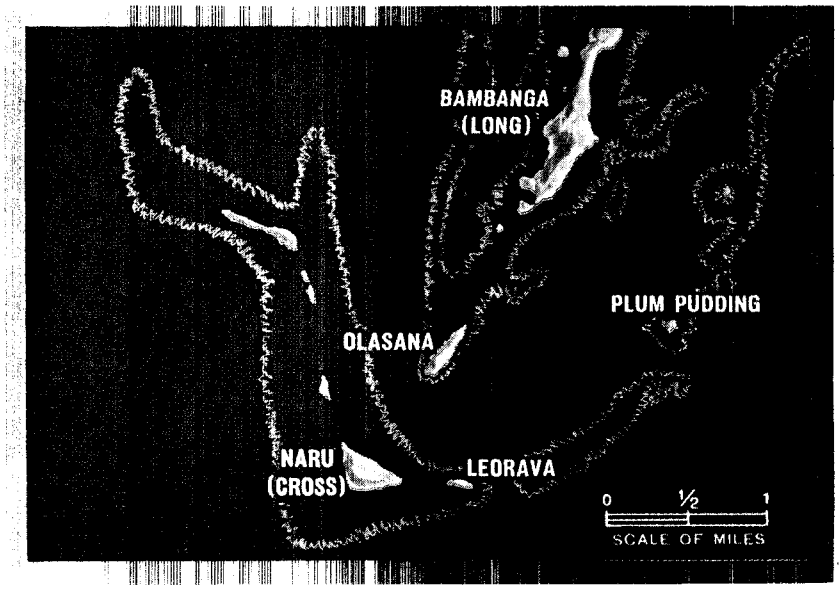


'hat night, in one of the war's fiercest PT battles, an enemy destroyer rammed the *109* in Blackett Strait, slicing the PT in half.



Kennedy led eleven survivors in a grueling swim to Plum Pudding Island. (The aerial photograph above matches this map.)

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water. Lieutenant Kennedy joined a group of soldiers and sailors hanging over the rail to watch. Someone shouted a warning: The pilot might resist capture. The executive officer took a submachine gun to the wing of the bridge.

As *LST 449* drew up to the Japanese, he yanked off his life jacket and paddled away. Kennedy, himself an expert swimmer, noticed that the man swam with his right hand always under water. When sailors on the forecastle of the LST tossed him a line, he whipped a revolver out of the water and fired two shots at them. Both missed. A torrent of bullets burst from small arms on the ship. As Kennedy watched, the flier lifted both arms and pitched face forward into the depths.

The sudden death, seen at close range, moved Kennedy. He recalls saying sardonically to himself, "Welcome to the South Pacific."

Twenty years ago most of the nation's bright young men were in uniform, or getting there fast. The Navy sent an exceptional number of Ivy League socialites into its whippet-quick PT boats. For once, there was a practical reason: As yachtsmen, they knew how to handle cranky small craft. Temperamentally, too, the PT's were just right for eager-beaver youngsters. The boats had dash, glamour, speed. Their feats in the Philippines in 1941–42 were publicized in *They Were Expendable*, a best-seller book and movie. The Navy ordered 800 of them built in a hurry. Into their eighty-foot plywood hulls, crammed with triple engines and machines of death, crowded shirtless, sun-browned crews so young that a man past thirty seemed elderly. In the Pacific the plywood pygmies stood up to enemy destroyers and cruisers. Few types of combat vessels suffered heavier losses. The PT's were flyweights in a free-for-all of larger ships, night fighting and hostile aircraft. Their tactics were hit, run, pray.

One of these cockleshell craft would be commanded by John F. Kennedy, not quite twenty-six. It would take him into a battle that injured his back. One night it would sink beneath him, leaving him swimming for life amid gasoline-blazed waters, finally to be stranded with his crew on an island beach in an area held by enemy troops. But none of this could be foretold as *LST 449* creaked into port at Tulagi, just north of Guadalcanal.

Some men were thrust into the South Pacific combat zones willy-nilly. Kennedy got there by persistence. In 1941 the Army had rejected him because of a back injury suffered in junior-varsity football at Harvard. He buckled down to remedial exercise and passed a Navy fitness test that September. Pearl Harbor found him an ensign helping to edit a naval-intelligence news digest in Washington. His prompt application for combat duty landed him instead in war-plant protection planning at Charleston, S.C. Not until the summer of 1942 did he get as far as an officer-training school at Northwestern University. There luck smiled. Lt. John D. Bulkeley, Medal of Honor PT hero, and Lt. John Harllee, senior PT instructor at the Melville training base, visited the campus after the fashion of two football coaches in search of players. The athletic Kennedy, a swimmer and champion sailboat racer while at Harvard, struck them as ideal PT material.

(President Kennedy this year nominated Rear Adm. John Harllee USN (Ret.) to the U.S. Maritime Commission.)

At Melville, Kennedy did so well in the eight-week training course that he was kept on as instructor—a disappointment. Finally he received

Color Photographs by Elliott Erwitt

Jungle has reclaimed the Rendova PT headquarters. Biuku Gasa, the islander who carried Kennedy's distress message here in 1943, stands on the site.

The wreck of a Japanese destroyer on Kolombangara is a ghostly reminder of the bloody fight for the Solomons. *PT 109* sank within sight of this spot.

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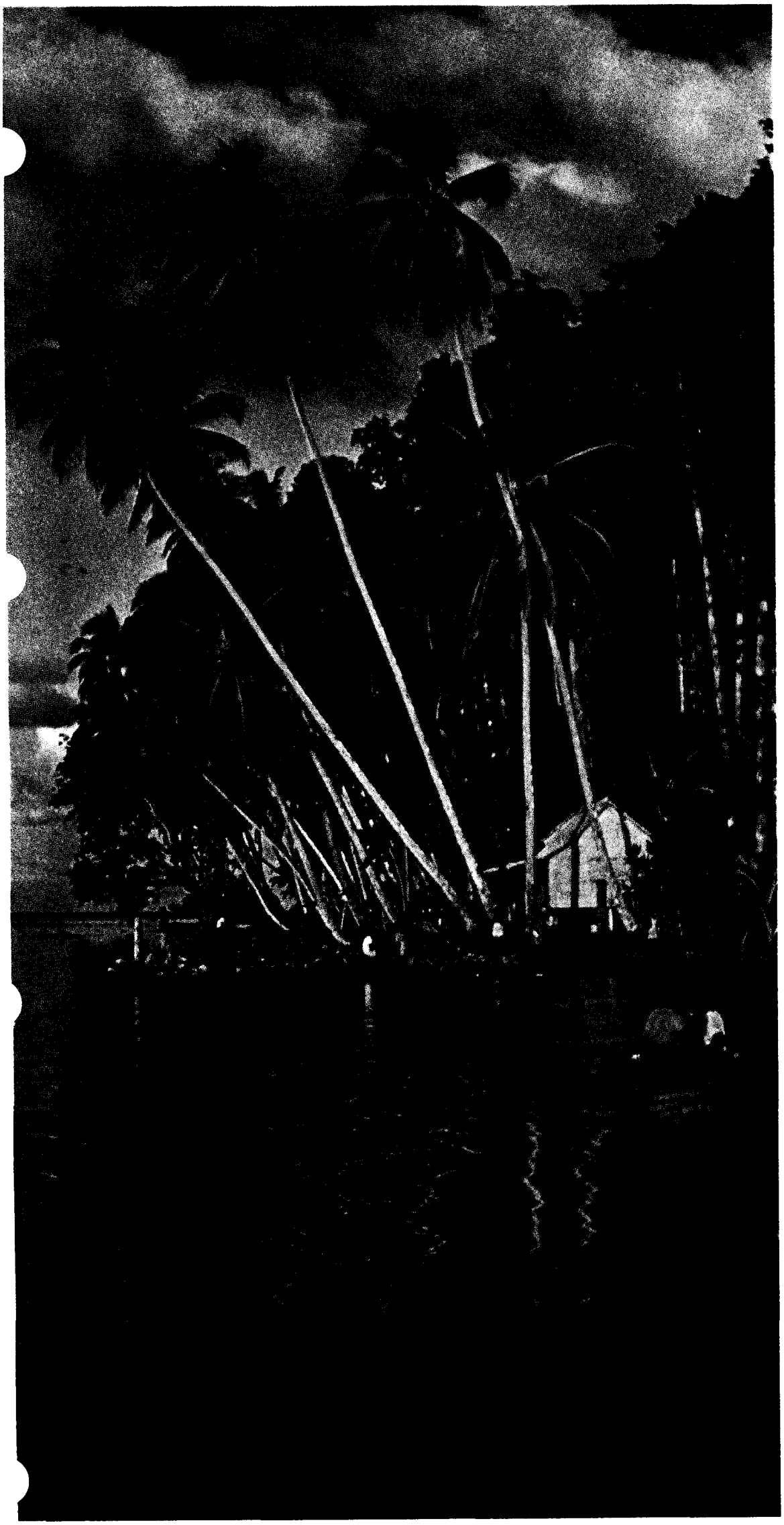

The village of Kutsi on Kolombangara, thick with coconut palms. When Kennedy and his castaways drifted helplessly off-shore, it was enemy ground.

orders to a PT squadron at Panama, about as far from combat as one could get. In his frustration he turned to his father. Joseph P. Kennedy, while ambassador to Great Britain, had made friends with high-ranking Navy officers. Through one of those contacts the Navy was persuaded to send Lieutenant Kennedy to the South Pacific. After all, it was a small favor in a big war.

A notation in the logbook of *PT 109* for April 25, 1943, reads: "1100—Lt. (j.g.) Kennedy assumed command of the boat."

What the new commanding officer got was nothing more than a war-weary hulk. Eight months of hard service had left *PT 109* battle-scarred, with three hull patches attesting to the accuracy of enemy guns. Her three engines grumbled and balked. Worse, the machinists who knew how to coax them along were gone.

Under the rotation system, the old crew left almost in a body for the States and new assignments. Kennedy had to organize a new crew and weld it and the boat into an efficient combat unit for the big summer offensive that was coming. He had only one holdover from the old crew, a relative latecomer, Ens. Leonard J. Thom, of Sandusky, Ohio, a warm-hearted giant with a blond beard who had played tackle at Ohio State in 1939–40. Thom became Kennedy's executive officer. He proved to be a capable executive and soon became a trusted friend. Off-duty PT crews sometimes drank a mixture of fruit juice and 190-proof torpedo fluid. Whenever this cocktail made sailors obstreperous, Thom was one man who could handle them.

Officially PT crews consisted of seventeen officers and men. Actually *PT 109* seldom had more than a dozen. Without waiting for a full crew to arrive, Kennedy began training and overhaul. One day he walked jauntily down to the boat, twirling his index finger over his head in a wind-her-up signal. The best the new motormacs could do was to get one engine out of three started. Moreover, *PT 109* literally stank. After months of being moored under jungle bushes for concealment from the enemy, the boat crawled with rats and insects. One awful smell finally was traced to a piece of dead fish that a rat had left under a step.

Off duty, Kennedy and a Quonset-hut mate from Melville, Ens. John L. Iles, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, fixed up an empty, native thatched hut to live in. They cleaned it, planked the floor and made furniture of orange crates. Best of all, or so they thought, they acquired as houseboy a young Melanesian native named Lami. Short, kinky-haired and very black, Lami slept on the floor between the two officers. One day Lami surprised them by asserting he had been a cannibal. They knew cannibalism was once common in the Solomon Islands, but didn't know whether to take him seriously. To pass the time, they taught him to play catch and volley ball. Still, his past raised disturbing questions. Iles prodded him about it.

"Me ate the padre," said Lami. Kennedy and Iles never learned more. One day Lami mysteriously disappeared. All they could find out was that the local authorities had taken him away.

During this period a slang word much used in the South Pacific was "shafted." One meaning was, roughly, "We wuz robbed," or wronged. In this sense the word became a great favorite with Kennedy. "I was shafted," he would groan at some minor reverse, pronouncing the "A" in a broad Boston accent. And so Kennedy was dubbed "Shafty," a nickname which was to remain with him for years.

By the end of May, 1943, *PT 109* was shipshape, and her skipper and crew felt ready for

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A SNAPSHOT ALBUM: YOUNG JACK KENNEDY IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Calvertville, the vermin-ridden thatch-and-quonset quarters for torpedo-boat crews at Tulagi, where Lieutenant Kennedy took command of *PT 109* on April 25, 1943.

The PT base at Tulagi where the crews lived, repaired their boats and got under way for their hazardous sorties against the Japanese navy.

battle. Kennedy's men liked him. They thought he did a fair share of the work, even dirty work like scraping and painting the boat's bottom, which officers were not called upon to do. He treated enlisted men more as equals than some officers did and was never dictatorial. In particular his crew appreciated his nonchalant view of Navy regulations and Annapolis men.

When a five-gallon can of torpedo fluid, much coveted in the thirsty Pacific, disappeared from a stack on a wharf where *PT 109* had just picked up ammunition, the base commander sent searching parties to all PT's. The searchers found nothing on *PT 109*; after they left, the crew snagged a floating cork from the water, pulled up the attached line, and lo, a five-gallon can emerged. Its contents proved to be "pink lady," torpedo fluid made undrinkable by addition of a colored chemical. The crew redistilled it in a canteen fitted with copper coils, then mixed the purified alcohol with pineapple juice. As the distilling went on in the galley, the crew supposed that Kennedy was not entirely unaware of its purpose but he remained preoccupied with the higher aims of the war.

Preparing for the invasion of Rendova in the Western Solomons, the PT's moved their base eighty miles west from Tulagi to the Russell Islands, about a third of the way to their objective.

The tactics of the *PT 109* skipper in the Russells further endeared him to the crew and earned him another nickname. One welcome improvement that the Tulagi base had lacked was a refueling dock, eliminating the back-breaking work of hauling and emptying gasoline drums. The first crew that reached the dock after dawn patrol would refuel first, and thus have a longer time for rest than those that came later and had to wait. No crew got more rest than *109*'s.

Lieutenant Kennedy loved to be at the wheel, and he was forever urging the motormacs to "get more speed." The *109* usually roared into the refueling cove with a rooster-tail wake and throttles wide open. At the last second Kennedy would slam the engines into reverse, braking the PT just before she reached the dock. These hairbreadth finishes worried the motormacs. One of them politely warned Kennedy that the engines might not always reverse under such pressure.

One glassy-calm pink-skied dawn Kennedy found himself in a furious race to the dock with another PT. At the last moment he ordered the engines reversed. All three conked out. *PT 109*, an eighty-foot missile on the loose, streaked toward the dock. The bow crashed thunderously. Men, tools and curses flew in all directions. Kennedy gazed at the damage, then idled his boat away and moored it out of sight. After that his crew referred to their skipper as "Crash" Kennedy.

PT 109 redeemed its reputation soon afterward by a successful errand of mercy. The boat's combat mission, in the hours of darkness preceding the Rendova landing June thirtieth, was to patrol between the Russells and the invasion beach with torpedoes ready to turn back enemy attacks against the troop convoys. No action occurred, but by morning the gray seas were buffeting the PT's cruelly. Men off watch lay in their bunks to avoid broken limbs.

Heading home, Kennedy received a distress signal from another PT. The raging seas had torn off a hull patch; the PT was sinking. Did Kennedy have a bilge pump? Kennedy replied that he would try to borrow a pump from a destroyer in the distance. Maneuvering up to the destroyer amid mountainous seas, he asked that the heavy pump be passed over. With both craft alternately rising and falling with every wave, the steel destroyer threatened to crunch through the plywood PT. Precariously the pump was passed as if between two men on a teeter-totter.

Just as the PT turned away on its mercy mission, a huge wave broke over the port bow. A torpedo was jolted out of its tube and banged against a depth charge—luckily without an explosion. But the depth charge smashed through the deck into a bunk, above one in which an off-duty sailor lay. The sailor, Motor Machinist's Mate 2/c Edmund T. Drewitch, thirty, a former Pittsburgh steel inspector, jumped up. The violent rocking of the boat threw him. He wound up with a kneecap

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Kennedy and his

roken, and his nose and two front teeth smashed. fter Kennedy got the pump to the foundering 'T, he returned to base and put Drewitch in the ıospital. Perhaps this accident saved Drewitch's fe; for he was not on board *PT 109* when she was unk later on.

Two weeks after the swift surprise capture of ıountainous Rendova Island, John Kennedy and he other PT commanders in the Russells received rders to move forward to a new base on Lumeri, a palm-crested islet in Rendova harbor. Here Kennedy could look across Blanche Channel and ee the next U.S. objective—the Japanese base nd airstrip at Munda, on New Georgia, keystone f the remaining enemy defenses in the Solomons. Northwest of Munda, on Kolombangara Island, ıe enemy held another base-with-airstrip at Vila lantation. Both bases were supplied from the ıpanese stronghold farther northwest at Rabaul, n New Britain. Usually the Japanese sneaked oops and provisions to the bases at night in ıotor-powered barges. Sometimes, however, ıey organized "expresses" of powerful destroyers d cruisers, like those that had reinforced adalcanal earlier in the war. The Japanese ıips now ran south through New Georgia Sound, mous among Americans as "The Slot," and ound Vella Lavella Island through Blackett rait and on to Vila.

The new role of the PT boats was to prowl northward and intercept the Japanese supply craft in order to starve out Vila and Munda. The area of action abounds in mountain peaks rising abruptly from the sea and dangerously veiled by mists, small uncharted islets, formidable coral reefs and unruly currents. Its waters, sometimes beguiled by gentle breezes, sometimes boiling with typhoons, were soon to become a most intimate part of young John Kennedy's life and almost the death of him. In mid-July, navigating *PT 109* by chart and compass, he felt his way to the new base at Lumberi. Arriving after a ten-hour run from the Russells, he was immediately ordered out that night on the first of many long, exhausting night patrols. The *109* and other PT boats fired tracer ammunition at a vague, shadowy object. Nothing fired back at them. The stars faded, day came and a motormac on *109* observed, "It isn't so bad."

Soon the PT crews settled down to a routine of sleeping by day, patrolling by night. They became yellowish from taking atabrine to suppress malaria and ailing from a diet of canned beans and heavily chlorinated water. And they learned painfully to recognize planes as their greatest danger. Not all of the planes were Japanese. Three other PT's from Lumberi, mistakenly strafed by four American B-25 bombers, shot down one of them. The Army Air Force suffered six casualties in that encounter, the Navy eleven. On another patrol, *PT 109* found itself suddenly illuminated by a yellow aerial flare. A gunner on board responded with a blast of 20-mm. shells before Kennedy roared, "Knock it off—it's one of our Black Cats"—PBY Catalina patrol planes. One murky night two PBY's began making runs over *PT 109*. "Ask those guys what's going on up there," Kennedy told his radioman. There was a distant explosion. "Tell them they nearly hit us," Kennedy ordered. Next the PT radio picked up a report of a Jap float plane, a Zero on pontoons, somewhere nearly overhead. Kennedy sent a warning to the PBY's to clear out: "Tell them we'll fire at the next plane that comes over us." That, the radioman recalls, really broke up the party.

PT 109's first brush with the enemy occurred the night of July 19, 1943. The boat was on a routine patrol, idling along on one of three engines as customary, between Kolombangara and Gizo, a smaller island to the west. Lieutenant Kennedy was forward at the wheel, as usual. Radioman John Maguire, twenty-six, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, was at Kennedy's side, as usual. Gunner's Mate 3/c Maurice L. Kowal, twenty-one, Massachusetts-born of Polish parents, sat in the after gun turret, facing the stern. Kowal was talking with Motor Machinist's Mate 2/c Leon E. Drawdy, a lean, kindly Floridian who had been working as a machinist in Chicago when he enlisted, after Pearl Harbor. Drawdy stood on a

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The crew of the *Amagiri*, the destroyer that sent Kennedy's boat to the bottom, regrouped for this special *Post* portrait 18 years after the sinking. The ship's captain, Lt. Cmdr. Kohei Hanami, is at far left.

ladder, half in and half out of the engine-room hatch, in position to drop below quickly if needed.

Gazing up toward Kowal, Drawdy suddenly saw a plane to port, flying very low. The night clouds reflected enough light for him to make out the Rising Sun on the wings. He shouted hoarsely to Ensign Thom, the gigantic executive officer. Thom was on his way forward to speak to Kennedy.

At that moment two bright orange flashes burst off the port beam. There was a tremendous "Boom! Boom!" and *PT 109* rocked violently to starboard. Drawdy was blown clear out of the hatch. His head crashed against the deck.

Lieutenant Kennedy jammed the throttles forward and circled away from the plane's course. Chunks of bomb had sliced *109* from bow to stern, with one big piece smashing clear through the boat from port to starboard, above the water line. Drawdy and Kowal, however, were the only casualties. In addition to his banged head, Drawdy's left arm bled from wounds. Kowal discovered his shoe full of blood from a jagged wound above the ankle.

As their wounds did not seem serious, Kennedy decided to continue the patrol. Not until the boat entered Rendova harbor did they discover how narrowly both Kennedy and Drawdy had escaped death. Daylight revealed an ugly dent bashed into the metal cockpit shield next to Kennedy's position at the wheel. And only a split second after the explosion blew Drawdy out of the hatch, bomb fragments ripped the ladder on which he had stood. Drawdy and Kowal were hospitalized at Tulagi. Like Drewitch, injured at sea earlier, they were to rejoin Kennedy in another PT, but were spared the ordeal of the *109*'s sinking.

August 1, 1943, dawned clear, hot and deceptively tranquil. There was nothing to suggest that this was the day for a major Japanese move to reinforce Vila, a savage raid by twenty-five enemy planes on the PT base and, starting soon after midnight, one of the biggest PT battles of the war. Nor could anyone have dreamed that the next dawn would find a future President of the United States swimming for his life.

In fact, Kennedy and his shipmates, tired and bleary-eyed after repeated night patrols, expected to have the night of August 1–2 off. Around noon Kennedy appeared with an old Army 37-mm. antitank gun stowed in a Higgins boat. The crew hoisted the gun onto the bow of *109*. It was Kennedy's idea to mount the gun and see if its shells would smash Japanese steel barges better than the PT's lighter 20-mm's. One of the men remarked that the skipper would try any weapon a PT could carry. A couple of two-by-eight planks were laid loosely on the deck. Carpenters from the base were to nail them down and fasten the wheelless antitank gun to them. They never did, fortunately for the crew; for one of those planks was to come in handy when *PT 109* went down.

Shortly afterward Lt. Cmdr. Thomas G. Warfield, the base commander, received a "most secret" radio message of the utmost importance. *Indications express may run tonight*, it began, referring to the enemy move. *Warfield operate maximum number Peter Tares* (*PT*) . . . It added that Capt. Arleigh Burke (the famous "Thirty-one Knot" Burke, recently retired as admiral and head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) would go up The Slot with six destroyers, arriving north of Kolombangara shortly after midnight.

The message was still in Warfield's hand when the wail of the Rendova air-raid siren reached the Lumberi base, and the tat-tat-tat of machine guns ripped through the palm trees and tents. Bullets flicked up spouts of sand. Men dived for the nearest dugouts. Aboard *PT 109*, a motormac saw a plane slant down from the near side of Rendova's mountain wall. It rolled into a dive, exposing a Rising Sun on its tail, and came at *PT 109*. Bombs exploded nearby. The *109* opened up with two hastily loaded 50-caliber machine guns. One barrel jammed. A Japanese aerial torpedo hit the water and streaked frighteningly close, then ran harmlessly up on the beach.

Lieutenant Kennedy, who had been waiting for the carpenters, jumped into the cockpit, had the engines started and ordered Maguire to cast off. Maguire was horrified to see a geyser of water and smoke spring up next to *PT 103*, whose radioman was his younger brother, William J. Maguire. *PT 164*, one of those that had survived the B-25 strafing, blew up with two killed. Another boat sank, leaving one sailor swimming like a gray ghost in a sea of gray paint. Minutes later the raid was over. The Maguire brothers were relieved to find each other unharmed.

Fifteen PT's, including *109*, survived intact. Warfield briefed their skippers on the night's

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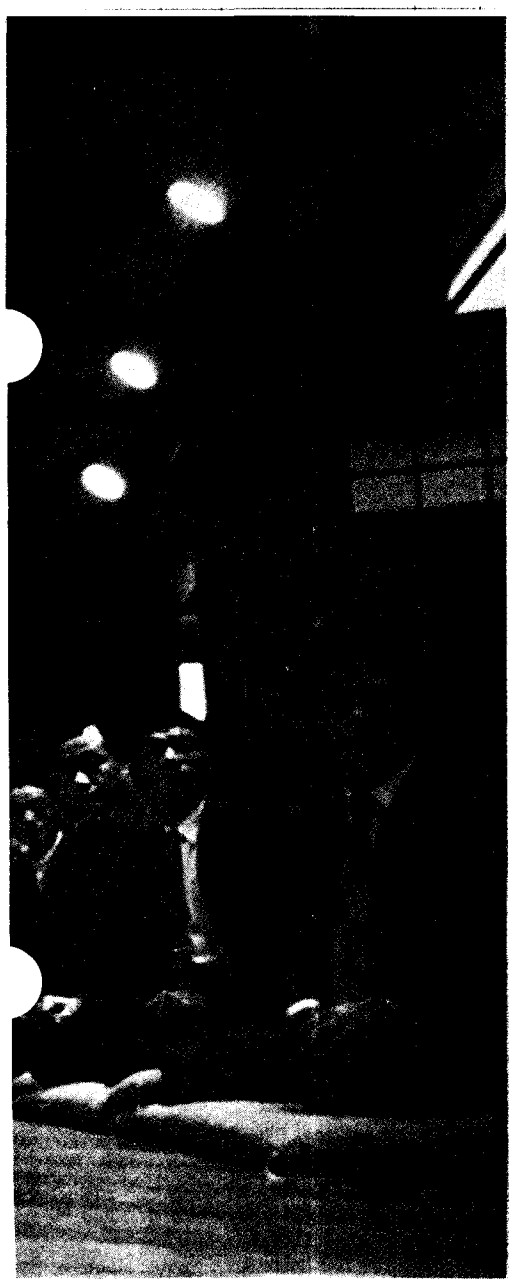
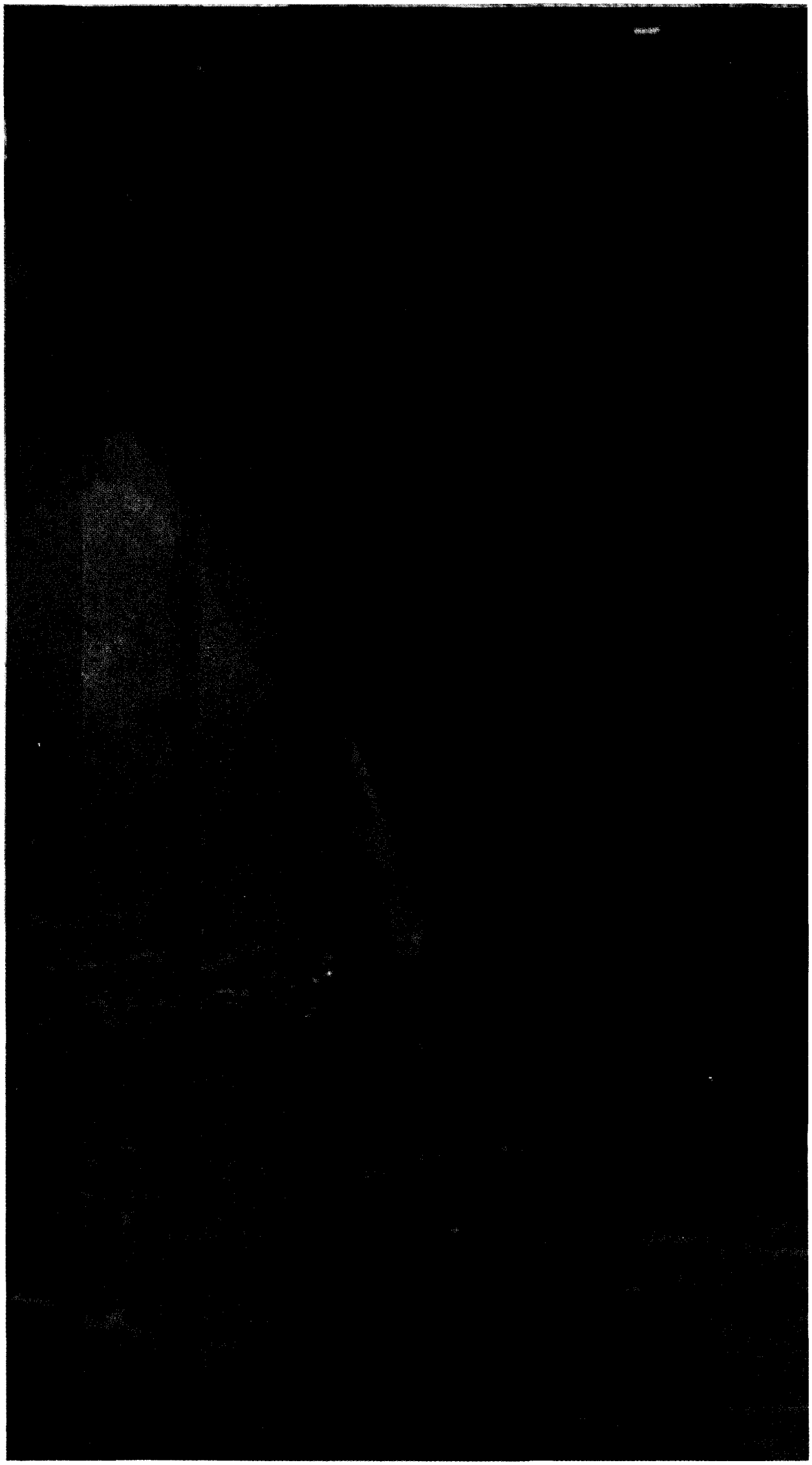


work ahead. If the "Express" came through Blackett Strait, bound for Vila, the fifteen were to stop it. If the Japanese approached through Kula Gulf, Burke's destroyers and another PT squadron would sink them. Four of Warfield's boats had small radar sets. He formed a division around each of these as leader. Kennedy's *109* was assigned to Division "B," led by Lt. Henry J. Brantingham, Annapolis '39, a veteran of PT service in the Philippines. Brantingham, twenty-six, was the senior skipper of all PT boats stationed along Blackett Strait. His division was assigned to the upper end, farthest from base.

As Kennedy started back to his boat, he was hailed by Ens. George H. R. Ross, of Highland Park, Illinois, whom the Princeton class of '41 had voted "best natured" and "most entertaining." Ross, boatless since the B-25's mistakenly sank his PT twelve days earlier, asked, "How about letting me ride with you tonight, Jack?" Kennedy agreed. He assigned Ross as lookout and gunner for the 37-mm. bow gun. The gun and its planks were temporarily lashed to the deck by ropes.

The crew, all relaxed for an evening off, groaned at the word of another night patrol. In the charthouse Andrew Jackson Kirksey, Torpedoman 2/c, a quiet, resolute Georgian of twenty-five with a wife and a baby less than a year old, found his hands trembling. Trying to drink a cup of coffee, he had to set it on the chart table and sip. Shipmates regarded Kirksey as a brave man, but he had been beset for days by an unshakable conviction that he was going to be killed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM BURNS



A re-created *PT 109*'s-eye view of the destroyer *Amagiri*, running at high speed on collision course and about to ram.

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"Take care of my things—I won't be going home," he told one man. Maguire urged Kirksey to stay ashore—"No one will make anything of it." He refused—"They'd say I'm yellow."

There are battles in which absolutely nothing goes "according to plan." John Kennedy's first big engagement was one of these. Thirteen of the fifteen PT boats fired a total of thirty torpedoes. They were obsolete Mark VIII torpedoes, and they hit nothing. PT 109 *did not get off a pistol bullet, much less a torpedo. It damaged the enemy only in going to the bottom. The Japanese destroyer that rammed the* 109 *dented a bow plate and broke off a propeller blade on the PT's sinking hull. But there followed an epic of American endurance and persistence. Without it, none of the crew might have survived. All were given up as dead long before their rescue.*

The fifteen PT's patrolled from 9:30 P.M. until after midnight. Then a voice on *PT 159* called, "Radar contact!" and Lieutenant Brantingham dropped down from the cockpit to the wheelhouse. There he saw on the radar screen four luminous spots in a row. They were close to shore, two or three miles away, and so small that he guessed they were enemy barges. It was a bad guess on a night filled with bad guesses.

The radar dots represented four modern Japanese destroyers steaming fast down Blackett Strait. The *Hagikaze*, *Arashi* and *Shigure* carried 900 Japanese soldiers and more than seventy tons of supplies, bound for Vila.

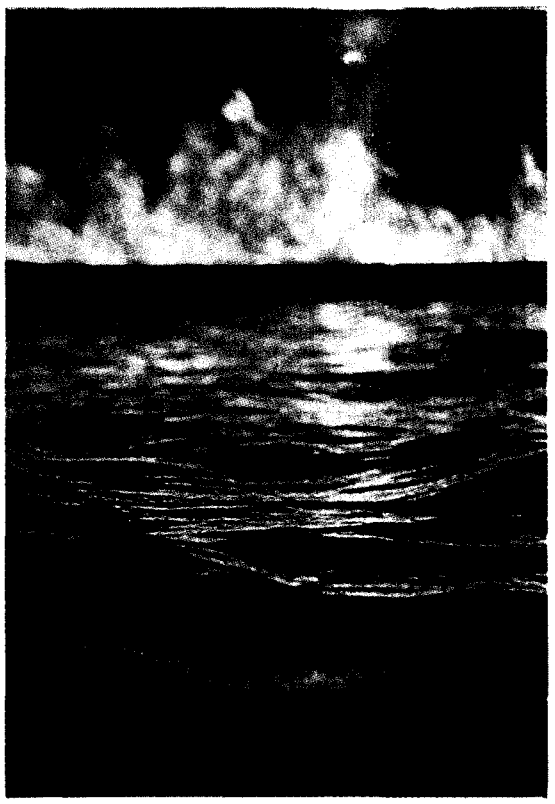
The *Amagiri*—its name means "heavenly mist"—was assigned to screen and protect the three others. Brantingham in *PT 159* launched a lone-wolf attack on the flotilla. Believing they were low-hulled barges, he shouted the instruction to his gunners, "Keep your fire low."

As *PT 159* moved to attack, the Japanese opened fire. The thunderous roar of their guns immediately revealed that they were big ships. Abandoning the idea of strafing, Brantingham pressed two chest-high buttons on the cockpit panel. Two torpedoes leaped from their tubes. He pressed again, and two more followed. At 1800 yards, all four missed. Worse, one of the torpedoes set fire to the lubricating grease in the launching tube on deck. *PT 159* was lighted as if by a flare. *PT 157*, under Lt. (j.g.) William F. Lienbenow Jr. now sighted destroyers and fired two torpedoes. They missed. Both *159* and *157* then pulled out, leaving Kennedy and Lt. (j.g.) John R. Lowrey, whose *PT 162* was paired with the *109*, uninformed of the destroyer contact. Those on the *109* and *162* who saw flashes and star shells toward Kolombangara guessed they came from enemy shore batteries firing at PT's. Even when a destroyer searchlight swept close to *109* and several shells burst nearby, the men blamed it on shore batteries. Nevertheless, the *109* radio caught snatches like: "I am being chased. . . . Have fired fish." . . . "Well, get the hell out of there."

The Japanese column meanwhile steamed smartly down Blackett Strait into Division "A," whose commander sensed that the greenish dots on his radar were made by the "Express." He ordered his *PT 171* to close at ten knots for a torpedo strike. The boat fired four torpedoes at 1500 yards. All missed and, to the crew's horror, all four tubes burst into flame from grease. With shell splashes drenching the men, *PT 171* tore away. The three other boats in the division received no reports of enemy contacts.

The remaining two PT divisions from Lumberi also fired torpedoes and hit nothing. The four Japanese destroyers pushed disdainfully on to Vila without a scratch. Arriving around 12:30 A.M., they discharged troops and cargo into waiting barges with frantic precision, and in less than an hour received a dim red signal-lamp flash from their flagship, "Let's go home." Correctly surmising that Arleigh Burke's destroyers might be lurking in Kula Gulf, they started back the way they had come, through Blackett Strait.

The *Amagiri*, commanded by Lt. Cmdr. Kohei Hanami, a stocky, square-jawed thirty-four-year-old graduate of Japan's naval academy, was speeding ahead to act as screen. On the bridge with him was his superior, Capt. Katsumori Yamashiro, commanding the 11th Destroyer Flotilla. Under his eyes, it befitted Hanami and all his crew to keep a sharp lookout.



The sky over Blackett Strait looked like this when the *PT 109* died in flames.

With their tactical plans utterly scrambled, three PT's meanwhile assembled and radioed the Rendova base for instructions. An order came back to regroup and resume patrol. The three boats, Lt. (j.g.) Potter's *169* from Division "A," Lowrey's *162*, and Kennedy's *109*, formed a column in that order. None had radar. Not a man in them knew that four enemy destroyers had passed down Blackett Strait and would soon come tearing back, bound for Rabaul.

The little PT column headed westward, away from Kolombangara toward Gizo Island. Encountering neither friend nor foe, Kennedy made a fateful decision. He suggested to the other two skippers that they turn and head southeast, the direction from which the "Heavenly Mist" was blowing at a speed of thirty knots. The column reversed, putting Kennedy in *PT 109* in the lead. All three PT's continued to ease along on one engine at about five knots—barely enough headway to maneuver.

"Ship head!" a lookout on the *Amagiri* called to Commander Hanami.

"Look again," Commander Hanami ordered.

"Ship at two o'clock!" shouted Harold W. Marney, a nineteen-year-old motor machinist's mate 2/c, whom Kennedy had assigned to the forward gun turret to replace the wounded Kowal.

Kennedy looked off his starboard bow. Ensign Ross, up forward, was pointing to a shape suddenly sculptured out of the darkness behind a phosphorescent bow wave. Kennedy and many others in the three PT's thought it was one of the missing PT's.

Just as Kennedy realized the truth, Lieutenant Potter in *PT 169* called out a warning on radio. It was either unheard or too late. In a matter-of-fact voice Kennedy said to his exec, Ensign Thom, "Lenny, look at this."

Thom stood up to look. Disaster was only seconds away.

In the *Amagiri*'s forward turret, Petty Officer 2/c Mitsuaki Sawada attempted to obey an order, "Fire!" but found his ship so close to *PT 109* that he could not depress his gun muzzles far enough.

On the bridge, Commander Hanami recognized the other craft as a PT and quickly decided to ram it. Hanami gave the command to turn starboard, or right. His decision protected his own ship from torpedoes and conformed to the traditional naval doctrine, "seek out and destroy" the enemy.

(The Japanese venerate their Emperor and are consequently inclined to respect the chief executives of other nations. When John F. Kennedy was elected President of the United States, old-school Japanese were embarrassed because Japan had dunked him in the Pacific seventeen years earlier. To them, the ramming of *PT 109* now represented a form of insult verging on impiety. There began a wave of apologetic explanations—"We didn't really mean it." The senior officer on the destroyer, Captain Yamashiro, who is now a retired rear admiral, insists the ramming was not intended. He maintains that he ordered "Hard-a-port!" or "Full Left Rudder!"—to turn the destroyer away from the PT. Any such command went unheeded.)

At the wheel of the destroyer Coxswain Katzuto Doi heard his skipper, Commander Hanami, order a turn to starboard to ram. Knowing that a PT lay ahead, the order was just what he expected. He swung about ten degrees to starboard.

Ensign Ross watched the slender destroyer mast heel toward the *PT 109*, indicating a turn.

Ross grabbed a shell and shoved it at the breech of the 37-mm. gun. It slammed against a closed breech. Ross knew he never would have time to open it.

On the *Amagiri* the torpedo officer, Lieutenant Hosaka, thought of firing, but realized the PT was so close that torpedoes would pass under it.

Kennedy, after yelling "General Quarters!" to alert all the crew, instinctively spun his wheel to make a torpedo attack. But the *109*, idling on one engine, moved too sluggishly and its torpedoes were not set to explode at such short range. So none was fired.

Seeing what was coming, Radioman Maguire, in the cockpit beside Kennedy, grasped his Miraculous Medal and began, "Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us . . ."

The steel prow of the *Amagiri* crashed into the starboard side of the plywood PT just behind the cockpit where Kennedy and Maguire stood. It sliced diagonally through the boat, sending the bow to one side and the stern, weighted down with engines, to the other.

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Harold Marney, the youthful newcomer who had taken Kowal's place in the forward turret, was crushed to death. Andrew Jackson Kirksey, who had trembled with premonitions of death, also perished—no one knew how. Off duty at the time of the collision, he was last seen lying aft on the starboard side of the deck.

The crash tore the wheel from Kennedy's hands and hurled him against the rear wall of the cockpit. His once-sprained back, which had bothered him only recently, slammed against a steel reinforcing brace. Nothing but the angle of the collision saved him from being crushed to death with Marney. Looking up helplessly, he watched the monstrous steel bow cleave through his boat.

"Everybody into the water!" Kennedy yelled. He feared a gasoline explosion. "Wait for me!" pleaded Maguire, whose rubber life belt refused to inflate. Kennedy waited until Maguire got an extra kapok life jacket from the charthouse. Then the two of them leaped overboard with another sailor.

On the three other vessels there was a quick sequence of confusion.

The *Amagiri* fired two shells back toward *PT 109*. Both missed. Those on the destroyer's deck smelled flame and thought the port side was on fire. Actually the flames came from PT gasoline freed and ignited by the ramming. Below deck, many Japanese felt the collision jolt and feared their ship had been torpedoed. She vibrated so severely that Commander Hanami slowed down. He found that part of a starboard propeller blade had been sheared away, causing the shake. Reducing speed to twenty-eight knots, he was able to proceed.

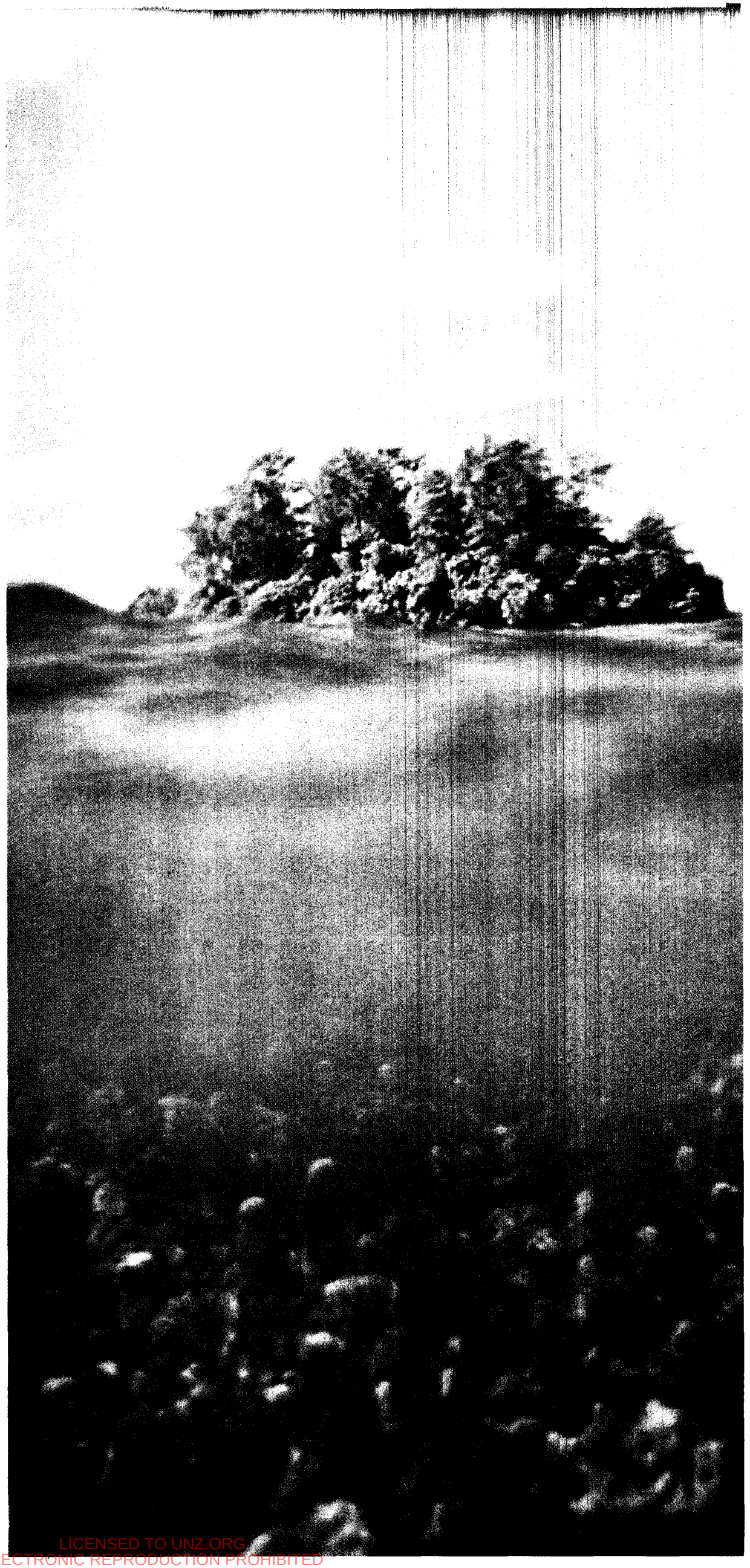
In the turmoil Lowrey's *PT 162* fired two torpedoes at the *Amagiri* without effect. Just after the ramming, Potter's *PT 169*, last in the column, fired two more. Again both missed. By now gasoline flames from the *109*'s ruptured tanks covered the water and sprang high into the air. The two surviving boats pulled away, believing that Kennedy and his entire crew had died in the blazing waves.

Amid cheers at the success of the mission, the *Amagiri* returned to Rabaul with her sister ships. Eight months later she hit an American magnetic mine off Borneo and sank, with many of the crew losing their lives.

Alone in a flaming sea ringed by enemy-held islands, eleven Americans headed by Jack Kennedy struggled to survive. Several had been hurt in the ramming or badly burned when friction sparks, or a broken electrical cable, started a roaring fire in gasoline from the shattered PT tanks. Not all of the gas ignited—some lay so heavy on the water that its fumes caused men to faint. Widely scattered, many of the crew could see no one else in the water. Each of these men thought that he was the sole survivor. As the flames died down the darkness protected them from discovery by the Japanese, but made it more difficult to find one another.

John F. Kennedy began swimming for his life, and for the lives of others. With his injured back throbbing, he clenched his teeth on the life-jacket strap of a severely burned shipmate and began to tow him through the open sea. All together, Kennedy was to spend about thirty of the next thirty-six hours in the water.

Next week the author describes the survivors' grueling swim for their lives.—The Editors.



A watery view of Plum Pudding Island, where the *109*'s survivors landed. Below (underwater) is coral they were forced to walk on.

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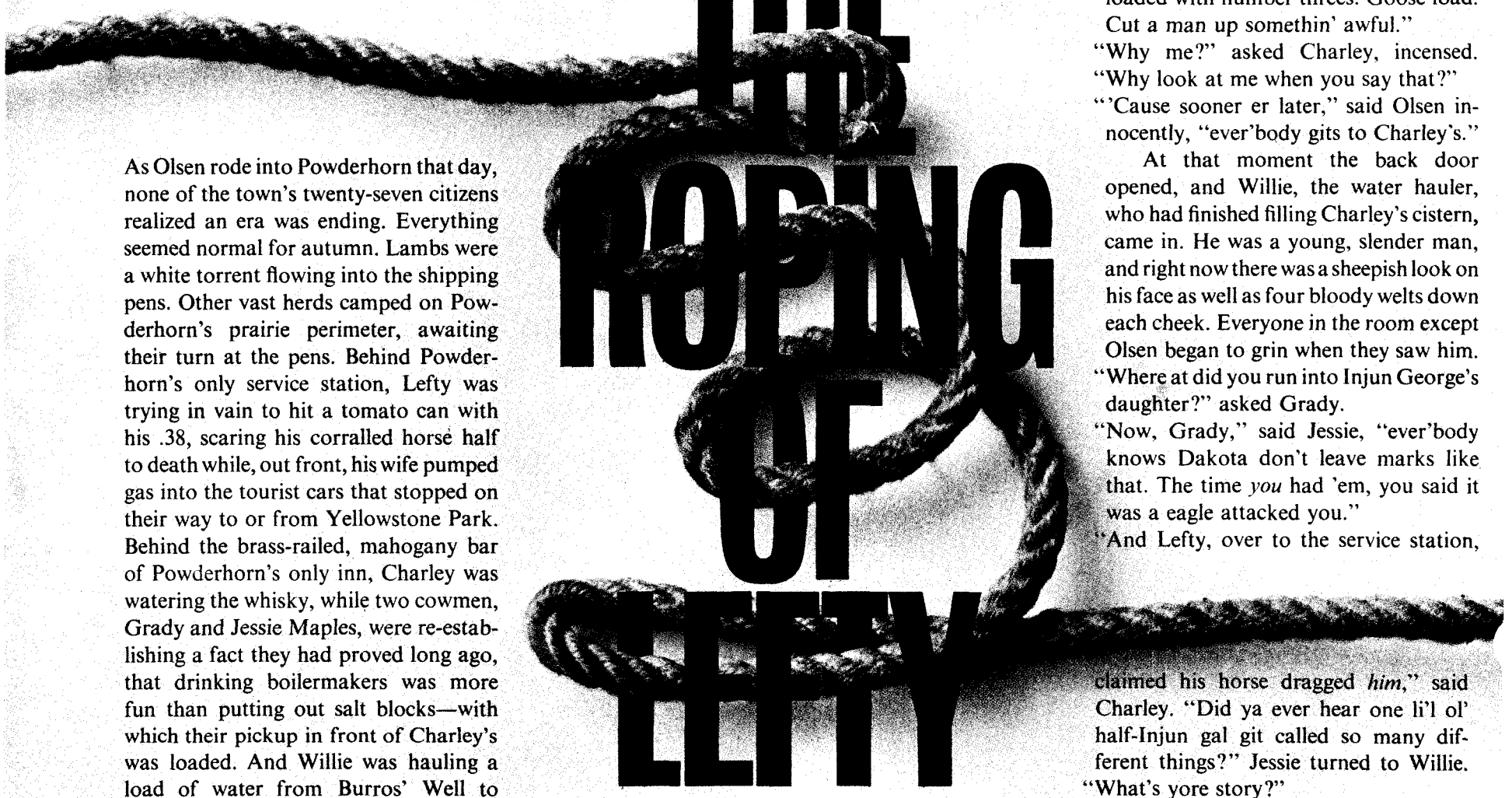
THE ROPING OF LEFTY

BY GEORGE BYRAM



As Olsen rode into Powderhorn that day, none of the town's twenty-seven citizens realized an era was ending. Everything seemed normal for autumn. Lambs were a white torrent flowing into the shipping pens. Other vast herds camped on Powderhorn's prairie perimeter, awaiting their turn at the pens. Behind Powderhorn's only service station, Lefty was trying in vain to hit a tomato can with his .38, scaring his corralled horse half to death while, out front, his wife pumped gas into the tourist cars that stopped on their way to or from Yellowstone Park. Behind the brass-railed, mahogany bar of Powderhorn's only inn, Charley was watering the whisky, while two cowmen, Grady and Jessie Maples, were re-establishing a fact they had proved long ago, that drinking boilermakers was more fun than putting out salt blocks—with which their pickup in front of Charley's was loaded. And Willie was hauling a load of water from Burros' Well to Charley's cistern after a run-in with a half-Indian girl named Dakota. All perfectly normal.

At Charley's hitching rail Olsen stepped down and tied his horse. He looked slim, but when his shirt was off he was big-boned and slab-muscled. He walked into Charley's with the air of a man who is used to taking up considerable space in the presence of men.

"Drink yore whisky and put away yore money, fellas," sang out Charley. "Olsen's here." Charley was a wizened, nervous man whose movements behind the bar were deft. "You look like a man with somethin' on yore mind," he said to Olsen.

"I got an important announcement," said Olsen.

"You've come to the right place to spill it," said Charley. "Sooner er later ever'body gits to Charley's. You havin' the usual?"

"The usual," said Olsen.

"Give the man whisky and water from the sink," intoned Charley, "a proper combination fer a man to drink."

Grady and Jessie Maples, the cowmen, watched Olsen with curiosity. They were both lean, tough-fibered men dressed in run-over boots, saddle-shiny Levis, sweat-stained shirts and discolored, dusty Stetsons. "What's this all-fired important announcement all about?" asked Jessie.

"Well, it's jes fer the people of Powderhorn," Olsen explained. "Wouldn't concern a couple of good cowmen like you and Grady at all."

"Now, Olsen," said Grady, "ya know they ain't nobody in Powderhorn kin keep a secret."

Olsen reconsidered. "All right, it's like this. A sheep rancher's got three big problems. Bad weather. Coyotes. And d'ya know what the third'n is?" He looked around and got no answer. His gaze leveled on Charley behind the bar. "Well, I'll tell ya. The third'n is Powderhorners. Last year while we was bedded near Powderhorn waitin' our turn at the pens, we lost sixty-two head o' lambs—more'n from blizzards and coyotes put together. In the past my boss, Mr. Burros, like all the other ranchers, has gone along with it. But it keeps gittin' worse. Last year, at twenty dollars a head, you nicked Burros fer $1240." His gaze was still on Charley. "My announcement is: boys, ya done yorese'ves out of a good thing."

Grady nudged Jessie. "Would ya of thought it, Jess? Would ya of thought Powderhorn people would rustle li'l innocent lambs?"

"Well, to tell ya the truth, Grady, I never would of thought a citizen of Powderhorn could hold it with a coyote in *any* way." Both brothers slapped the bar and roared.

"Jes to make shore ever'body understands," said Olsen, "and to make shore ain't nobody gonna git hurt, I'm gonna tell ya what you're up against. Mr. Burros and me are gonna stand guard. We got our sheep wagon settin' right beside the bedground. When I'm sleepin', *he's* guardin' and vicyversa. And, Charley, I want to be shore to tell *you* the shotgun we're packin' ain't loaded with salt; it's loaded with number threes. Goose load. Cut a man up somethin' awful."

"Why me?" asked Charley, incensed. "Why look at me when you say that?"

"'Cause sooner er later," said Olsen innocently, "ever'body gits to Charley's."

At that moment the back door opened, and Willie, the water hauler, who had finished filling Charley's cistern, came in. He was a young, slender man, and right now there was a sheepish look on his face as well as four bloody welts down each cheek. Everyone in the room except Olsen began to grin when they saw him.

"Where at did you run into Injun George's daughter?" asked Grady.

"Now, Grady," said Jessie, "ever'body knows Dakota don't leave marks like that. The time *you* had 'em, you said it was a eagle attacked you."

"And Lefty, over to the service station, claimed his horse dragged *him*," said Charley. "Did ya ever hear one li'l ol' half-Injun gal git called so many different things?" Jessie turned to Willie. "What's yore story?"

"Honest, fellas," said Willie, "it wasn't Dakota. I shot a rabbit on the way in. Only crippled it. Had to chase it. Stumped my toe and went headfirst through a sagebrush."

"Now *there's* a convincin' one," said Jessie. He turned to Olsen, who had not talked about Dakota. "I ain't ever seen yore face marked up."

"I shoot rabbits dead," said Olsen, "and don't git dragged by horses." He grinned at Willie. "Anyway, Willie, you're jes in time. I was about to buy a round." He turned to Charley. "Include yorese'f in, Charley."

The next morning in the corral behind Lefty's service station Charley was disgustedly watching Lefty, mounted on his horse, throw his loop at the ground, then make his horse back. "Quit monkeyin' around and listen," said Charley. "I tell ya, Olsen was serious."

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Lefty, past his prime, a man of middle height and beginning to put on weight, chuckled at how well his horse was working.

"You dad-burned ol' fool," he said to the horse, "ef you'd worked this good last summer, we'd of won the ropin'."

"Why is it ever'body and his brother thinks they got to be cowboys?" asked Charley disgustedly. "Didn't breakin' yore leg bulldoggin' teach ya nothin'?"

Lefty decided he wasn't impressing Charley. He strapped his rope to the fork of his saddle and stepped down, showing an ample paunch hanging over his big, silver belt buckle. Both men lighted cigarettes.

"Let's git down to cases," said Charley. "I'll tell ya right now I ain't tacklin' that herd when ol' man Burros is guardin'. When he gits riled, he is plumb uncompromisin'."

"Olsen ain't no better," said Lefty.

"But he's *younger*," said Charley. He took Lefty's face in his hands and turned it back and forth, peering at it. Lefty jerked away.

"Yore face healed purty good," said Charley.

"What you tawkin' 'bout *that* fer?" asked Lefty.

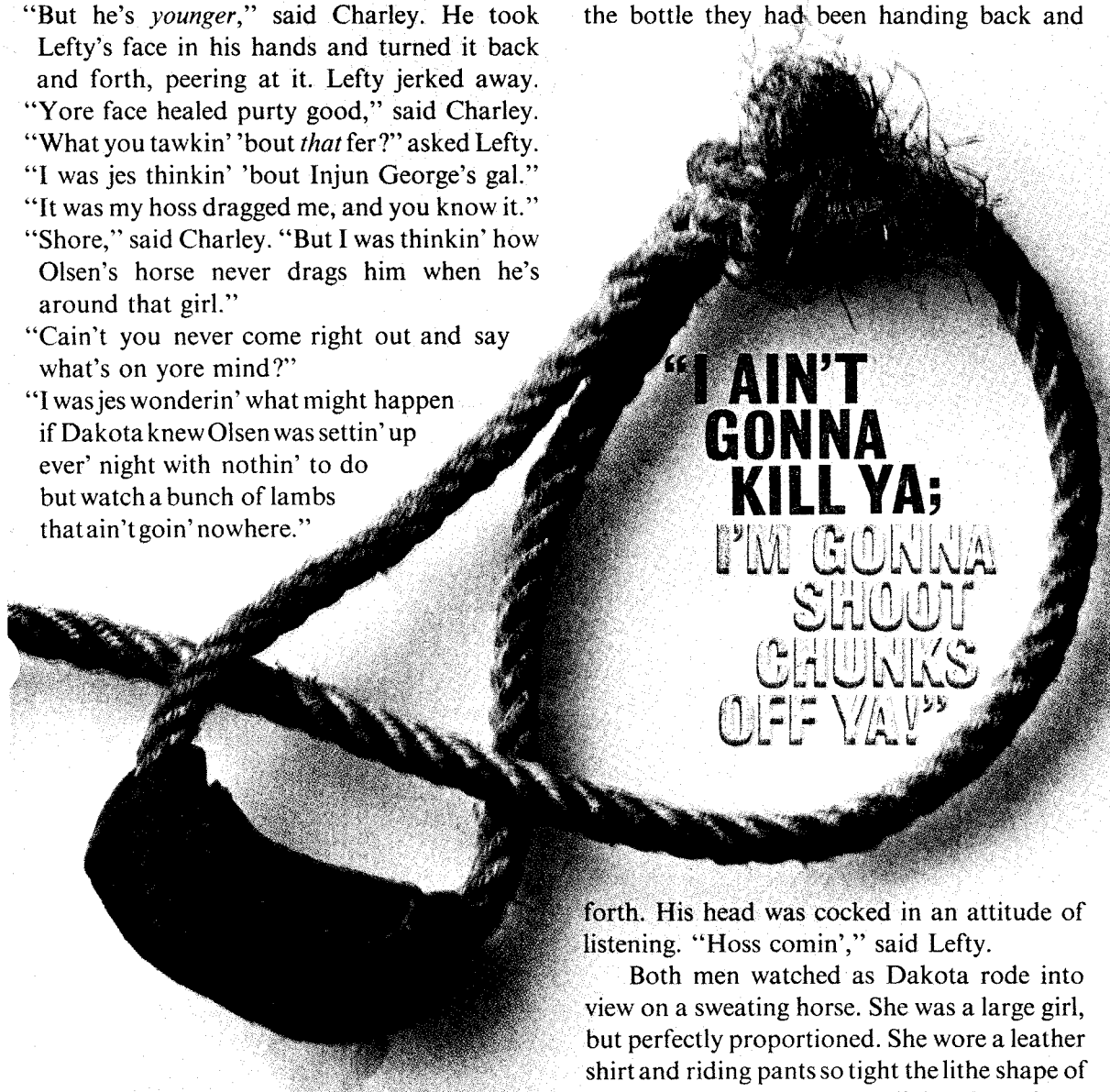
"I was jes thinkin' 'bout Injun George's gal."

"It was my hoss dragged me, and you know it."

"Shore," said Charley. "But I was thinkin' how Olsen's horse never drags him when he's around that girl."

"Cain't you never come right out and say what's on yore mind?"

"I was jes wonderin' what might happen if Dakota knew Olsen was settin' up ever' night with nothin' to do but watch a bunch of lambs that ain't goin' nowhere."



A leering grin broke across Lefty's face.

"You're a fox all right, Charley. I allus said it." He paused. "But I heard Dakota was over to the rodeo at Duncan to enter the ropin'."

"She already won it and come back."

"Who's goin' to git word to her?" asked Lefty.

"I better," said Charley. "They ain't no use in you gittin' dragged ag'in."

"It *was* my hoss!" yelled Lefty.

"I know that," said Charley. "I know that."

That night there was a bright moon, and the bedded lambs were a pool of white on the dark hillside. A light glowed translucently through the canvas top of the sheep wagon that stood beside the bedground. Burros, the owner of the lambs, a short, powerfully built man whose weathered face showed a calm strength, opened the door and called softly, "Olsen?"

Hidden in the boulders on the opposite side of the bedground, Olsen called back, "Here."

"You all set?" asked Burros.

"All set," replied Olsen.

"I got a feelin' this is the night. Try not to kill 'em."

"I'll shoot low," answered Olsen.

"Well, good night," said Burros.

"Good night," said Olsen.

A quarter mile down the ridge from the bedground, at a natural vantage point, waited Charley and Lefty. Suddenly Lefty put down the bottle they had been handing back and forth. His head was cocked in an attitude of listening. "Hoss comin'," said Lefty.

Both men watched as Dakota rode into view on a sweating horse. She was a large girl, but perfectly proportioned. She wore a leather shirt and riding pants so tight the lithe shape of her was visible in the moonlight. Two glossy braids came from beneath her tilted-back hat. She rode with indolent ease. There was a well-used rope strapped to the fork of her saddle.

"She's made good time," said Lefty enviously.

"Look at that lathered hoss."

"If you had yore druthers," asked Charley, "who'd you druther be? A guy stealin' lambs er a guy who is gittin' 'em stole from him?"

Lefty glared at Charley. "I ain't on'y stealin' the lambs, I'm goin' to fix the almighty Mr. Olsen to where he ain't so almighty."

Olsen heard the horse coming and moved at a run through the scattered boulders toward the sound. When he saw who it was, he called softly and stepped out into the moonlight. She rode up to him, stepped down, and they held each other at arm's length. "I was about to fergit what you looked like," she said.

"How'd you know where I was?" he asked.

"Somebody left word at pa's place." She took a ring box from her pocket and put on the flashing engagement ring and wedding band the box contained.

"I knew you was back from the rodeo," he said. "I was at Charley's when Willie come in."

"That Willie!" she exclaimed with disgust. "I was movin' some cows past where he was loadin' water. I'll be glad when we can let ever'body know we're married, then maybe those baboons will let me alone."

He examined the rings on her finger. "It's a shame a man's wife can't wear her rings in the daytime, but you know how Burros is. He don't figure a married man should be away from his wife out on the range where a sheepman has to stay. How'd you do at the rodeo?"

"Won the calf ropin' *and* the steer ropin' both days. Know what I did with the money? I bought those cows I was movin'."

He kissed her. "The rate you're goin', we'll have that place I bought stocked 'fore my contract with Burros is up."

"It cain't happen too soon fer me," she said, returning his kiss.

Arm in arm they led her horse over to a boulder. They sat in the moonlight, planning their future as newlyweds have always done.

The next morning Olsen and Burros stood looking grimly beneath the sheep wagon. There were ten bloody bundles of offal wrapped in ten bloody lambskins.

"Not on'y stole 'em," said Burros, "but dressed 'em out and put what they couldn't use under the wagon where at I was sleepin'."

"Addin' insult to injury, ain't it," said Olsen.

Burros faced around to Olsen, hating to get to the point. "Well, how'd they fake ya out?"

"Dakota."

"Ya figger she was in on it?"

"They's somethin' I got to tell ya, Mr. Burros. Dakota's my wife."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Burros, looking at Olsen with admiration. "Ya tamed that wildcat, did ya?"

"I guess you'll be wantin' to let me go since I didn't live up to my contract."

"I dunno 'bout that," said Burros. "Bein' married to Dakota ain't like bein' married to a stay-at-home. How'd she know where you was?"

"Somebody left word at her pa's."

"Who?"

"I dunno," said Olsen. "But I aim to find out." He raised his Continued on page 71

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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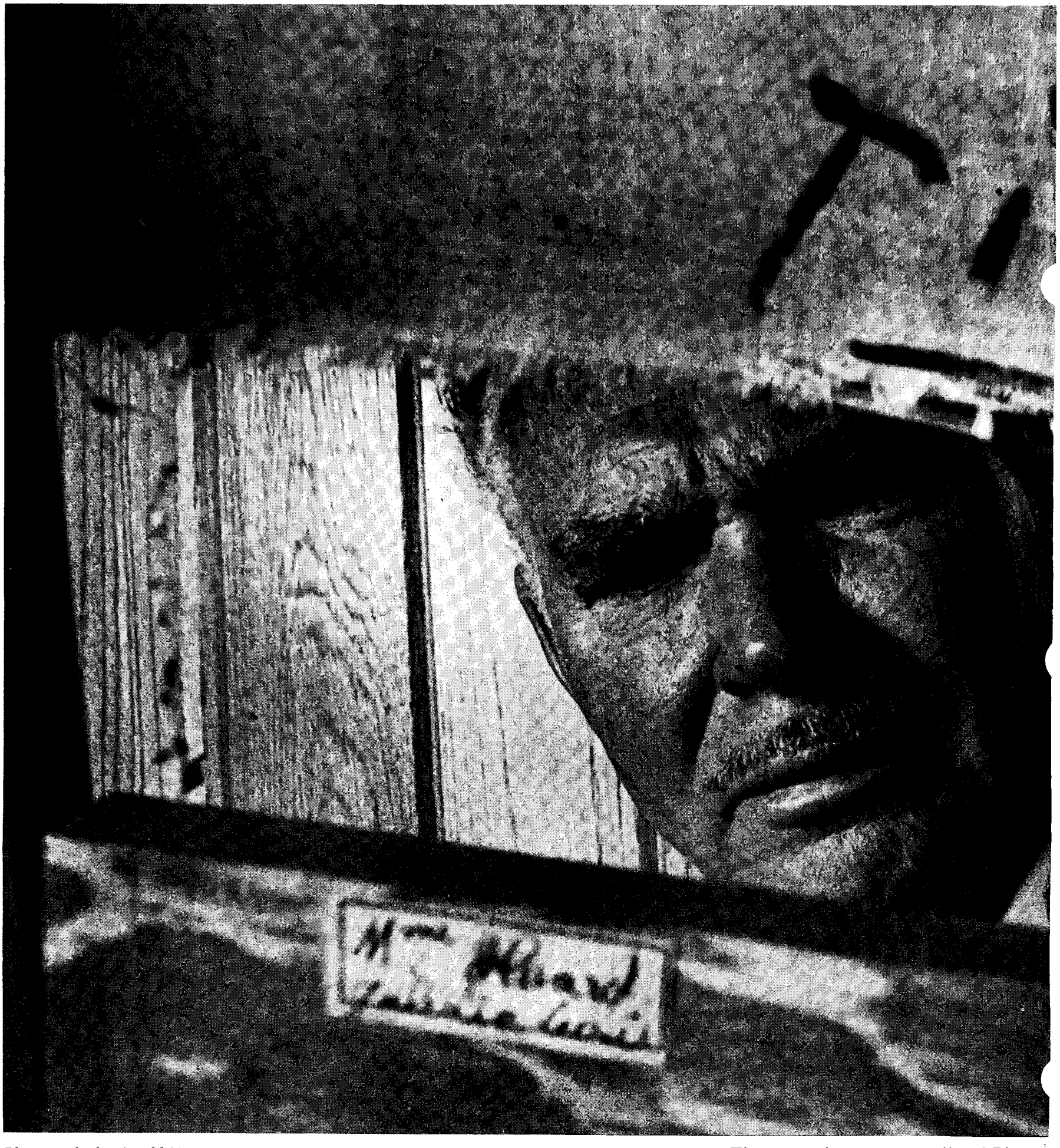
THE GREAT

BY WILLIAM JEROME GILL

These days some crooks would rather ransack art collections



Photographs by Arnold Newman

Thompson inspects a mutilated Picasso

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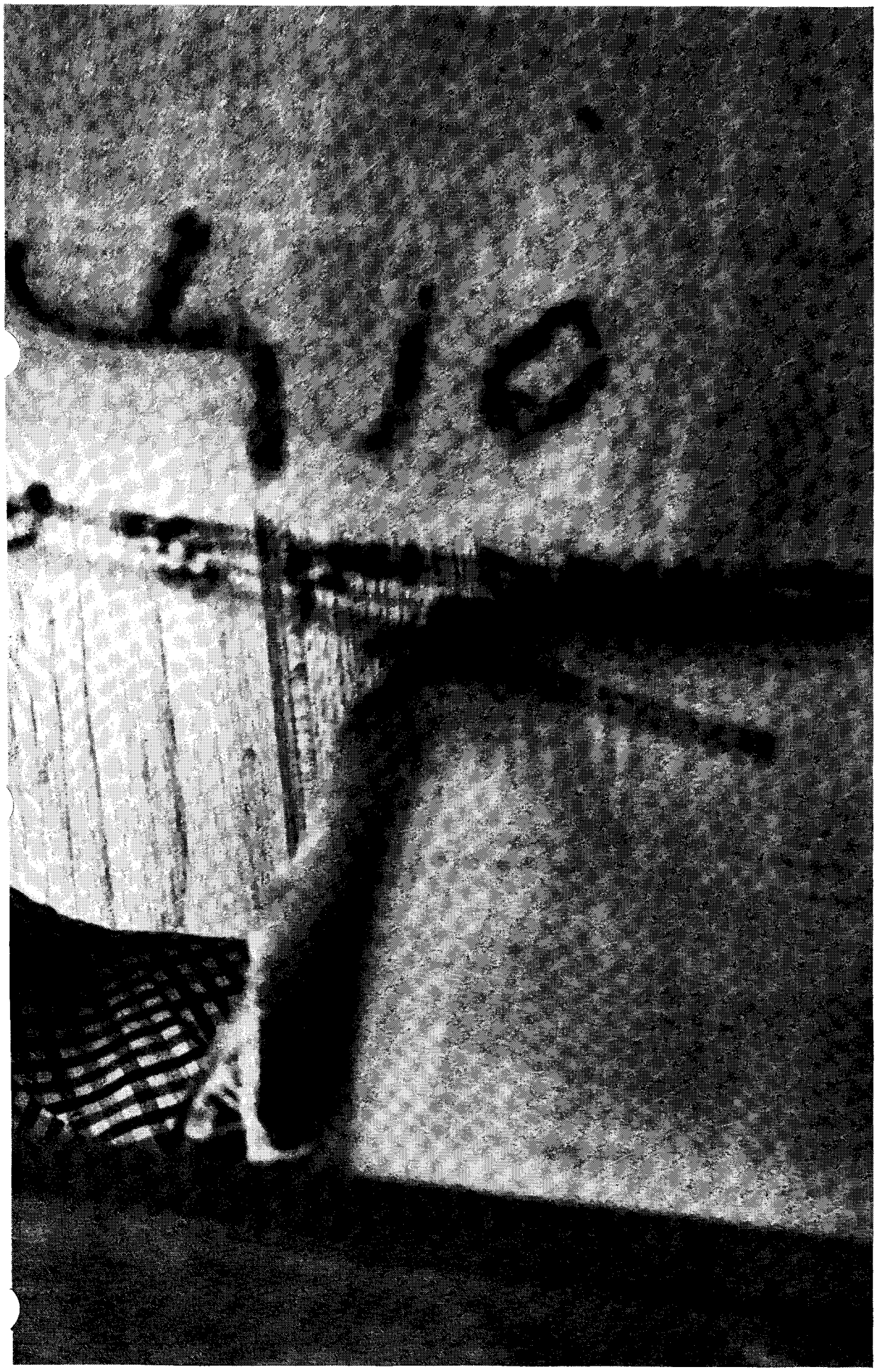
ART ROBBERY

than bank vaults. Millionaire G. David Thompson found this out the hard way.



The thieves started to rip it from the stretcher, but had no time to take it with them.

Shortly after midnight last July twenty-ninth a taxi turned into the horseshoe driveway of a suburban home near Pittsburgh and deposited two passengers, a man and a woman, at the door. From the dark street the low-slung stone house they entered was indistinguishable from its prosperous-looking neighbors. Few people had ever visited in the house, and hardly anyone in the neighborhood even knew who lived there.

Thus, the following morning it came as a shock to Pittsburgh—and to art circles in Paris, London and New York—to learn that this house had sheltered one of the greatest private collections of twentieth-century painting and sculpture in the world and had become the scene of the biggest art robbery in American history.

According to investigators who later reconstructed the crime, G. David Thompson and his wife Helene must have alighted from the taxi and opened the front door of their home just as a nervous troop of burglars hastily slipped out a rear exit. The thieves carried with them ten paintings, worth $760,000 and including six outstanding oils by Pablo Picasso, two by Fernand Léger, one by Raoul Dufy and one by Joan Miro.

Strewn about the floor were the broken frames from which the canvases had been clumsily ripped. In the debris the Thompsons found three mutilated works, which brought their total loss to more than $1,000,000. Two were by Picasso: a 1913 collage and his famed 1938 portrait of Nusch Eluard, wife of the French poet. The other was the handsome *La Femme à la Fontaine* by Henri Matisse.

The very crudeness of the theft set it apart from the rash of robberies that has plagued the world of art recently. The thieves had demonstrated none of the finesse of the crook who had whisked away Goya's portrait of the Duke of Wellington from under the noses of the guards in London's National Gallery. Nor did they display any of the delicacy of the robbers who have heisted several million dollars worth of paintings in six deft jobs in France within the past twenty-one months.

Collectors, dealers and museum directors on four continents expressed amazement at the curious mixture of daring and panic, professional know-how and unseemly ignorance shown by the gang in Pittsburgh. The victim of the great art robbery was less concerned with the burglars' motives than with the return of the paintings.

"I want those damn pictures back," he told newsmen the morning after the theft. "I'll pay $100,000 for them, no questions asked. But they had better be in good condition, I'll tell you." Thompson was being typically blunt. Since his days as a rough first baseman in an Indiana semi-pro league he has driven hard to get what he wants. Over the years, while piling up a fortune from steel and investments, George David Thompson has collected and swapped antique furniture, old china, American glass, Chinese pottery, modern sculpture, Cubist paintings and even a few stray dogs.

(Continued on Page 90)

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PHOTO BY BEN ROSE

THE FOUR-DAY ARK

IT HELD THREE PEOPLE. EACH WAS IN DANGER OF LOSING WHAT HE LOVED MOST

BY LEON WARE

Life was beginning upstairs and ending downstairs, and Alan Crowe, caught in the middle, was untried in the enormities of either birth or death. The trap was closing slowly but inexorably, the mesh of his own conscience more confining than any band of steel.

Beyond the window the relentless deluge was drowning the land. The time for escape was long gone. He could only pray now that the rain would stop and the roads drain off before the crisis of either the arrival of Helen's baby or his grandfather's death was upon him.

A lean, dark young man whose heavy features made him look older than his twenty-four years, Alan turned to study the motionless figure in the bed behind him. It was hard to reconcile that pale, gaunt face with the robust man he'd known all his life. But man was born, and lived and died, and it was happening now to his grandfather. After the last stroke, three days ago, Doc Littlejohn had predicted the end was near.

For ten years this farm a mile from the small town had been Alan's home, Henry Straus his only relative. A simple, fine old man, Henry loved the soil with a passion he had tried inarticulately to pass on to his orphaned grandson. But the farm seemed only a succession of chores, a never-ending drain of energy, and Alan wanted more of life than that. He wanted the excitement he found in books; he wanted to seek the challenge his father had felt in the practice of law.

Then, during his senior year in college, Helen had come into his life, rapidly assuming so great an importance that the prospective years in law school seemed an unendurable torture. He had almost hoped the summer's separation would re-establish his perspective, but it hadn't. He stole time from the harvest to drive the 200 miles to the city where she lived just to see her and returned to the farm still frustrated, torn with indecision.

"Marry her," Henry Straus had said that same night. "If the law is what you want, Alan, you'll study harder if she's your wife. I'll help you whatever ways I can, and you both can spend your summers here with me."

It was a wonderful first year of law school, stimulating, completely satisfying in every way. And the summer farm life, to which he brought Helen with some misgivings, went joyously and quickly. Near the end of it, however, disaster struck in the form of Henry's first stroke.

"He can't be left alone," Doc Littlejohn said. "If you can't get somebody to stay with him here, he'll have to go into a home."

Stunned, Alan sat at the old oak table, staring at the starched

Continued on page 94

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People on the way Up

Zoe Ann Warberg: Girl on the Bench. Concealed by the somber court robes of Judge Zoe Ann Warberg, 27, is the knockout figure of a former beauty queen. As Miss Idaho at the 1957 Miss America contest, ash-blond Zoe Ann won a talent prize of $2700 for a speech on Americanism. The money put her through law school at Stanford University. A year ago, Republican friends in Twin Falls, Idaho, her home town, persuaded her to quit private practice and run for probate-court judge. Promising the voters a "better job with juvenile cases," she won the job. "I tend to be lenient," she says, "with kids whose parents are poor or show no interest." Daughter of a businessman father and a schoolteacher mother, Zoe Ann first brushed with the law when, at 14, she got a summer job as legal secretary (she can still take shorthand at 120 words a minute). "I decided then to be an attorney," she says. Zoe Ann is engaged to physician Roy Shaub, who calls her ZaZa. But she doesn't plan to give up the bench. "Roy and I think our careers can mesh," she says. A skier and a good rifle shot, Zoe Ann likes activity, relishes the excitement of politics. "But," she says, "I don't intend to run for Congress—yet." PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LYON

Oscar Brown Jr., Chicago Songsmith. With his songs spread before him and rhythm-tapping feet to the rear, Oscar Brown Jr., 35, grins in gratitude for a swinging good year. For most of his life in Southside Chicago, Brown has been setting to music "the scenes I've dug, sounds I've heard and feelings I've felt in the various Negro worlds I've known." Some of his songs: *Brown Baby* (inspired by the birth of his first son), *Watermelon Man*, *Humdrum Blues*. But the world hasn't always dug Brown's music. Until 1961 he supported himself as radio commentator, advertising writer, soldier, and rent collector for his father's real-estate firm. Once he ran for the Illinois legislature. Then in January, 1961, came his first record album, *Sin and Soul*, in which he belts out his own compositions. A New York night-club booking followed, plus an invitation to audition his "modern morality play with a swing," *Kicks & Co.*, on Dave Garroway's *Today* show. *Kicks* needed an additional $40,000 backing before Brown could stage the play; listeners pledged $140,000. The critics, however, haven't been so generous. *Kicks & Co.*, starring Burgess Meredith, opened in Chicago on October 11, suffered ungentle reviews, closed October 14. A reshaped *Kicks* may yet knock 'em dead in New York. But Brown isn't keeping his fingers crossed; he's using them to write another show. PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

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People on the way Up

Coleman, Butler, Tang: Free Enterprisers. At the helm of Alloys Unlimited, Inc., is the most hotchpot crew since the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker took to their tub. Greg Coleman (left), 36, is Irish; Marshall Butler (center), 34, is Jewish; and Hamburg Tang, 30, is Chinese. "It's the American tradition," says Coleman. In that same tradition, the partners started from scratch, are now worth $2,000,000 each. Four years ago, as co-workers in a metals company, they saw wide-open opportunity in making high-purity metal parts for transistors, the electronic devices used in everything from radios to space satellites. They put up $5000 apiece, borrowed $15,000, launched Alloys Unlimited in a dingy building in Long Island City, N.Y. At first it was tough. "We lived on mustard sandwiches," Coleman says. But sales doubled in 1959, again in 1960 and again to $4,448,000 in the fiscal year ending last August. The firm now employs nearly 300 and is listed on the American Stock Exchange. Butler is president. Coleman is sales manager. Hamburg Tang (born in Hamburg, Germany) is production chief. "We don't live high on the hog," says Butler. "We are three guys working our tails off." PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI

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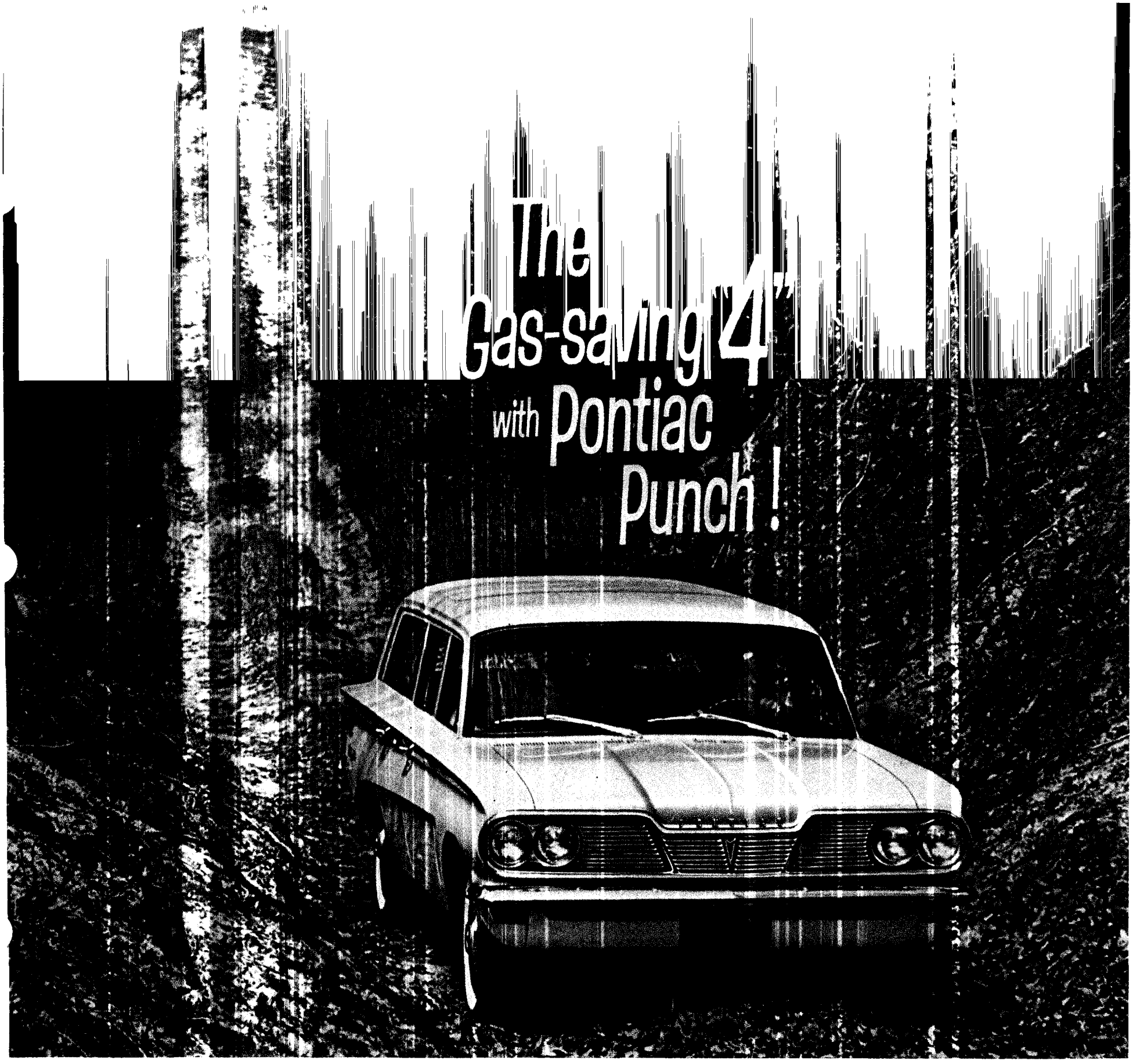

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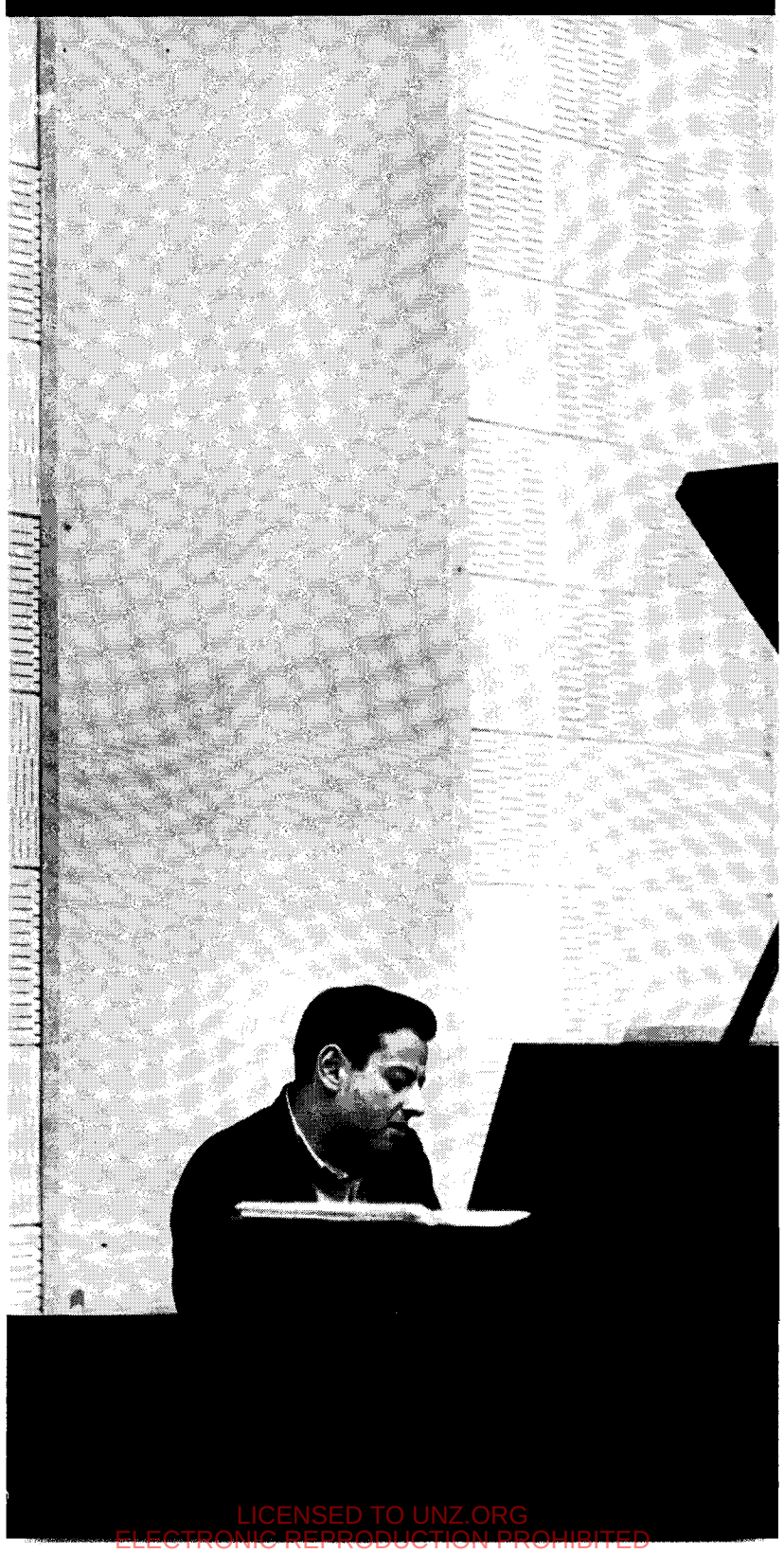
HOLLYWOOD'S BASHFUL GENIUS

Young Andre Previn can do just about anything with music. Here is the intimate story of his life as an incredibly versatile musician. . .

By Dean Jennings



Some years ago, when Mr. Andre Previn's name had not yet appeared in *Who's Who*, and when the press agents at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio ignored him because he was only a sixteen-year-old musical prodigy and not an actor, there were blue moments when he would tack on his office wall a typewritten memo to himself.

The brief lines came from Oscar Wilde's work, *Impressions of America*, and referred to something Wilde had seen in a bar in the mining town of Leadville, Colorado. The passage read:

Over the piano was printed a notice: Please do not shoot the pianist. He is doing his best.

Mr. Previn is no longer connected with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and no one is shooting at him, he says wryly, except an occasional critic. But he has not forgotten the Wilde reference, and he shyly wants it known that he is still doing his best.

Previn's best, as it happens, is unique in the world of music. At thirty-two, Previn still suggests the bashful, awkward adolescent. Chubby-cheeked, with long dark eyelashes, black hair that often falls down over his eyes, and a delicate chin, Previn at the keyboard reminds you of the little boy at his first recital. You are never quite sure that his short legs will reach the pedals, or that his small, stubby hands can span an octave. He looks out upon an audience with a sheepish, half-twisted smile, and he makes a stiff, uneasy little bow, like a teenager at dancing school. But there is nothing juvenile about his work.

As a concert artist, Previn may be the only pianist in the world who can sell out an auditorium for both classical and jazz music. He plays the classics with the great symphony orchestras for one half of a program, then returns after the intermission to play jazz with his trio.

As an orchestrater and arranger, Previn has put together or composed the music for thirty-seven full-length motion pictures. He has been nominated ten times for an Academy Award, already has two gold Oscars and is the only performer in the history of the academy to get three nominations in one year—as he did some months ago. He has conducted the Academy Award orchestra four times, and has been the guest conductor or soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra seven successive years.

As a recording artist, Previn has turned out thirty classical and jazz albums and innumerable singles, and his improvised version of the music from *My Fair Lady* is the best-selling jazz album of all time. As a composer he has written two symphonies, many sonatas, chamber music and scores of popular songs, including the recent academy nomination from the new Cantinflas picture, *Pepe*—a haunting ballad called *Far Away Part of Town*, which was written especially for Judy Garland. In addition to the piano, he can play twelve other instruments, but he says modestly, "I'm pretty miserable on the others. I only learned them so I could understand the problems of the musicians I have to conduct."

Previn's vast talents, which earn him an estimated $250,000 a year, apparently have not yet inflicted the ego inflation which seems to corrode so many show-business celebrities.

Ralph Gleason, jazz critic for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, once said, "To Hollywood jazz musicians Previn is still something of a queer duck." Actually this is only a capsule diagnosis of an essentially rebellious personality which bucks not only the jazz traditions but regularly rejects the established movie-colony behavior patterns.

Previn, for example, still backs away from the publicity assembly line, and this vexes and puzzles his press agents. He purposely avoids restaurants and hotels where the stars gather, has never had a scrapbook and will read and keep clippings only if they are reviews of a performance. When he was with M-G-M, he often apologized to a concert audience if the program contained material from the official studio biography. "It was horrible stuff," he says. "I was a combination Mozart and Jackie Cooper, and no one could live up to those superlatives."

One of Previn's former M-G-M associates, who does not wish to be identified, once said, "Andre is so competent and sc

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Previn at a recording session. He has the rare ability to transcribe improvised jazz instantly.

GENIUS versatile that he does not have time to be colorful." Previn confesses he is nettled by this description because, as he says, the word "colorful" to him means weird stunts or behaviorisms that might make the newspapers, or a spurious personality manufactured by the flacks. "So many people in the business try to be characters, and they have to work hard at it," he says. "To be colorful it seems you have to go to the airport with a Russian wolfhound and insist that the dog get a window seat. The odd thing is that when I do things which seem commonplace to me, people back off and think I am being terribly strange. Perhaps I'm colorful after all."

Some of these "commonplace" things, as it happens, are provocative indeed. Previn, for instance, can easily get into a froth about interminable television commercials and, short of smashing his set, he could think of no counterattack until he wandered into a toy shop recently.

There he saw a small boy with a pistol shooting rubber suction-tip arrows at a target and promptly bought a set. Now he sits in his den at home and fires the arrows at his television screen whenever he hears a particularly irritating commercial. "Last night," he said grimly, "I hit a used-car salesman right between the eyes." On any given evening, of course, the screen is eventually blotted out with arrows, but Previn thus gets rid of his aggressions without damaging the set.

Previn has several other compulsions and idiosyncrasies which, by most press-agent standards, would be worth a plug now and then. But he never mentioned them to his publicity men or to anyone else until my interview with him because he thought they were "too personal." He suffers from a mild form of claustrophobia, for instance, and avoids inside seats in restaurant booths or similarly enclosed small areas. He is uneasy in elevators and for years was "mortally afraid," as he puts it, of airplanes.

He has no explanation for any of these eccentricities, except for a vague feeling that "perhaps they all go back to things in my childhood."

He has been undergoing psychoanalysis for the past two years in an attempt to get rid of some basic insecurities. He admits to guilt feelings he would rather not pinpoint, but is convinced that analysis has helped. "I had the classic attitude," he explains. "I went in and said, 'All right, prove it to me.' And it was proven."

Previn's childhood had some elements which could have left deep scars. His parents were Jacob and Charlotte Previn. His father, Poland-born, was a lawyer and a judge in Berlin, and the family was active in the political and social life of the German capital. Andre was born in Berlin on April 6, 1929, during the period when Germany was undergoing the political upheaval which eventually put Adolf Hitler into power.

Jacob Previn was a gifted amateur pianist, and when Andre was about four years old he asked his parents if he could have a few piano lessons as a birthday present. His father took him into the family music room, played the scale on

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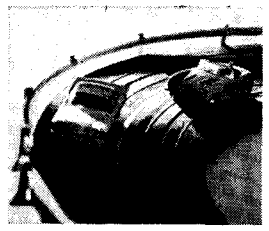

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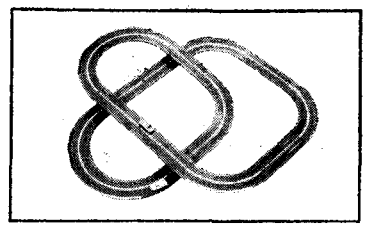

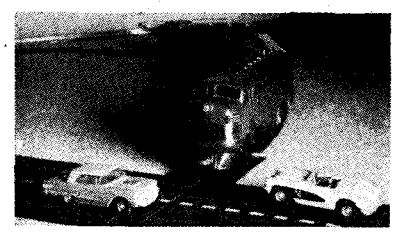

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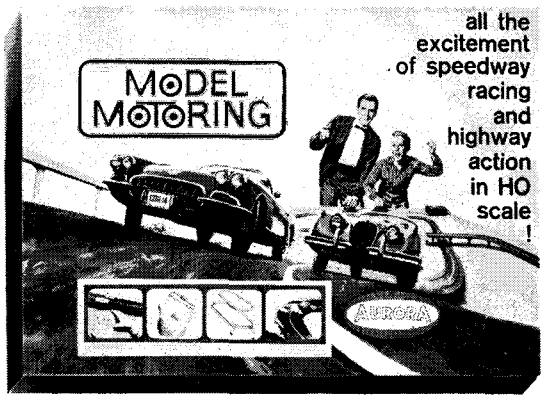

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GENIUS the piano and told him the names of the notes. The following day the elder Previn went back to the piano and struck one key as Andre remained within earshot in the next room.

"What note was that?" he asked.

"A-flat," Andre replied.

"How do you know?"

"Because you told me," the boy said.

Ten minutes later the father took the boy to the Berlin Conservatory of Music and registered him there as a piano student. Previn studied at the conservatory for five years, and plans were under way for his first public concert. One day the director of the conservatory called on Judge Previn and said, "I am sorry, but I must ask your son to leave the school."

"But why?"

"He has great talent," the director said. "But politically I can't afford to keep a Jewish boy on the rolls. Things are different now, if you know what I mean."

The warning was plain enough, and not long afterward the family hurriedly left Berlin, never to return. They lived in Paris for a year and came to the United States in 1939. They settled in the Los Angeles area, and Andre's father became, and still is, a piano teacher. They are naturalized citizens now, including Andre and his older brother, Steve, who works for Walt Disney as a producer in Europe.

Andre was twelve when he heard jazz music for the first time on the radio. It was an Art Tatum recording of *Sweet Lorraine*, and he rushed to the nearest music store to buy the disc. "I was flabbergasted when I realized what could be done with thirty-two bars," he recalls, "and I quickly learned to do *Sweet Lorraine* exactly as Tatum played it."

Some years later—by which time Previn had made a number of RCA recordings he now depreciates as "flowery, cocktail piano in a third-rate imitation of Tatum"—he met the great Negro pianist for the first time in a smoky Los Angeles night club. "About three o'clock in the morning, when the club had closed down," he says, "I finally got nerve enough to sit at the piano and play my Tatum imitation of *Sweet Lorraine*. When I finished, Art eased me off the stool and sat down. Grinning, he played my own record of *This Can't Be Love*, exactly as I had recorded it, with all the Art Tatum tricks in it.

"Man, I was knocked out. It was one of the great compliments of my life, but it also taught me a lesson the hard way. I quit playing third-rate Tatum and tried to develop a style of my own."

In 1944, when Previn was fifteen and a sophomore at Beverly Hills High School, he already knew more about music than most musicians learn in a lifetime. He was taking lessons from the famed teacher, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco—he still consults the aging maestro nowadays when he feels depressed about his work—and he was practicing six hours a day, seven days a week.

To help the family finances he worked far into the night writing arrangements for obscure radio-show orchestras—the insomnia pattern he established then still limits him to about five hours of sleep.

Word soon spread around the film studios about the remarkable boy at Beverly Hills High, and when Previn was starting his senior year he was summoned to M-G-M to solve a musical emergency. The picture was called *Holiday in Mexico*, and the musical star was the internationally known concert pianist, José Iturbi. One scene called for Iturbi to play a jazz number, but there was no one available to transcribe improvised jazz for Iturbi to read. Previn, who is known to jazz musicians as the only artist who can listen to hot improvisations and instantly write down the notes, was as much of a sensation at the film studio as he is now, scribbling notes in the smokiest cellar where the jam sessions rattle the walls.

Previn was sixteen when he was hired by M-G-M, and he did the orchestrations on countless pictures before Robert Sisk assigned him to compose an original score for a Lassie production titled *Sun Comes Up*. "I thought it was a big sunrise for me, too, at the time," he says. "Like all Lassie pictures, there was hardly any dialogue but a lot of barking. I thought it was easy, but I have since put myself through the wringer of watching it on a television rerun, and it's the most inept score you ever heard."

Previn's fourteen-year romance with M-G-M was not exactly all sweet harmony. Once there was a front-office order that all composers must be in their offices between nine A.M. and six P.M. and could not leave the lot without promptly reporting destination and time of departure to the accounting department. Previn seethed over this rule until one day when he worked nineteen hours in his office on a hurry-up assignment, barely taking time out for a sandwich. It was 4:15 A.M. when he wearily closed the piano, and he telephoned the home of the executive who had issued the order.

When the bleary-eyed official finally answered the long ring, Previn said, "This is Andre Previn. It is four-fifteen in the morning and I want to report that I am leaving the lot and going home." The irritating rule was rescinded the next day.

A rare Previn show of anger occurred once during the recording of a multimillion-dollar musical on the M-G-M lot one day. The star was an internationally famed actress who arrived to sing the theme song and who, obviously unprepared, fumbled the first three takes. She suddenly spun around and screamed at Previn, "This is impossible! Get me some musicians who can play and I'll pay for it myself!"

Previn paled. "Get the hell off this stage!" he snapped. He dismissed the musicians and went home, and the star did have to get another orchestra. Previn has since regretted his angry impulse, saying, "Had I been more adult myself, I might have seen that she was merely transferring her guilt to someone else."

Previn's M-G-M career was temporarily interrupted in 1950 when he was drafted. At Camp Cooke in California, where he went for basic training, he signed up as a flute player. "Most of the pianists who went into the Army got stuck with the glockenspiel or the cymbals," he says, "and I was darned if I was going to carry *them* around. So I naturally picked the lightest instrument on the list."

Previn practiced this happy deception for some time and eventually was sent on maneuvers at a temporary camp near Seattle. He was digging slit trenches one wet chilly morning when he was summoned to the orderly room. There a young lieutenant said, "Previn, I thought you were a flute player?"

"Well, sir, I ——"

"Previn," the officer interrupted, "I am informed that you have been nominated for an Academy Award for your arrangement on a movie called *Three Little Words*. Obviously you didn't get that playing a flute."

"No, sir."

The lieutenant smiled. "You may have a two-day pass to go to Hollywood," he said. "And bring back the Oscar."

Previn flew to the Academy Awards, but he did not win that year. He was assigned to the 6th Army band in San Francisco, and he spent the rest of his Army service writing arrangements for the band. During his off hours, he became a habitué of the Black Hawk, Fack's and other San Francisco jazz clubs, and there he played jazz by the hour, often without pay.

At Fack's he met a pretty girl singer named Betty Bennett, and they were married in 1952 when he got his Army discharge. They had two daughters, Claudia and Alicia, but there was friction and conflict almost from the beginning, and they were finally divorced in 1957.

Previn left M-G-M in April of 1960, but, in the words of the pop song, "the memory lingers on." Among other box-office smashes, Previn scored the music for *Gigi* and *Porgy and Bess* and thereby won two Oscars. He also composed or arranged the music for *Elmer Gantry*, *Bad Day at Black Rock*, *Kim*, *Bells Are Ringing*, *Kismet*, *Who Was That Lady?*, *Invitation to the Dance*, *All in a Night's Work*, *Kiss Me Kate*, and the recently released *Pepe*.

A nonmusical moment for the Previn family: the composer, his daughters Alicia and Claudia, and his second wife Dory Langdon.

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GENIUS M-G-M also gave him a sort of extra dividend in the person of Miss Dory Langdon. Producer Arthur Freed met the pretty red-haired writer in New York, was impressed with her lyrics and brought her to Hollywood to work with Previn. While Previn was in a Los Angeles hospital recovering from pneumonia—the first and only serious illness of his life—Miss Langdon came calling and things were very lyrical indeed. Shortly afterward he phoned to invite her to dinner.

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Every night," he said impulsively.

They lived in an apartment for a while after their Las Vegas elopement but recently bought a luxurious home on Stone Canyon Road, high in the Bel Air hills.

When he is not at home composing or arranging, or personally answering fans who send him hundreds of songs every year—"I haven't yet heard one I want to record," he says sadly—Previn is on the road doing one-nighters. He shuttles from Carnegie Hall to the Hollywood Bowl, with stopovers in St. Louis, Chicago, or San Francisco, and often goes directly from the airport to the recording studios.

Although Previn has recorded with Mahalia Jackson, Dinah Shore, Andre Kostelanetz and other musical personalities, most of his pop discs feature the recently formed Andre Previn trio in which he plays with bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Capp. Ralph Gleason has called their music "banal," and Bill Cross of *Metronome* said, "It has lately become a kind of parlor game to criticize Andre as a fancy embroiderer of minimum jazz talent." But Previn says cynically, "If you took a poll of the one hundred top jazz musicians and found more than two who paid any attention to the jazz critics it would be a big surprise."

Previn annually flies thousands of miles with Mitchell and Capp and, aside from a forced landing in a Tennessee cornfield once, he had stoically conquered his personal feud with airplanes until a new crisis arose recently. An airline, he says, ruled that Mitchell's big bass fiddle could no longer take up space in the baggage compartment and would have to travel on a half-fare passenger ticket.

Accordingly, Previn is now compelled to buy four tickets, one of them made out to "Mr. Bass." The fiddle is deposited in a seat alongside Mitchell, and he and Previn solicitously fasten the safety belt around it. Previn steamed about this odd predicament for a while but finally found a way, he says impishly, to strike back. At mealtimes during flights, Previn demands and gets from red-faced stewardesses all the drinks and dinners due "Mr. Bass" on the extra ticket.

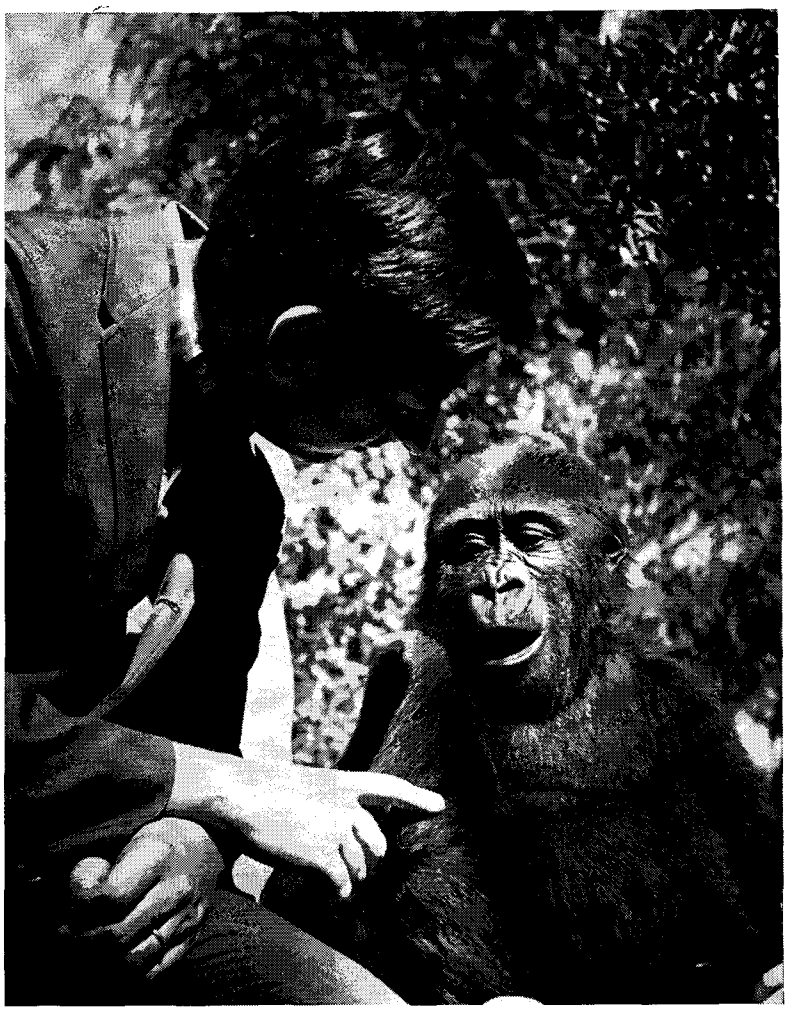
Previn may have solved his problem with the airline, but he has still not made his peace with the critics. The suspicion persists that he protests too much about his indifference to critical opinion, and it would appear that actually he is acutely sensitive about his place in music. Indeed, he unwittingly tells a story that suggests his skin is not so thick as he pretends.

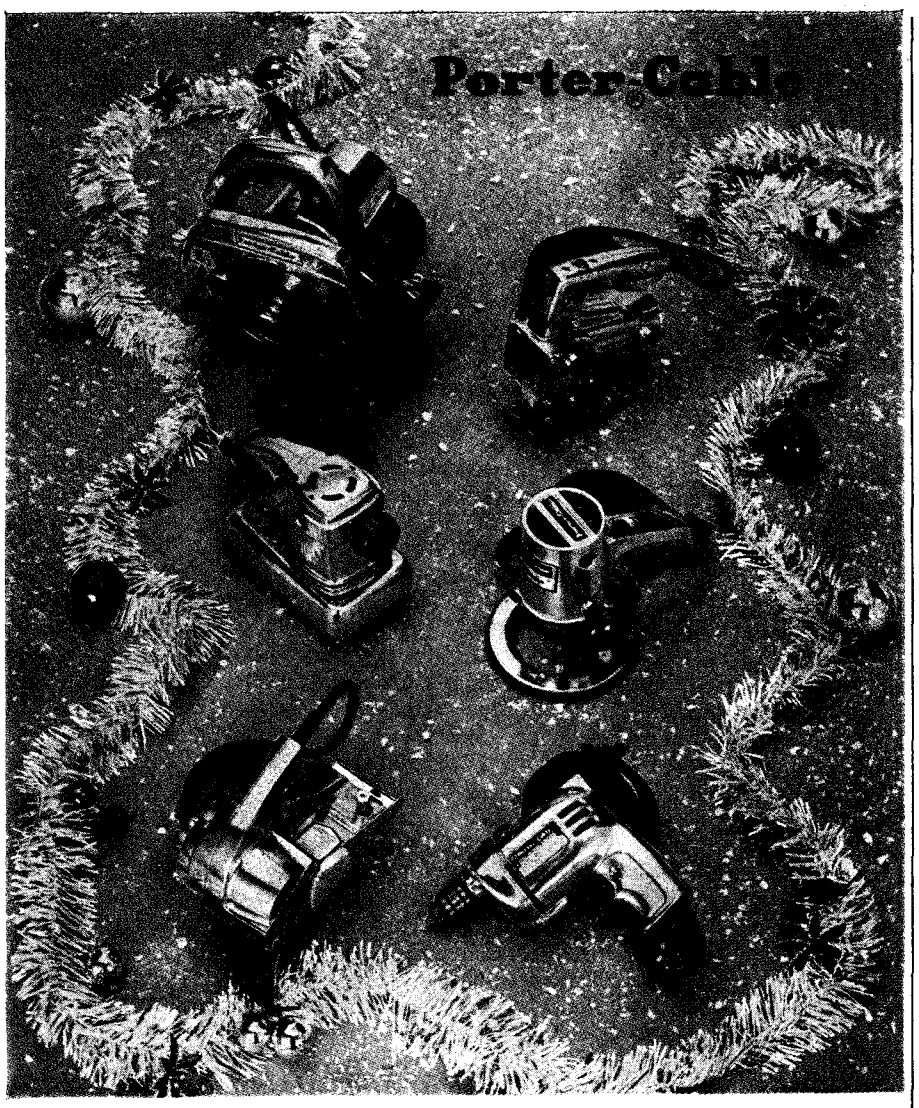
He wandered into a San Francisco record shop recently—prowling around for collectors' items as he often does—and found four old records he did not have, including one of his own. When he began dickering with the dealer, the man said, "Tell you what—if you buy the first three for $6.50 you can have that Previn turkey for nothing."

Previn cried, "Listen, you so-and-so, charge me for it! Charge me for it!"

He fled into the night, fiercely clutching his purchases, and he never went back to that store again. THE END

A lifelong zoo buff, Previn sheds his shyness in the diverting company of a baby gorilla.





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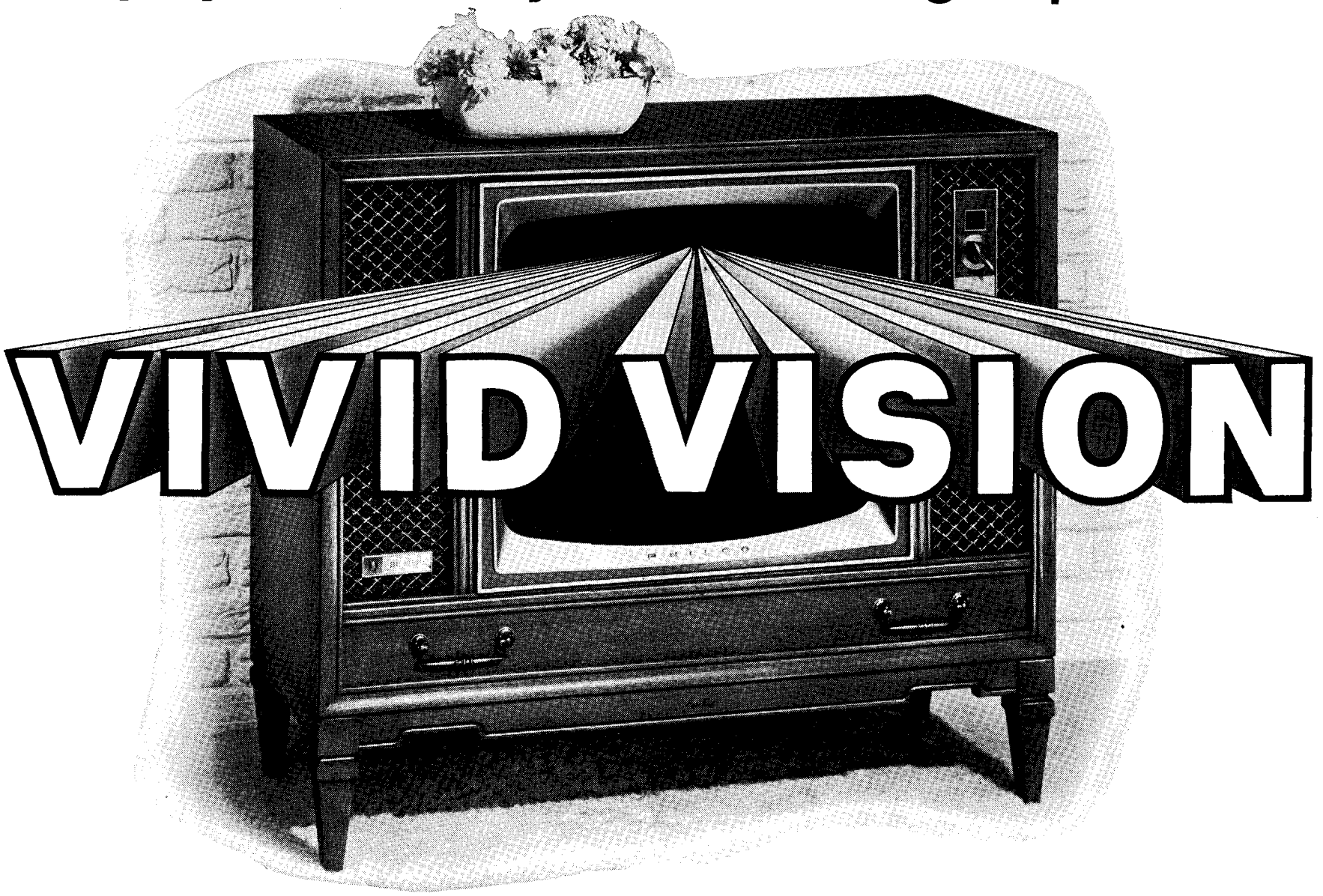

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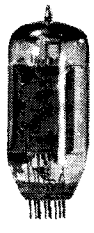

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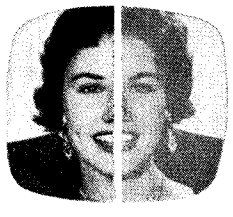

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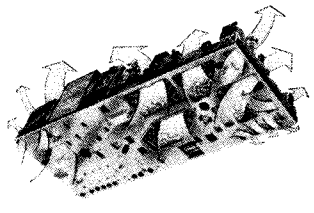

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

THE SMALLEST THINGS WE SEE

Ralph W. G. Wyckoff has made vital contributions to science through the development of X-ray diffraction and electron microscopy procedures. Dr. Wyckoff helped develop the first killed vaccine against a virus disease (equine sleeping sickness) while a staff member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. At present he is on the faculty of the University of Arizona.

ACCORDING TO DR. WYCKOFF

"The first microscopes, invented in the seventeenth century, were simple magnifiers made of drops of glass, or of water."

"Superficially an electron microscope does not look much like a microscope; instead it has many of the characteristics of an enormous radio tube."

"There is so much to be seen and interpreted that at least a generation of work will be needed before we shall have learned what the electron microscope has to tell about the processes of life."

BY RALPH W. G. WYCKOFF

Modern science constantly advances by penetrating more and more deeply into the structure of matter. Microscopy is the most direct way of doing this, and its most powerful tool now is the electron microscope. Within the last two decades this new instrument has increased several hundredfold the range of what we can see and in so doing has brought us almost within sight of the atoms of which all matter is made.

The first microscopes, invented in the seventeenth century, were simple magnifiers made of drops of glass, or of water. Even in this rudimentary form they revealed a hitherto unseen world of tiny plants and animals. Since then they have gradually evolved into compound microscopes that are now perfect enough to show the smallest things visible with light. Theory tells us that the most perfect microscope cannot form an image of anything smaller than half the wave length of the light it uses. Half the wave length of blue light, the shortest the eye can see, is about 1/150,000 inch. The cells of living matter are bigger than this and so is much of the crystalline detail of rock and metals; over the last century the study of these with the optical microscope has produced the sciences of cellular biology and bacteriology, petrography and metallography.

While this was happening, another new science, colloid chemistry, was drawing attention to things smaller than those the optical microscope could reveal—pigments of paints and of inks, dust in the air we breathe, minute crystals essential to the hardening of metals, enzyme systems that are the chemical factories of living matter and viruses that share with bacteria the responsibility for most infectious disease. The knowledge of so much yet to be seen stimulated the invention, around 1900, of ultraviolet microscopes using invisible light shorter than the blue. These microscopes helped, but they did not greatly extend the range of our vision; and for a generation it was felt that man had reached the limit of his ability to see the very small.

We have now escaped from this impasse by substituting electrons for light. Electrons are negative charges of electricity and the revolutionary idea of employing them for microscopy is a consequence of two developments in physics. One was the demonstration that magnetic and electrical fields can act as lenses to focus a beam of electrons passing through them. The other was the discovery that waves are associated with moving electrons and that the length of these waves depends on how fast the electrons are traveling. Speeds we find convenient to employ correspond to wave lengths between 1/50 and 1/100 the diameter of a single atom, and hence perfected electron

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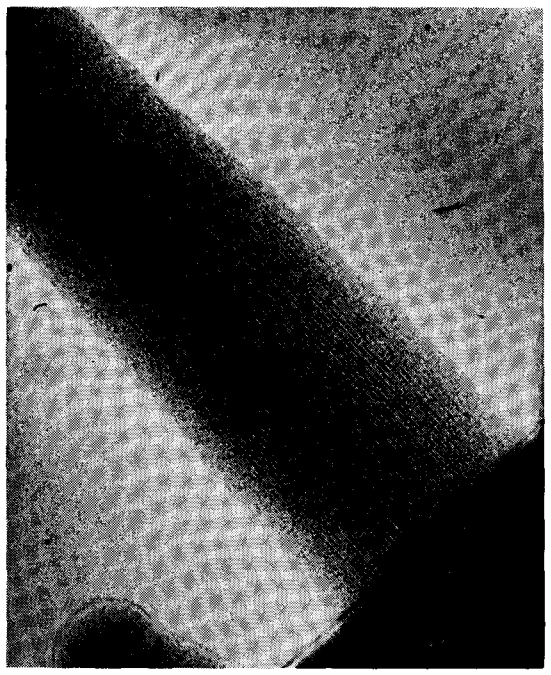

Figure 1

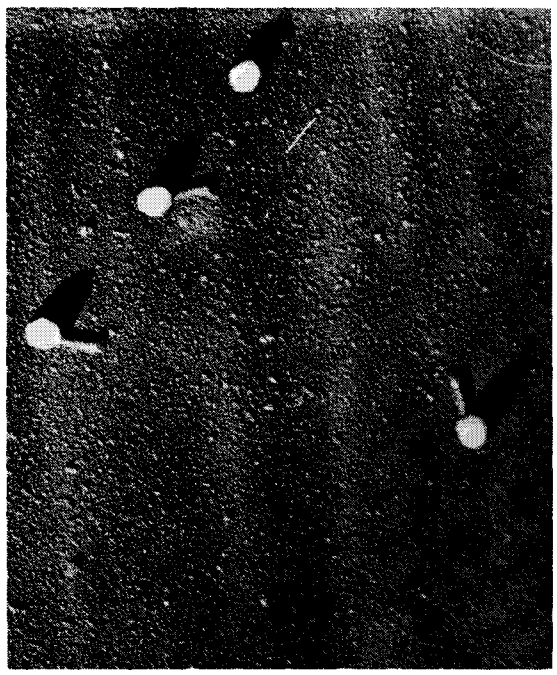

Figure 2

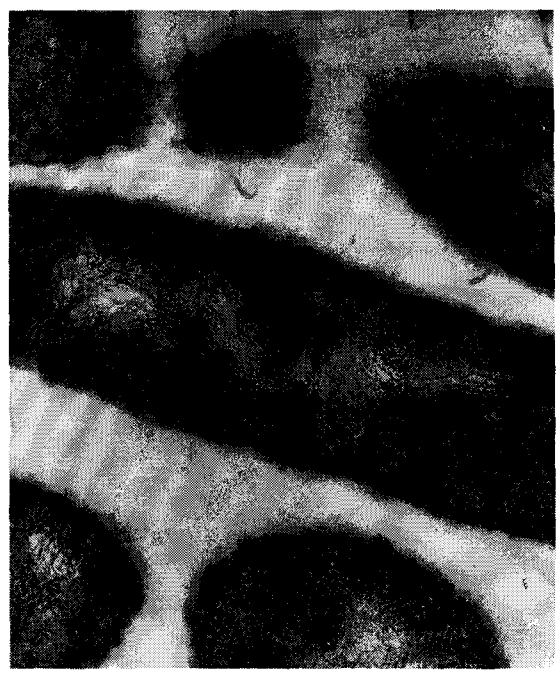

Figure 3

microscopes should have no difficulty in forming images of atoms. Although still far from this perfection, our microscopes are already many times more powerful than their optical forerunners.

Superficially an electron microscope does not look much like a microscope; instead it has many of the characteristics of an enormous radio tube. In both the electrons issue from a heated tungsten wire and both the tube and the electron microscope must be evacuated to form a vacuum, for electrons are easily absorbed in matter. The electrons in the microscope are given a high speed, and consequent short wave length, by the high voltage at which the instrument operates (50,000 to 100,000, but occasionally up to 1,000,000 volts). The microscope's lenses are coils of wire surrounding pairs of specially shaped iron tubes. These iron "pole pieces" concentrate the magnetic fields produced by the current through the coils, and these fields focus the electrons somewhat as lenses of glass bend light. Just as in an ordinary microscope, an objective lens provides a first image of the specimen, and additional lenses magnify it further. The final image we see appears on a television-like screen and can be recorded on a photographic plate. With an optical microscope magnifications of 1500 times are sufficient to show the smallest things visible with light. The very much shorter wave lengths of electrons make magnifications of 50,000 to 100,000 times common; under favorable conditions pictures are worth examining at a million magnifications. The excessively minute is almost as hard to appreciate as the astronomically large, but its extent becomes clearer when we realize that a photograph of a human hair enlarged a millionfold would be more than 150 feet across.

The development of electron microscopes has introduced many new technical problems. Their lenses are subject to all the defects which for centuries have bedeviled the makers of glass lenses, and we will have the best possible electron microscopes only when we have learned to make the same corrections as the optical designer. We cannot do this by combining magnetic fields as he combines different glass lenses, though we can modify the fields by altering the shapes of their iron-pole pieces. The first electron microscopes, produced in the 1930's, had uncorrected lenses and were no more powerful than optical microscopes. Since then improvement has been steady, till now the best instruments give images of particles composed of only a few atoms. What may now be seen at these very high magnifications is suggested in the picture (Figure 1) of a minute crystal of the coloring matter phthalocyanin. The parallel dark lines are caused by the stacking of unusually flat molecules which are sheets little more than an atom thick.

It has been even harder to prepare satisfactory specimens for observation than to make good microscopes. Matter is so opaque to electrons that preparations must be far thinner than for optical microscopy, and they must not change when put in a vacuum. These requirements were relatively easy to meet for dusts, pigments and the like, but when studying living matter it soon became evident that the techniques of the optical microscopist would not work. All camera enthusiasts know that contrast, or the play of light and shade, determines what is seen in a picture. It is difficult to achieve the equally necessary contrast in electron photographs. Living tissue, for example, is more than 90 per cent water and, when this has been removed, there is often not enough matter left so that small details stand out by contrast from the thicker membranes on which they must be supported. Some years ago we learned to make these details visible by "shadow casting." As the figure suggests, this shadowing is carried out by evaporating an exceedingly thin layer of platinum or other heavy metal obliquely over the preparation. Details of the object rising above the supporting membrane shield the membrane in their lee and are themselves thickened by the metal atoms that strike them. The accompanying electron micrograph (Figure 2) shows particles of bacteriophage, a bacteria-destroying agent, that have been thus shadowed; they stand out from the membrane on which they rest for much the same reason that the features of a landscape are clearest at sunrise or sunset. This artifice of shadowing has enabled us to reveal the surface structure of relatively large objects, such as bacteria, and to picture the far smaller viruses and individual molecules of proteins and other essential ingredients of living matter.

Fifteen years ago it was realized that most information about the fine structure of living things would come through examining slices of tissue. These slices, however, had to be 100 times thinner than any that had been cut before, and several years were spent in learning how to make them and how to preserve tissues well enough to be worth looking at under the high magnifications of the electron microscope. After many discouraging attempts to employ knives of steel, it was found that broken pieces of plate glass would serve. More durable cutting edges have now been ground from large diamonds which, fortunately, need not be of gem quality. Tissues begin to disintegrate

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THE SMALLEST THINGS WE SEE

at the moment of death and, for electron microscopy, "fixation" that will arrest this must be instantaneous; with the less exacting procedures adequate for optical microscopy, the electron microscope showed little more than the fine details of this disintegration. Slowly our methods have been improving until, as the accompanying photograph (Figure 3) of a section cut from a single bacterium indicates, they are good enough to reveal a world of undreamed-of structure within cells. Thousands of electron photographs have already been made of all sorts of living tissues, but methods can be still further improved. There is so much to be seen and interpreted that at least a generation of work will be needed before we shall have learned what the electron microscope has to tell about life's processes.

The range of new things to be seen begins where the light microscope leaves off and extends down through molecules to effects due to individual atoms. Many photographs have already been made of the proteins and nucleic acids, which are the universal ingredients of life as we know it. The molecules of some of these turn out to be rods and threads, and others are spheres. Some are beginning to show, as methods of preparation get better, details within the individual molecules which must indicate the way their atoms are arranged. Solids are formed by the close aggregation of molecules such as these. Many proteins form crystalline solids just as do such simple compounds as salt and sugar; with the electron microscope we can see the exact details of this crystalline order. The regular molecular packing that characterizes it is

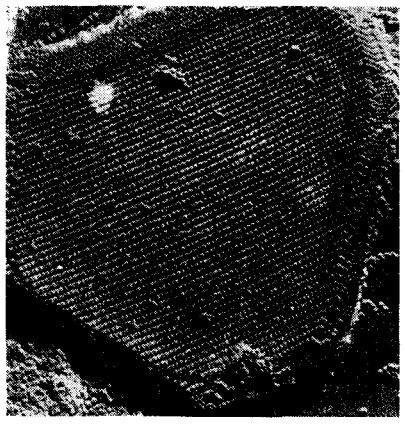


Figure 4

apparent in the accompanying photograph (Figure 4) of a virus-protein crystal. We have for many years used X rays to deduce this regularity, but now we can see it directly and observe how individual molecules fit together into the whole.

The elementary particles of many viruses look very much like these protein molecules, but others—such as the bacteriophages that are the viruses of bacteria—are more elaborate. These have the heads and tails that stand out so clearly in Figure 2. The new methods of electron microscopy can tell much about what these particles are and how they function. Their heads are easily ruptured and, if we do this intentionally so that the contents spread over the supporting membrane, we see numerous threadlike molecules of the nucleic acid, which is the real cause of the disease they produce. Thin slices through the tails show them as hollow tubes through which this infectious acid can pass into a bacterium under attack. We can go still further and see how the introduction of this foreign nucleic acid changes the life processes of the bacterium. The bacterium shown in section in Figure 3 was healthy; within its membranous envelope we see the spongy protoplasm which fills it except for the relatively empty region we now recognize as equivalent to the nucleus of more highly evolved cells. The threads in this nuclear space are presumably molecules of the bacterium's own nucleic acid. Foreign nucleic acid coming from the bacteriophage seems gradually to replace

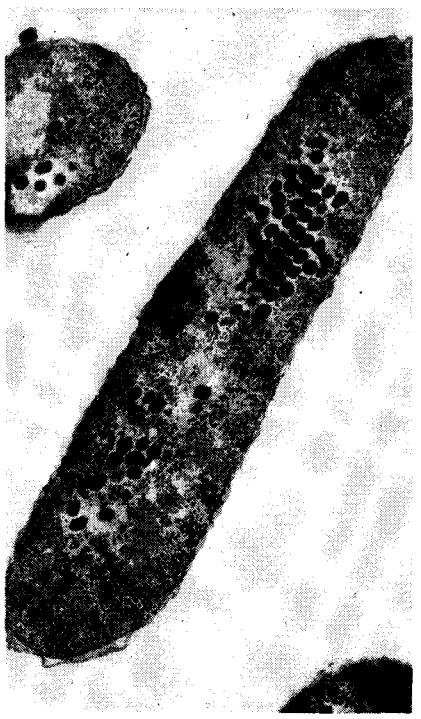
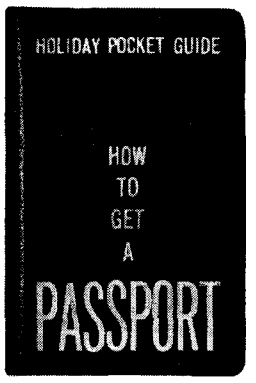


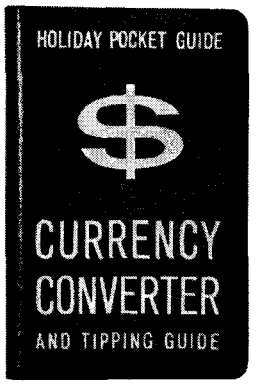
Figure 5

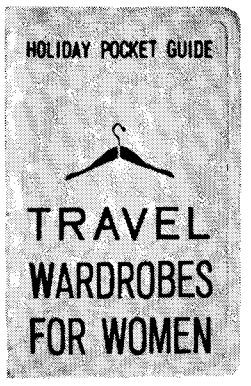
this normal acid, until finally, as Figure 5 shows, it collects together and becomes organized into heads of new bacteriophage particles dispersed throughout the now-dying bacterium.

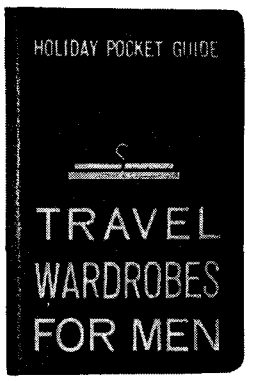
We are beginning to make similar examinations of elementary particles of the viruses that disease the higher forms of plant and animal life. Often they seem to have internal structures as complex as bacteriophage. In the years ahead the electron microscopist will be busy unraveling the ways these viruses disease the cells with which they interact. He will be even busier identifying the innumerable normal proteins we already see and finding out how they determine the characteristic properties and behavior of living cells. Through this exploration of living matter in terms of the large molecules—its unique and essential ingredients—we will reach an understanding of the mechanism of life and disease, which a few years ago would have been unimaginable.

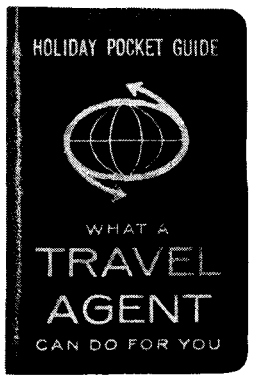
In thus contemplating the future of electron microscopy we need to realize that the instrument in its present form does not set a lasting limit to what can be seen. The better electron lenses we are gradually learning to make will certainly result in still more powerful microscopes with which we may hope to see the individual atoms that are the fundamental units of all matter. But our advances in microscopy are not necessarily restricted to the use of electrons. Modern physics has shown that fast-moving atoms have waves even shorter than those of electrons, and microscopes have already been built in which the "seeing" is done with hydrogen ions. They are still in a primitive stage, but someday we may employ them to see details in nature beyond the reach of electrons. THE END











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"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN" (HANDEL'S MESSIAH) LEONARD BERNSTEIN, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA • MEDLEY: "RING CHRISTMAS BELLS"; "THE FIRST NOEL"; "WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS" FRANK DeVOL AND THE RAINBOW STRINGS • "O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL" PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA. "JESU BAMBINO" (THE JESUS BABY) PERCY FAITH • "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM" EILEEN FARRELL • "THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS" BURL IVES • "SLEIGH RIDE" ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA • MEDLEY: "GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN"; "WE THREE KINGS"; "DECK THE HALLS" NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR • "WHAT CHILD IS THIS?" (TO THE TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES") MITCH MILLER AND HIS SING-ALONG GROUP • "CAROL OF THE BELLS" MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR • "SILENT NIGHT" MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR • "O HOLY NIGHT" EARL WRIGHTSON WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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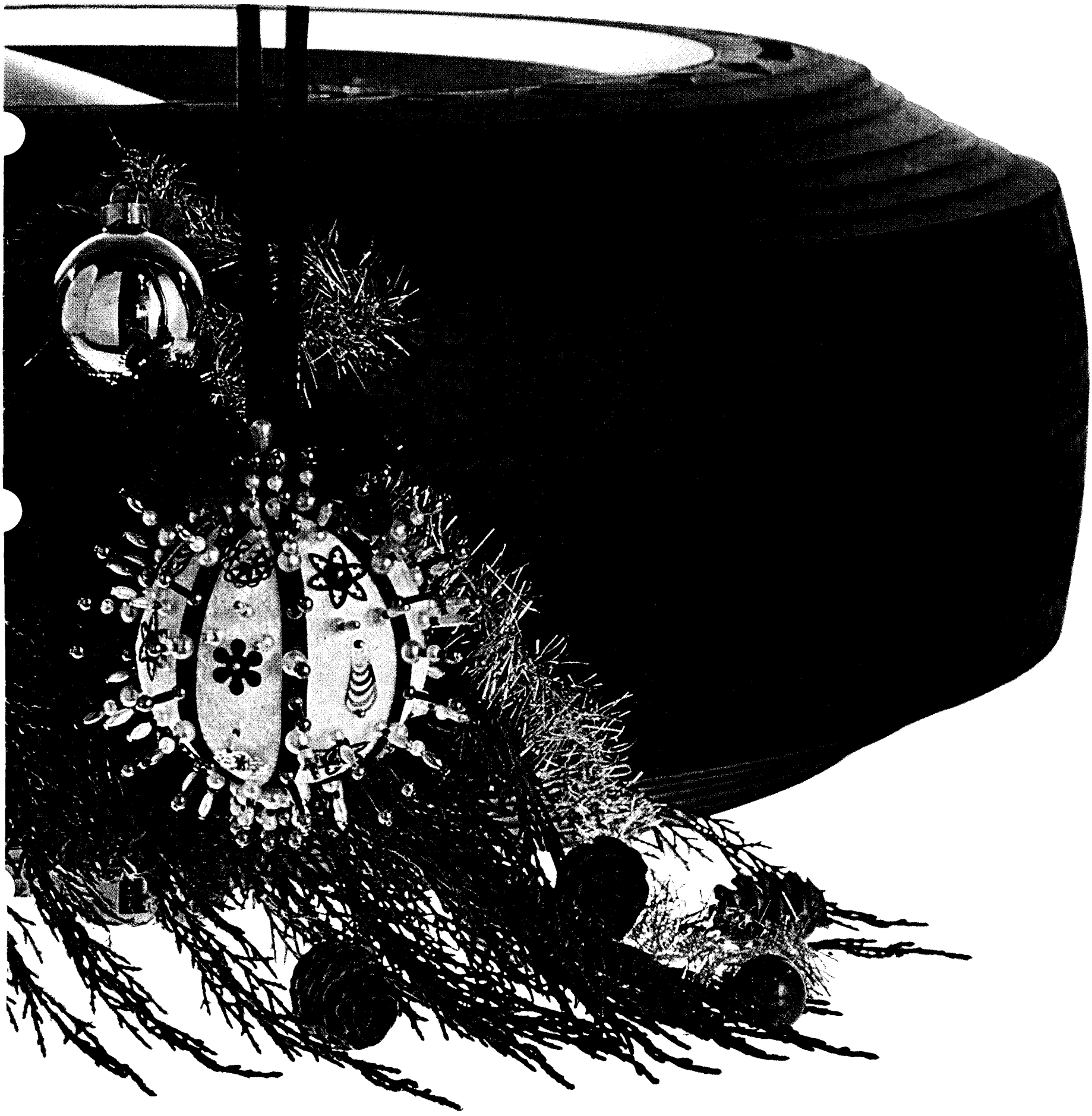

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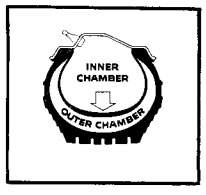

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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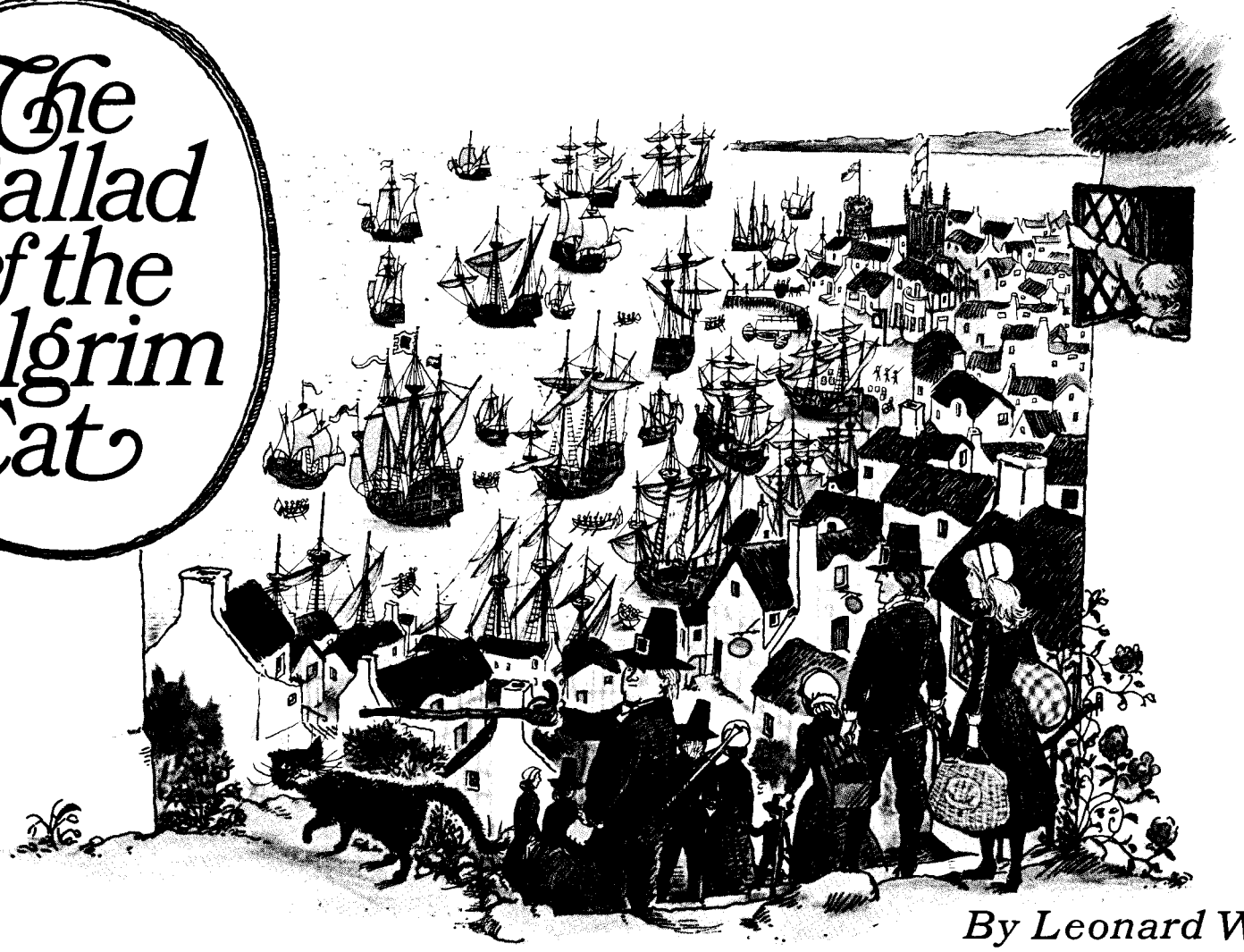
The Ballad of the Pilgrim Cat



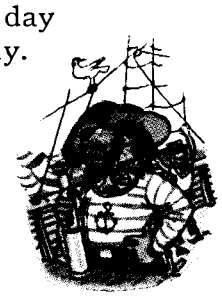
By Leonard Wibberley

When the Pilgrims landed on that strange wild strand
Where they'd make their home in a strange wild land,
There was among them, the least of the crew,
A girl of five—and a pussycat too.
The little girl's name was Mistress Smith—
Prudence God-With-Us Simplicity Smith.
Her hair was as fair as month-old hay,
A pale thin gold. But 'twas tucked away
In a starched prim bonnet, exceeding white
Lest men be scandalized by the sight
Of pale gold hair.
(Because for men's souls the proper fare
Are thoughts of God, not pale gold hair.)
Her eyes were blue as forget-me-nots
That away in England grow in clots
At the foot of many a garden wall;
A common flower, scarce cherished at all,
So that people pass by with scarcely a nod,
Not seeing in flowers the glory of God.

As for the cat; 'twas a scandalous tramp,
Missing an ear, a seaport scamp
That roistered in taverns and alleys at night
In Plymouth (England) and had many a fight
With other cats—and mastiffs too.

Among pirate cats he was head of the crew;
A sinful, thievish, graceless knave;
An offense to God; to sin, a slave.
"No good will come to any child that
Takes up with such an infamous cat.
Beware of Satan's traps and snares.
Spurn love of cats; fall to your prayers,"
So the elders warned Simplicity Smith
(Prudence God-With-Us Simplicity Smith).
And she bowed her head to hide her tears
And bit her lip to calm her fears
And prayed the Lord would spare her *that*—
The Pilgrim Fathers versus her cat.

She loved this cat. They had met on the day
That the *Mayflower* ship had sailed away.



"Fair wind, fair sea and a favoring tide,
God see us safe," the captain cried.
"Up anchor now; shake her topsails free;
Stand by the braces! Helm alee!
Let her fill! Let her fill! Now over hard!
Lord God of Hosts! The mainsail yard
Is fouled in the standing mizzen brace.
A plague on you lubbers!" (This fall from grace
Was allowed to pass, for upon the sea
The language of seamen is commonly free.)
And so amid shouts and the squeaking of tackle,
The whirring of ropes and all the debacle;
The slatting of canvas; the groan of the masts,
As rounding the head they felt the wind's blast;
The pipe of the bosun, the white gull's lone cry,
The slap of the waves as the Channel rolled by.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIK BLEGVAD

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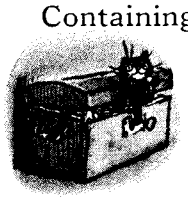
In all this confusion modest Miss Pru
Stood by the ship's rail, and the pussycat too,
And standing together
Lost England
Forever.

The cat to be sure had not planned the trip;
He'd stolen aboard to give the others the slip.
No saint was he in search of God,
But seeking a place to eat a cod
He filched from a fishmonger on the square;
That was the reason *he* was there,
A sinner
At dinner
On a ship of saints.
But accepted his fate without any complaints,
For the patience eagerly sought by sages
Has been common to cats for ages and ages.

From the start of the voyage nought went well.
'Twas plain that all the vermin of Hell
Had summoned up every infernal power
To plague that saintly ship, *Mayflower*.
The beer went bad, the wine was rank,
The salt-beef casks quite plainly stank.
The cabins were wet, the winds perverse,
The seas were high, the ship's bread worse
Than even a suffering saint could face.
(Poor bread brings many a fall from grace.)
Their faces grew long and their tempers short,
And some of them spoke of returning to port.
"'Tis plain," they said, "that there's scant reason
To head for Virginia so late in the season.
The snow flies soon, so all accord,
Must good men shiver to serve the Lord?"

On others these arguments all fell flat.
They looked for a scapegoat—and found the cat.
"Who brought this thievish scamp aboard,
Midst honest men who serve the Lord?
The cat is black. And there's no worse,
For all black cats have power to curse.
There's witchery in them, they're devil's spawn,
The friends of hags; they can cause a storm
To spring from out a smiling sea.
God save us all—both thee and me.
That cat must go. It steals our food.
We'll share no ship with Satan's brood."

Each Pilgrim, wearing his steeple hat,
Gravely denounced the accursed cat,
And none withstood the growing myth
Save Prudence God-With-Us Simplicity Smith.
Warned that she courted a horrid end,
Alone she stayed the pussy's friend
And hid the cat in her little sea chest
Containing her hosen, her gloves and her vest,



Her shifts, her dresses, her little starched caps
(On which the cat took luxurious naps.
Starch was nothing for him to dote on—
Not when he had a real fur coat on.)

Virginia! That was the shore they sought.
Raleigh's Virginia! All else was nought
To this golden coast so blessed by the Lord.
Earth's paradise this. Earth's plenteous hoard
Of plumpest grapes and luscious fruit
As apples and pears and that strange root,
Potato. Here was a food to conjure with,
They told Miss Prudence Simplicity Smith.
"'Tis lumpish in shape and grows underground;
There's some of them long and some of them round;
And some that have bumps and some that are smooth
But all of them wholesome, goodly food.
The skin, if applied to boils as a plaster,
Will leach out the humors very much faster
Than linseed or bread dough or essence of yew;
For fluxes and agues it's a remedy too.
And as for the fruit, 'tis better than meat;
'Tis nourishing, sweet and delicious to eat.
'Twill build up the bones and quicken the brain,
Strengthen the muscle and banish all pain.
A pity that Raleigh, who first found the root,
Should serve it to peasants—and Irish to boot."
So, lacking sound facts, they lived upon fable,
And nourished their nerves on the glittering table
Of Hope. For hope indeed was all that they had
(Their bread being poor and their beef being bad).
So men do commonly venture abroad,
Accepting poor food with trust in the Lord.
Who cares if today is sodden with sorrow?
Today must yield to a brave tomorrow.
Suffering's a thing inferior to man;
Men will outlast it—such is God's plan.

Virginia then. But the winds held foul;
The skies but mirrored the ocean's scowl.

Her topsails reefed, her storm jibs set,
Her topsides strained, her cabins wet,
Her stores reduced, her mainmast sprung,
The dogged *Mayflower* sternly clung
To a westward track in a roiling ocean.
Her captain, though, had no clear notion
Of how much northing she gained each day,
Or if he had, he didn't say.
In vain he sought the clouds to probe
And sight the sun with his astrolobe.
In vain he pondered on wind and tide,
On motion ahead and motion aside,
Added the wind and subtracted the sea,
Put four miles ahead to ten feet alee,
Trusted the compass but doubted the log—
In short did his work in a very thick fog
Of misinformation. So it came to pass
That they missed Virginia, but landed in Mass.

Picture them now, long weeks on the billows
In sopping wet beds with sopping wet pillows,
In sopping wet clothes with sopping wet bread—
To be sure they had each a cold in the head.
And then from the foretop a high-pitched cry,
"Land ho! Land ho! All hands stand by!"

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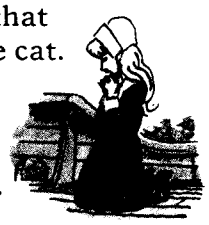
Ahead lay a coast, all rocky and rough,
A coast without welcome, a coast of rebuff.
And yet the very sight of a coast
Filled with joy that pious host
Of Pilgrims. And with one accord
They knelt on the deck to thank the Lord
That He'd brought them safe across the seas
To a land of freedom if not of ease.
And with them knelt, demure and prim,
Miss Prudence Smith, to give thanks to Him
Who had kept her safe. And she added that
She hoped He would do the same for the cat.



"Although he's bold and his coat is dark,
You put two pussycats on the Ark,
And this is a sort of an ark," said she,
"That has brought us here across the sea.
And seeing there's but one cat on board,
Please keep him safe. I thank you, Lord."
The cat had never a thought so nice.
He looked at the land—and dreamed of mice.
A land full of mice! And what was more,
Himself the very first cat ashore.
"Here's luck," quoth he, "I was told of old
How surely fortune favors the bold.
And here's the proof. Though hungry at sea
A land full of mice is waiting for me."

Not very long after, the Pilgrims found
A tolerable bay and a tolerable sound,
And into the water the ship *Mayflower*
Let go her anchors—stern and bower.
The boats were lowered to the shrill of the block
And they jumped ashore on Plymouth Rock,
And wobbled a bit as they walked around
And eyed the rocks and examined the ground.
The snow was flying, the wind was shrill,
And snow and wind both boded ill.
No harvest they found of fruitful vines,
No warming sun, only winter's winds
That whimpered and moaned 'neath a sky of lead.
They dreamed of plenty, they lacked for bread,
But still they moved their meager store
From off the ship to that meager shore.

They'd fishhooks and twine and Sheffield blades
And pikes and guns 'gainst Indian raids,
And axes and hammers and mattocks and nails
And shovels and saws and planes and pails,
And drawknives and awls and powder and shot,
There was scarcely an item that they'd forgot.
But though well-equipped they had cause to worry;
They'd expected to fetch their port in a hurry.
A month, they had thought, would put them ashore,
But a month had gone by and then two months more.
They'd land by fall, having sailed in September,
So they thought. But they landed in dark December.
The ground was too frozen to work with the plow;
They'd plenty of seed, but 'twas useless now.
For planting they'd have to wait for the spring,
For the thawing of earth and birds on the wing.
They must get through the winter as best they could
And guard their seed for their future food.

The first thing to do, their very first need,
Was to build a stout place for storing their seed.
They built it of stone and there's scarcely a doubt
That over the door put a notice—KEEP OUT.
Another notice was placed on the wall
And proclaimed most sternly to one and to all
That unauthorized persons who passed through the door
Would be barred from the colony for evermore,
They'd be made to depart to the howling wild,
Whether grandpa or grandma, father or child,
('Twas harsh in all truth, and yet the need
Was even harsher to guard that seed.)

And little Miss Smith was instructed that
The same prohibition went for her cat.

"Now, pussy," she said, "you must be good;
Don't enter the place where we store our food.
You and I shall share in everything.
And isn't it good that I didn't bring
My doll, Belinda, for she would be
As hungry now as thee and me."
In truth she was hungry and also cold.
She lived in a hut, though but five years old.
Her plump little hands were often blue,
But she was brave, was little Miss Pru.
She helped to find sticks and had awful tussles
On very cold rocks getting very cold mussels,
For bait, for the Pilgrims longed for a dish
Of herring or cod or indeed any fish.
Sometimes they were lucky and caught a good cod
Which they ate, head and all, with praises to God.
And sometimes they caught a turbot or plaice,
A hake or a herring or little sea dace,
An eel or a perch or pollack or bass,
A crab or a lobster or whiting or wrasse.
And when they were lucky and found a good spot,
They fished day and night and caught such a lot
That when they had eaten and couldn't eat more
They salted it down and put it in store.
And soon in the storehouse, alongside the seed,
They'd got a few fish for their future need.

Fish! Fish! Fish! Fish!
No cat could ever resist the dish.
No cat but shared a terrible wish
For Fish! Fish! Fish! Fish!

No need to dwell on pussy's dilemma,
To remain in grace or have a good dinner.

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NEW!

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NOW! READY-COOKED FOR YOU

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Yellow Pages

AMERICA'S HANDIEST SHOPPING GUIDE
ALWAYS KEEP IT NEAR YOUR PHONE

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The smell itself produced such a shiver
His claws and his fur and his whiskers did quiver.
His tail went up and his ears went flat,
For fish is Satan's lure for a cat.
Poor pussy became the devil's sport;
He entered the storehouse—and he was caught
Red-handed (or perhaps we should say red-clawed).
He was found in the barn of the men of the Lord.
"Out! Out! Oh, Jericho! Plague on that cat.
He's eaten our fish! Begone! Fly! Scat!"
They chased him with brooms,
with stones and with sticks,
They called him hard names and recounted the tricks
He'd played on them during the voyage there.
The contrary winds, the bitter cold air,
The sky as dark by day as by night,
No sight of the sun, so they couldn't steer right.
They banished him quick and each declared that
All their misfortune had sprung from the cat.
'Twas useless for Little Miss Pru to plead
The part of the cat. They paid her no heed.
Despite all her tears and her protestation
That she'd guard the cat against future temptation,
They shook their heads. They wouldn't unbend.
The cat was gone. That was the end.
Their luck, they said, was sure to mend
Since they were rid of that witch's friend.

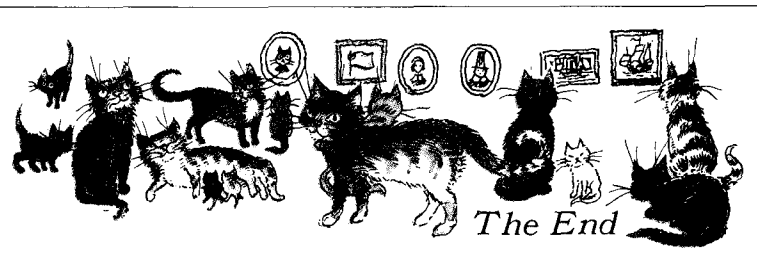
A day went by, then into the house
Where they kept their grain there crept a mouse.
He spotted the fish, but turned his back
And gnawed a sizable hole in a sack
Of precious seed. Then stole away
To summon some others to this play.
They came in twos and threes and dozens,
Fathers and mothers, uncles and cousins,
Aunts and kinfolk thrice removed;
They shared this goodly store of food.
(The Pilgrims forgot they could guard the house
'Gainst every foe, except a mouse.)

Next morning the Pilgrims opened the door
To find their seed strewn over the floor.
Their future harvest lay all around,
The sport of mice upon the ground.
"We're ruined," cried one. "Alas and alack.
Salvation now lies in our finding the cat."
But cats once offended withhold their favor
Despite promised reforms in human behavior.
The Pilgrims went out through the wintry wood
Crying, "Come, pretty Puss. Pussy, be good.
Here Kitty. Nice Kitty. Here Kitty. Here.
Come down from the tree. There's nothing to fear.
There's plenty of fish. Just promise to stay
In the storehouse and keep the mice away."
It was all in vain. Though they pledged their word
The cat just watched them and purred and purred,
And cleaned himself while rejoicing that
The Pilgrim Fathers should plead with a cat.
"What cat," mused he, "held such a station?
I'm surely the Founding Cat of the Nation."
And so he dallied, which wasn't nice,
With our fathers' grain at the mercy of mice.

At last the Pilgrims sought Miss Smith,
Prudence God-With-Us Simplicity Smith,
And asked if she, representing them all,
Though only five, on puss would call
And humbly request that he would descend
From out of the tree and be their friend.
"Assure the cat," they said, "that we
On a solemn compact will agree,
Binding on all, to provide him with fish
By day and by night, if that is his wish,
If he'll only return to us again
And in the storehouse guard our grain."
The pussy, of course, had no quarrel with
Prudence God-With-Us Simplicity Smith.
As soon as she called, the cat came down,
And they were led in triumph through the town
To the empty place that served as a square,
While shouts of joy rang through the air.

In the presence of all they signed a pact
'Twixt Pilgrim Father and Pilgrim Cat
To provide him with food and fill every need;
In return the cat would guard their seed.

There's really not much more to tell;
From that day forward all went well.
The winter passed, the bright spring came,
The Pilgrims sowed their fields with grain.
Then came the harvest, a plenteous hoard
For which the Pilgrims thanked the Lord.
They gave a feast, and to honor the cat
Each Pilgrim Father removed his hat
And bowing politely each one said,
"You worked with us to win this bread.
We thought you worthless, but now we see
We lacked a true humility.
From you we learned to respect the worth
Of the creatures God put on the earth."
The cat hearing this made no demur;
His sole reply was to purr and purr.
And prim Miss Smith, her small head bowed,
Spoke to the Lord (though not aloud).
"Dear Lord, will You kindly grant me that
The next ship from England brings a cat.
So that in this land there will always be
Plenty of kittens for girls like me."
Her prayer was granted. Just look around.
Throughout America cats abound.
And all of them came from the same one that
Saved the Pilgrim Fathers—the Pilgrim Cat.



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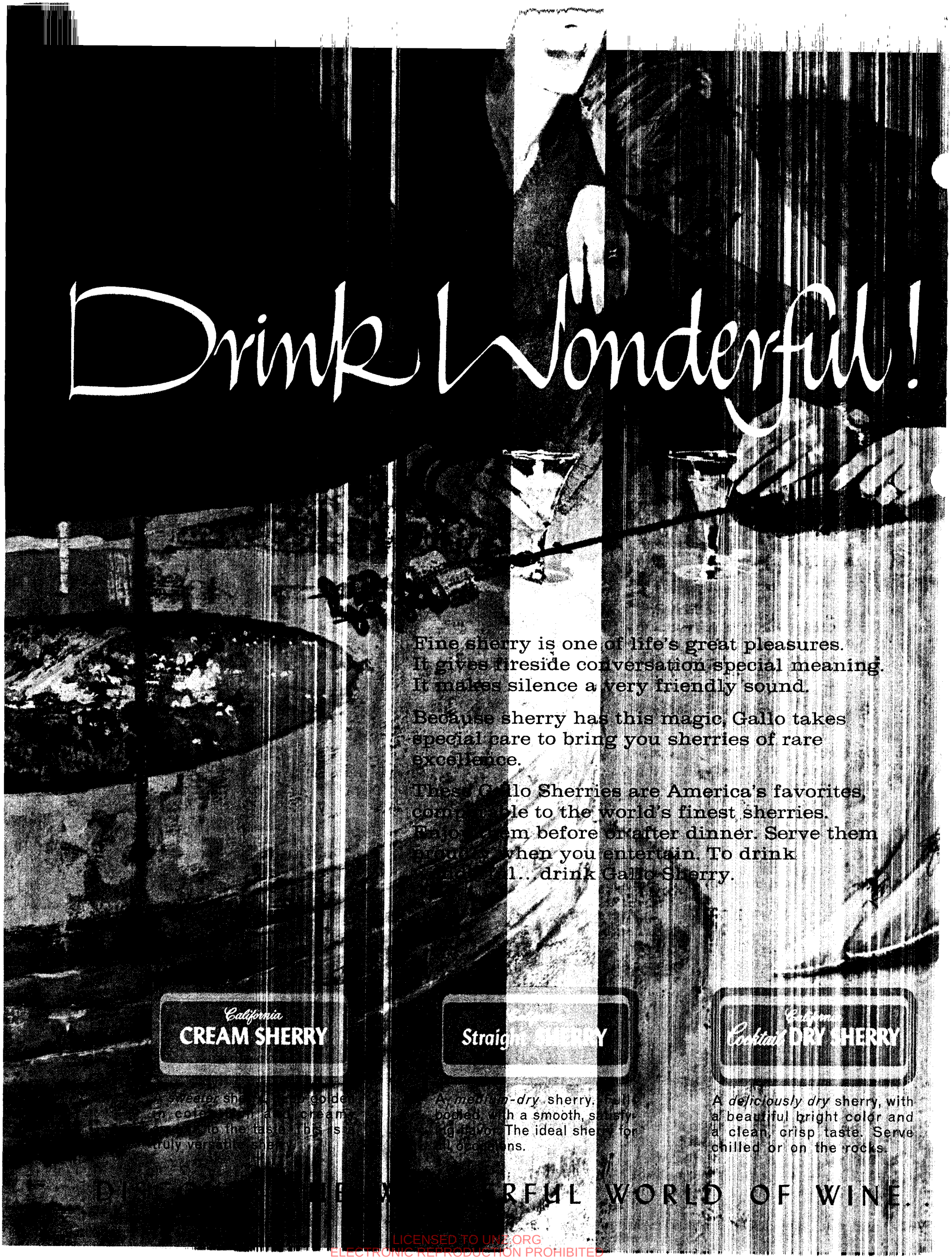
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Fine sherry is one of life's great pleasures.
It gives fireside conversation special meaning.
It makes silence a very friendly sound.
Because sherry has this magic, Gallo takes special care to bring you sherries of rare excellence.
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A sweater shade of golden color, rich and creamy to the taste. This is a truly versatile sherry.
A medium-dry sherry. Full bodied, with a smooth, satisfying flavor. The ideal sherry for all occasions.
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OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS

General Washington and his troops at Valley Forge, Pa., Winter, 1777–78. Painting by F. C. Yohn.

"A sense of duty pursues us ever . . .
in the darkness as in the light
our obligations are yet with us."

—*Daniel Webster*

They had so little, yet gave so much! It was an ideal, really, which made them so resolute in the face of fearful odds. Deep in the heart of each of them, private, sergeant, or general, lay the conviction of his own great stake in the cause for which he fought—the right to choose his own destiny.

This remains the strong fibre that binds us together as a nation. It is also the shield held before us as we go forward in the face of even greater threats.

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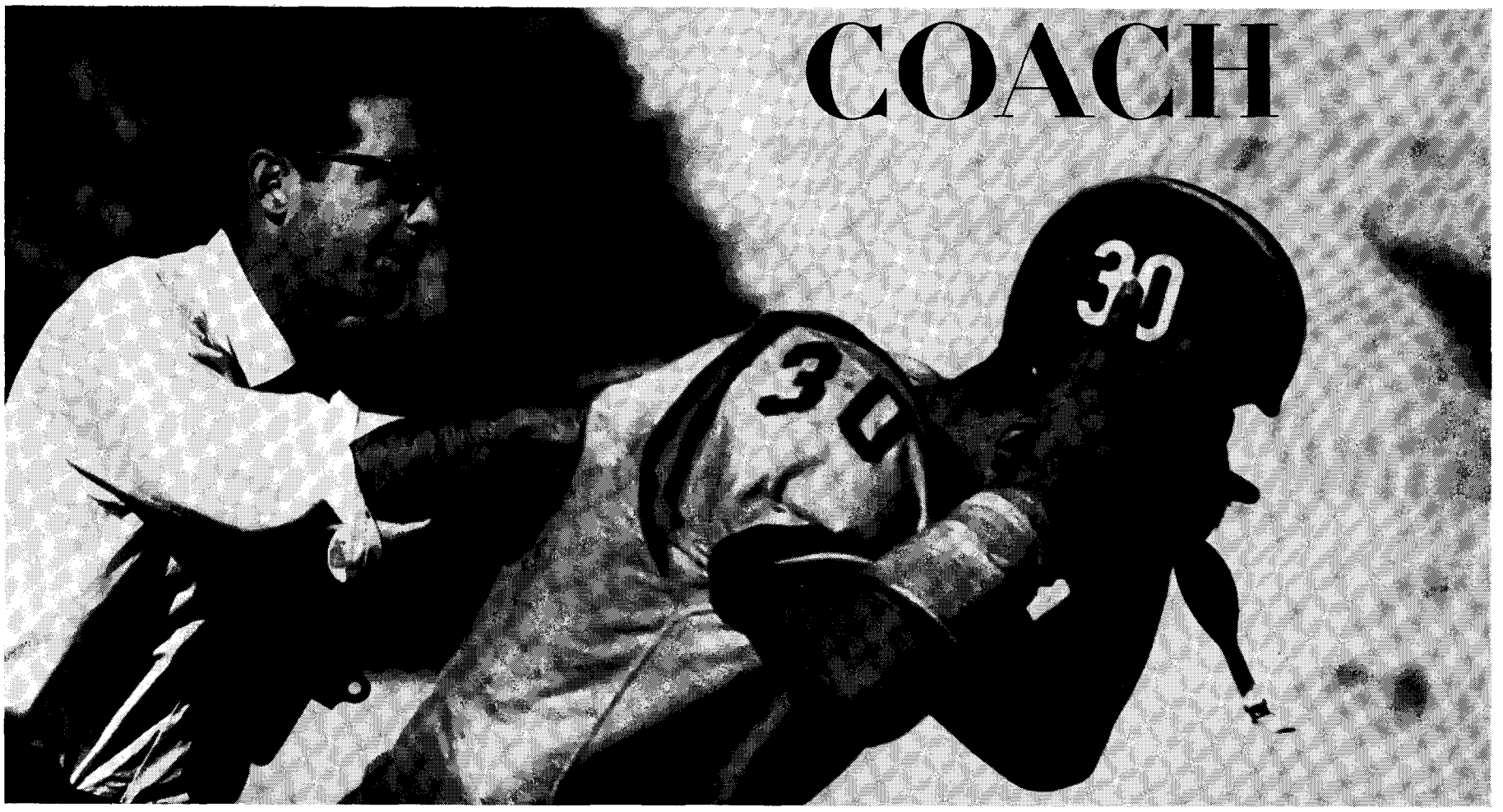
By BOB BROEG

THE "TALK SOFTLY" COACH



A new breed of grid chiefs has come of age. Dan Devine, gray-flanneled pilot of the Missouri Tigers, is one of them.

Dan Devine, who gave the University of Missouri its most successful football team in more than half a century last year, doesn't fit the popular conception of the high-powered modern young coach. He seems too mild to survive in the intensely competitive world of big-time college football. A Black Irishman of medium size, he has the face of a choir boy and a voice with a tenor timbre to match; strangers always are astonished to learn that he is thirty-six years old and the father of seven. His manner is pleasant but not effervescent. In casual conversation he has a disarming undercurrent of humor, but his considered statements run trite.

Devine's closest friends and associates, when asked what he is like, tend to answer mostly in terms of what he is not. They tell you that he is not a fiery type, but still nobody's patsy; not a high-pressure recruiter, yet an effective one; not an original football thinker, but nevertheless a coach whose diversified tactics keep opponents guessing.

On the positive side they chiefly stress that he is a man whose sincerity impresses everybody around him. What it all seems to add up to is that Dan Devine is college football's master of the soft sell.

He has moved ahead as rapidly in his field as any fast-talking operator. Devine has never had a losing season anywhere. His teams have consistently gone further than the most wishful alumni could expect. In his initial college head-coaching job at Arizona State (Tempe), he built up to an all-winning season in three years, giving the school its first unbeaten team in forty-three years. He approximated the same feat last fall at Missouri, which in seventy years of football had only once gone through a season without a loss—in 1909, when the Tigers won seven games and tied one.

Whether Ol' Mizzou had a perfect slate in 1960 is a matter of interpretation. Going into the final week of the schedule Missouri had won every game and ranked No. 1 nationally in the newspaper wire-service polls. Then the University of Kansas, which still had a chance to take the Big Eight Conference title by upsetting Missouri, did exactly that, registering a clear-cut 23–7 victory.

The defeat cost the Tigers the national championship, but they ultimately got the Big Eight title after all. In midseason the National Collegiate Athletic Association had put Kansas on a year's probation for illegally recruiting halfback Bert Coan from Texas Christian University. But Kansas subsequently used him to help win its last two 1960 games against Colorado and Missouri. At a special Big Eight session after the season these games were declared forfeited by a five-to-three vote of conference faculty representatives and so Missouri's one losing game technically reverted to the win column. Devine wasn't happy about achieving a triumph this way. "In my book it was a ten-and-one season," he says. "I feel sorry for the Kansas kids—but not for the school."

To the accompaniment of considerable fun-poking, Missouri went on to represent the Big Eight in the Orange Bowl against Navy. Devine capitalized on the embarrassment of his players to get the squad up for the game, and Missouri handled the Middies as expertly as Shore Patrol men, dominating the game much more than the final score of 21–14 would indicate. It was the school's first bowl-game victory in seven tries—another milestone for Dan Devine.

While others may be hard put to find the right words to describe what makes Devine click, he has his own simple explanation. "If you're looking for a word for me," he said a while ago, "I'll save you the trouble. I'm what you would call a fuss-budget. The little things bother me more than the big ones."

This is a depreciatory way of summing up the extraordinary passion for precision and the capacity for organization and detail which Dan Devine displays on the job. To a certain extent, though, he does qualify as a fuss-budget, and not only in his work.

He is a fastidious man with an abhorrence of germs. Preparatory to going out on the practice field one afternoon he pulled a whistle out of his jacket, dropped it in alcohol, washed his hands, gargled, combed his hair, then washed and rinsed the whistle, dried it and dropped it back in his pocket. His amused assistants presented Devine with a gallon of mouthwash the next morning. He didn't really seem to appreciate their humor.

Devine is equally meticulous in handling workouts. He insists that his men "play out every play." Dan has forgiven fumbles that cost games, but he won't condone carelessness. To him the three unforgivable faults are failure to pursue

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COACH on defense, to block down field and to "behave at all times like a football team."

Because of graduation losses, which included All-American end Danny LaRose and the school's first Negro players—backfield speedsters Mel West and Norris Stevenson—Missouri was not expected to repeat as Big Eight champion this year. Nevertheless, compensating for the loss of outside running speed with a strong, spirited defense, the Tigers went through their first five games undefeated, although once tied—by California.

The early game Devine most wanted to win was against the University of Minnesota—he grew up in that part of the country. And Missouri took the Gophers, 6–0. Says assistant coach Al Onofrio, "I've never seen Dan lose a game for which he especially pointed."

Although Devine agreed before the 1961 season that Missouri didn't figure to land any championships, he is a confident man at heart. He may publicly view his team's prospects with alarm, because alumni and press expect this of a football coach, but then he'll go into the dressing room and tell his players not to believe the "bear" story he has just handed out.

Devine was more enterprising than most coaches last year in capitalizing on the new "wild card" rule permitting unlimited substitutions of individual players. By shuttling a different back into the game before and after each kicking down, he in effect was able to employ alternating offensive and defensive backfields. He also alternated two line units, but each played both ways.

Devine believes in adapting his tactics to his material. Last year, for example, the backbone of Missouri's T-formation offense was its power sweeps—outside running plays with old-fashioned single-wing blocking. After watching junior quarterback Ron Taylor in spring practice, Devine had revamped his sweeps to take advantage of the stocky little Taylor's capabilities as a blocking back. Therefore, not only did both guards pull out to run interference, along with the fullback and a halfback, but Taylor, after flipping a pitchout to the ball carrier, drove ahead to lead the charge.

This unusual five-man blocking wedge won the admiration of Ben Martin, Air Force Academy coach, whose Falcons were crushed by Missouri, 34–8. Martin quipped, "Devine gets so many blockers out in front of the ball carrier that he ought to call the play 'Student Body Left' or 'Student Body Right.'"

Missouri's respected athletic director Don Faurot, who coached the football team for nineteen seasons, thinks that Devine's strongest asset is his ability to get through to his boys. Faurot says, "Dan can get closer to his players than I ever could. As good as he is at handling a team on the field, I think he's even better handling it off the field. Morale and conduct are never a problem."

Off the field Devine demands that his players live up to rules set by his first Missouri squad in the spring of 1958—no smoking or drinking in season; no gambling at any time; curfew by 10:30 week nights and one A.M. after Saturday games.

On the field, he tries to take the drudgery out of practice. He runs his athletes hard in practice plays to spare them dull wind sprints, and keeps workouts short.

"I'd rather undercoach than overcoach," he says. "It's better to have a team fresh and not fully prepared on Saturday than fully prepared but tired."

Devine eats far more training-table meals with his varsity than most coaches—kidding with one player, offering his dessert to another, letting all know that the head coach is approachable.

"There's too much hokum in big-time football, but none of it in that young man," declares Dr. John King, now president of Kansas State Teachers College at Emporia. Doctor King was academic dean at the Duluth branch of the University of Minnesota when Devine was a student leader there in 1947.

Devine says he always tries to be himself with his players. "If I tried to be something I'm not and then in a crisis reverted to my true self, the kids would regard me as a stranger. So I can't be Knute Rockne, Bud Wilkinson, Biggie Munn or"—and Devine smiles—"even Dizzy Dean."

He came to know Dean well in Arizona, where the Great One makes his home. Game after game Dean would sit massively on the Arizona State bench, wearing a snow-white ten-gallon hat and shouting encouragement to the Sun Devils.

Just before the kickoff in a game against favored College of the Pacific in 1957, Devine had a hunch. He asked Dean to say a few words to the squad in the dressing room. Devine can deliver a stimulating, soft-voiced pep talk himself, but nothing, he testifies, like Ol' Diz.

"I wasn't the greatest pitcher," Dean told the boys in his peroration, "but I

Devine has seven children, and he

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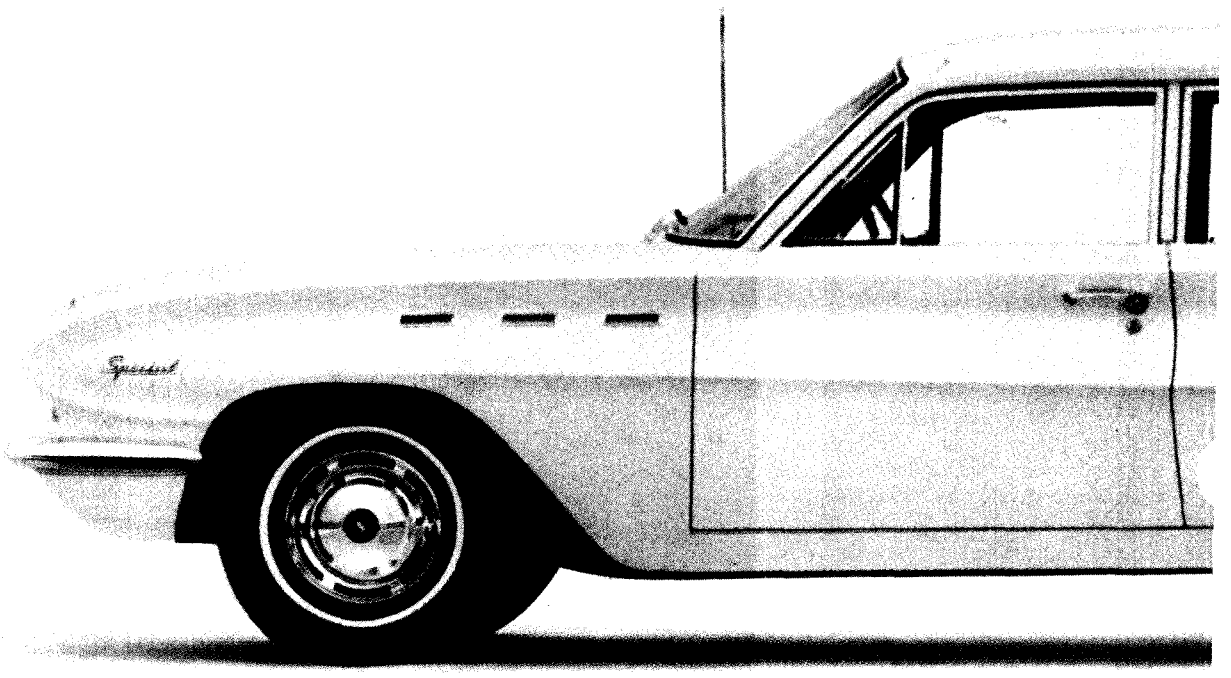

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often joins in a game with the neighborhood kids on the front lawn.

was amongst the few. You fellas ain't the best football team neither, but you're amongst the few. Now, men," Dizzy roared, "hit 'em hard and let 'em lay!"

The final score was Arizona State 41, College of the Pacific 0.

Dizzy Dean had been one of Devine's favorites when Dan, as a boy, kept scrapbooks on his sports heroes. His biggest idol was Sammy Baugh, the great forward passer of the Washington Redskins. Daniel John Devine was born in Augusta, Wisconsin, on December 23, 1924, the third eldest in a family of nine children. His mother wasn't strong, and his father, who had a small business, fell ill too. The family needed temporary help, and at about the age of six Danny went to live with an aunt and uncle in Proctor, Minnesota, a suburb of Duluth on Lake Superior.

"We were supposed to keep him only a year or so, but we just couldn't give him up," recalls his aunt, Mrs. Mary Johnson. "Danny was such a good boy. Yes, he had a temper at times. And he was so intense when he played, whether at games or on the baritone horn. He was a very thrifty boy, good at getting little jobs—and oh, my, he was particular. It's no wonder he has such lovely hair and teeth. He brushed them constantly."

Dan played all sports but liked football best. He was a center at Proctor High as a 135-pound sophomore, then moved to the backfield. Working two summers as a railroad section hand to build himself up and help pay for his keep, he grew to his present dimensions—five-eight and 175 pounds.

He was graduated from high school during World War II. He became a B-29 bombardier, and was shipped to the Pacific, but at this point the war ran out on 1st Lieutenant Devine.

Back at the Duluth college campus, where he had put in a semester before getting into the Army Air Corps, he fell in love with a willowy brunette in his medieval-history class. She was Joanne Brookhart, granddaughter of the late United States Senator from Iowa. Her parents were devout Presbyterians who at first resisted the idea of her marrying a Catholic. They had her transfer to the University of North Dakota in the fall of 1946, but Devine, hitchhiking, carried his suit to the new campus. They were married in a priest's rectory in March of 1947.

Today Jo's widowed mother lives with the Devines most of the time. She says fondly that Dan treats her with as much consideration as her own two sons.

Although Dan had less than $100 when he got married, he and Jo went back again to Duluth and somehow managed to support themselves the rest of the way through school, attending summer classes to speed the process. In the fall of 1947, despite the fact that he was holding down two jobs, Dan was president of the senior class, president of the student council and captain of the football team. Jo was homecoming queen—"a pregnant homecoming queen," Dan adds merrily.

Dan had made up his mind that he just had to be a football coach. After graduating in 1948, he first tried for a job at International Falls, Minnesota. The school superintendent turned Devine down—"rudely," Dan says—because Dan hadn't attended a big-name school.

He finally caught on at East Jordan, Michigan, a little resort town that hadn't

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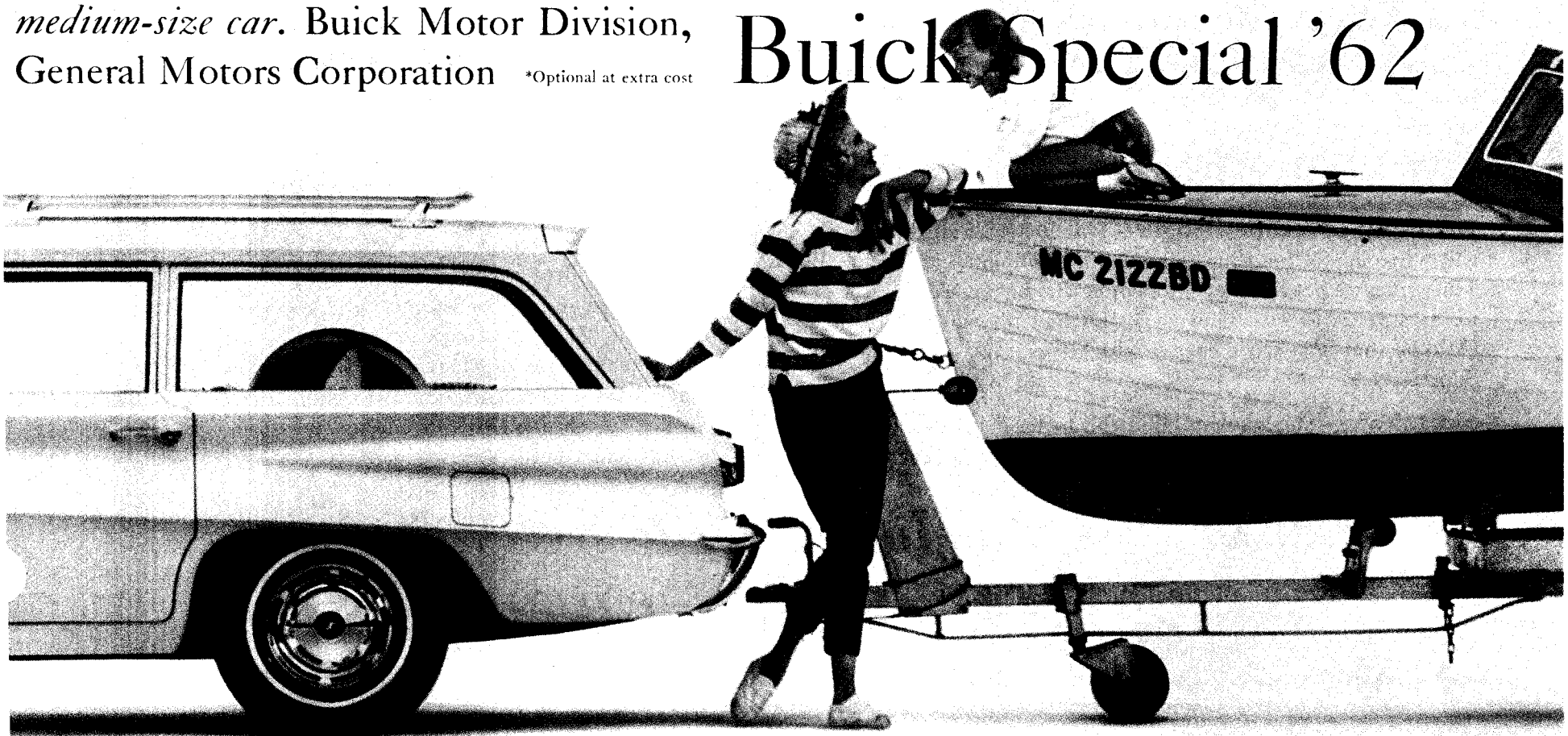

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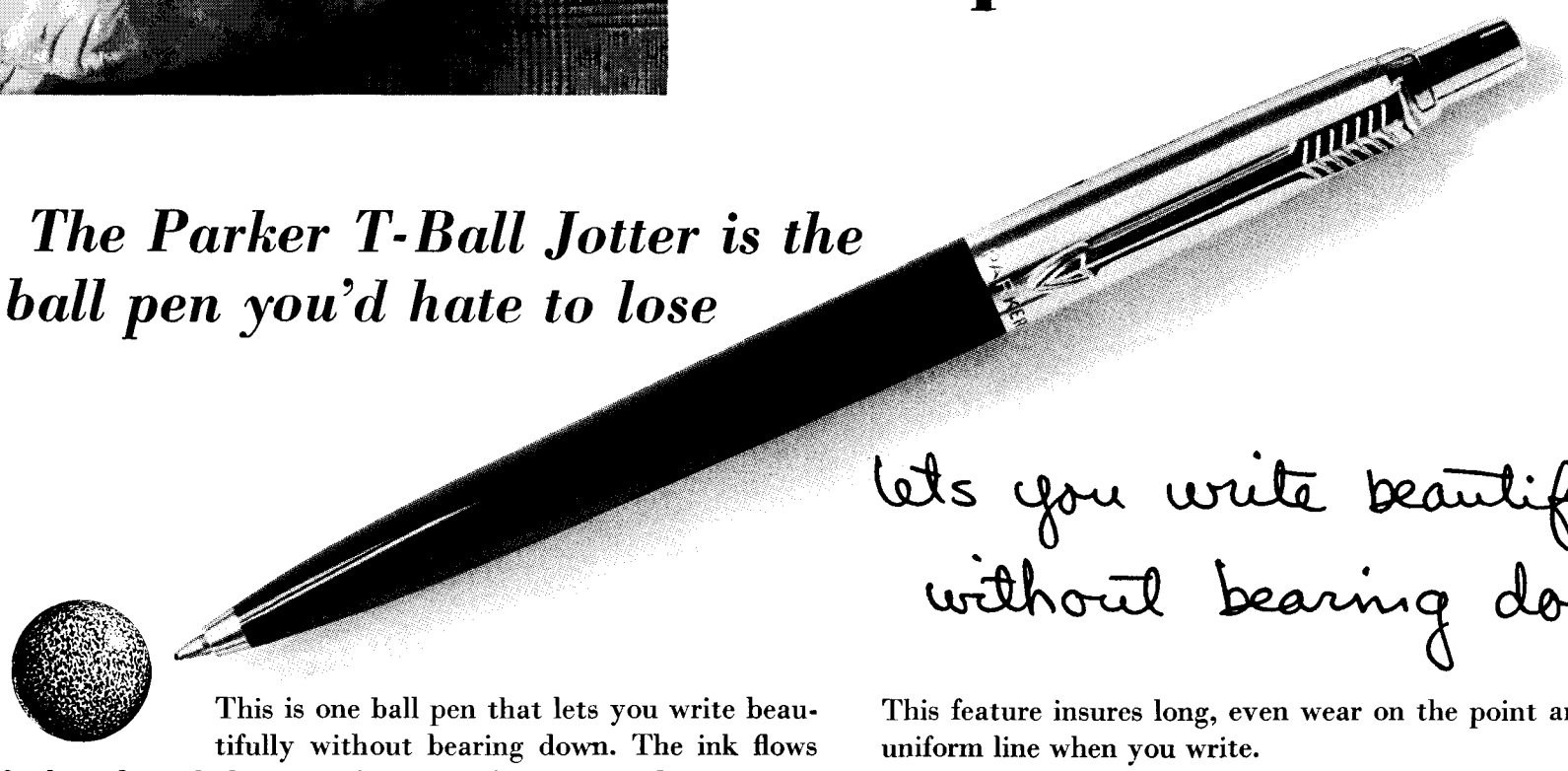

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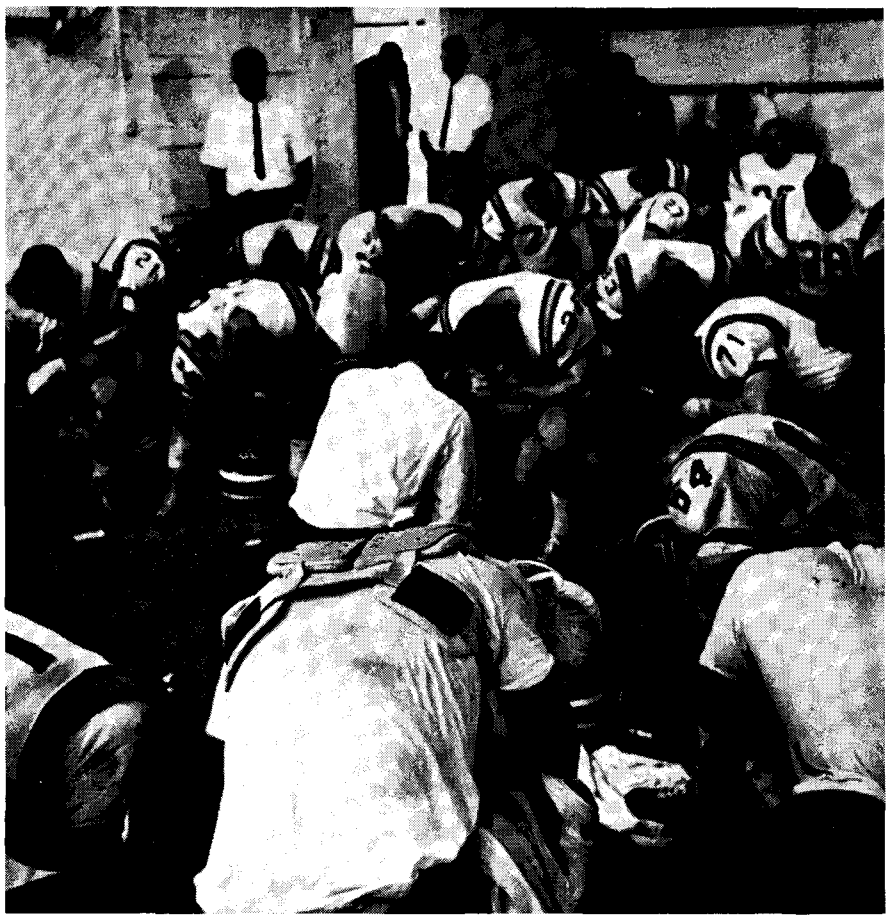

Before the game Devine leads the Tigers in a short prayer. His personal standards of behavior and morals have greatly influenced the lives of his players.

COACH won a high-school football game in 1947, and led the team through two perfect seasons. In the summer he became acquainted with Biggie Munn, the Michigan State football coach, and Duffy Daugherty, his chief aide. They offered Devine an opportunity to come to Michigan State as a graduate assistant. Dan accepted, although the position paid only $1800—little more than half his high-school salary. "We lived off sports banquets," wife Jo recalls.

Devine spent five years acquiring football knowledge under Munn and Daugherty, working up to varsity backfield coach. Michigan State was a great incubator of head coaches at this time. Daugherty, of course, succeeded Munn when Biggie became a full-time athletic director. Steve Sebo went to Penn, Earle Edwards to North Carolina State, Bob Devaney to Wyoming, Doug Weaver to Kansas State and Sonny Grandelius to Colorado.

Dan himself moved on in 1955 to an $8500-a-year job at Arizona State for which Munn and Daugherty had recommended him. "Devine went out with less acclaim than any of them and has been more successful," says John Benington, now basketball coach at St. Louis University, who was assistant basketball coach at Michigan State in Dan's time.

Arizona State, a growing school in Tempe, just outside Phoenix, was suffering from a feeling of inferiority in relation to the University of Arizona at Tucson. Devine transformed the situation almost overnight. Says Al Onofrio, who first worked for Devine in Tempe and is now his line coach and chief lieutenant at Missouri, "The year before Dan came, Arizona State didn't recruit any of the top eleven high-school seniors in Arizona. In Dan's first year he got ten of the best eleven in the state."

He also attracted talent from sections of California, Michigan and Pennsylvania, where Devine or his staff members had contacts. One selling point was the Arizona climate. Another big inducement—until the N.C.A.A. barred jobs for athletes on full scholarship—was work at the Phoenix dog tracks.

Meanwhile Devine started producing with the material already at hand, winning eight, losing only two and tying one his first year. "That first season was amazing," says Tom Fletcher, a Devine assistant both at Arizona State and Missouri. Fletcher points out that during the two years before Devine took over, the Sun Devils won only nine games.

There was a poignant moment for Devine when his first Arizona State team administered a 69–14 thrashing to Hardin-Simmons, coached by Sammy Baugh, now head coach of the professional New York Titans. Dan says, "I didn't know what to say after the game—a young punk beating his idol—but Sammy proved he was great. He sensed how I felt and put his arm around me."

In 1956 the Arizona State record was nine-and-one, and in 1957 the Sun Devils swept ten straight. The perfect season brought Arizona State a new 32,000-seat stadium and also did much, in the opinion of some local observers, to win university status for the school in a referendum among Arizona voters.

Devine himself stepped up to Missouri to replace Frank Broyles. Broyles, a breezy young redhead from Georgia Tech, had abruptly jumped to the University of Arkansas one year after being installed at Missouri as Don Faurot's own hand-picked successor. Inventor of the split T, Faurot had had a great coaching career—164 victories, ninety-two defeats and thirteen ties—but he produced only one winning team in his last seven years, hampered at least in part by his reluctance to recruit as extensively as some of his competitors. Under Broyles in 1957 Missouri won five and tied one

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COACH

of its first seven games, then flattened out and lost its last three. Still, everyone was pretty well satisfied—everyone, that is, but Frank Broyles.

Broyles explained that it wasn't only the money and swift halfbacks at Arkansas that caused him to pull up stakes. He also had been discouraged by the talent outlook at Missouri. "Those guys up there are living on a cloud," he said. "They can't win with the kids they get."

Ironically, last year's championship Missouri team featured thirteen seniors who were recruited under Broyles. "I guess they made me eat my words, all right," Broyles observes.

In an effort to keep Devine from getting itchy feet, too, a group of football-minded Missouri alumni have taken out a $150,000 life-insurance policy for him on which they pay the $3500 annual premium. They did this after Dan's first year, even though he had merely equaled Broyles's record of five wins, four losses and one tie.

The next year—1959—Missouri had a six-and-four season, followed by a trip to the Orange Bowl. The Tigers lost to Georgia, 14–0, but Devine says, "The kids outplayed Georgia's big, rough Southeastern Conference champions, and convinced themselves they belonged on the field with any team." The proof of this came last year. Meanwhile Devine has been recruiting new playing material tirelessly in his persuasive, soft-sell fashion. He delegates much of the actual spadework to his staff and to his players, who often make the best salesmen when a prospect visits the campus. Devine has gone farther afield in his talent hunting than Don Faurot used to. However, eight of his eleven starters last season and eighteen of his top twenty-five players were home-state boys.

Missouri's president, Dr. Elmer Ellis, declares, "Dan Devine is a very fine faculty man in every sense of the word. He doesn't ask you to cut corners. He works within the system you set for him."

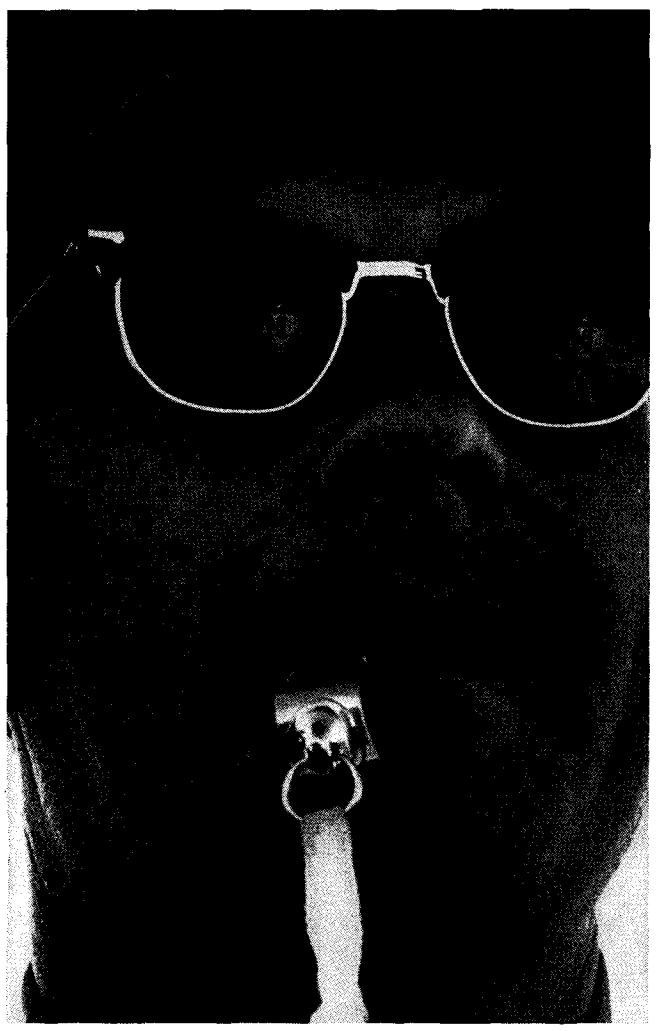
The regard is mutual. "I came to Missouri originally," Devine says, "because of the security, the challenge and Faurot's reputation as a square shooter. I'll probably never leave, because in Doctor Ellis I've found a president who won't compromise his standards, but who won't discriminate against athletics either."

Devine's starting salary at Missouri was $15,000. Now he gets $20,000. In celebration of last year's success, a wealthy alumnus gave him a nine-passenger station wagon—an ideal gift for a man with a wife and seven children.

Although his long coaching hours and his recruiting and speaking trips keep him away from home much of the time, Dan is close to his youngsters. He jokingly calls himself "the cookout king of Columbia," but he cooks a better meal than he eats; a spastic colon forces him to watch his diet. He is nervous—not an unusual affliction for a football coach—but strives for outward calm. He finds a measure of relaxation in listening to light music on the hi-fi. However, his thoughts are seldom very far away from football. Wife Jo tells about the time shortly before the 1960 season when she was well on her way to becoming a mother again.

"Just think," she said to Dan. "It's less than a month to go now."

"Yes," her husband said feelingly. "And we've already lost two regulars through injuries." THE END



The usual serenity of Devine's face is ruffled now and then by the intensity of his efforts to maintain Missouri as a major gridiron power.

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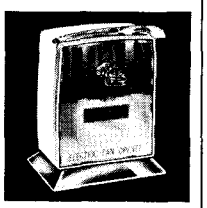

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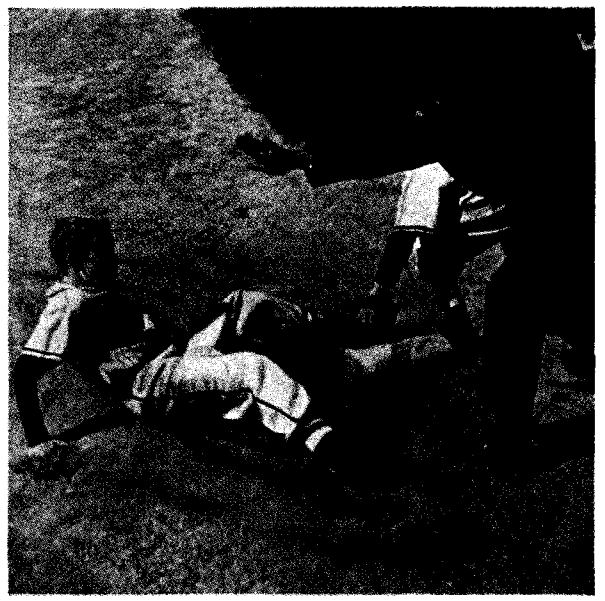

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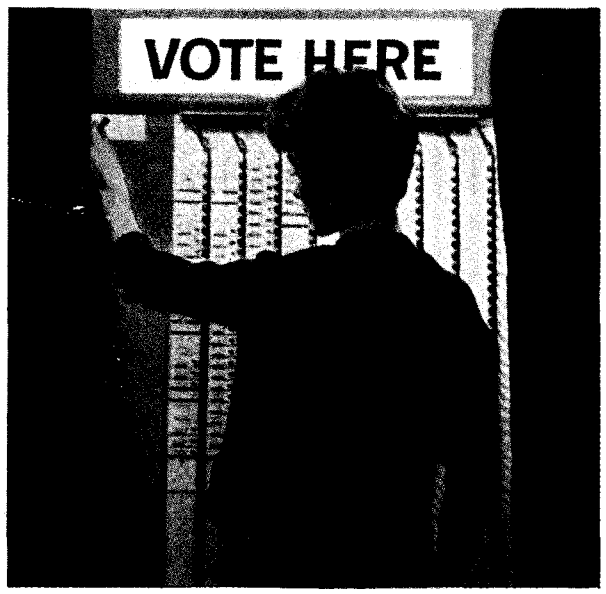

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THE ROPING OF LEFTY

continued from page 29

eyes to Burros's. "That's two hunnerd ya kin take out o' my pay."

"Never mind," said Burros, beginning to grin. "Now you're married, you'll need yore money. Besides, you got more'n two hunnerd dollars of the wickedest ribbin' comin' a feller ever took. This'll be all over the county by evenin'. You gonna git invited to more lamb dinners than a man could eat in a lifetime."

"I'll tell ya one thing, Mr. Burros," said Olsen, also beginning to grin, "the ribbin' I git ain't gonna be nothin' to what the fellers git that took these lambs—when I ketch up to 'em."

It was five days later when Olsen let himself into the big feed warehouse next to the shipping pens. He moved through the warehouse, checking mousetraps. He took dead mice from three traps and put them in a paper bag. He eased out and headed for the rear of Charley's Inn. Looking about to make sure no one saw him, he lifted the lid of Charley's cistern and emptied the contents of his paper bag. Crumpling the sack with satisfaction, he tossed it aside, opened the back door and walked into Charley's. Grady and Jessie were at the bar.

"It's good to see ya, Olsen," said Charley patronizingly. "Have a drink on me. The usual?"

Olsen reached across the bar and shook Charley's hand, making Charley wince with the power of his grip. "It's good to see *you* too, Charley. The usual and thanks."

Grady and Jessie were watching the by-play between Olsen and Charley. Olsen chose that moment to down his drink. When he started to chase with the water, he let it get under his nose, then made a face and put it away from him. Grady and Jessie looked at him questioningly. Charley looked puzzled. But Olsen was not yet ready to make his play.

"I been hopin' I'd see you guys," said Olsen, turning to Jessie and Grady.

"Now ain't that a coincidence," said Jessie. "We been lookin' for'ard to seein' you, Olsen."

"Beats all, don't it," said Grady. "You got the key, Jessie?"

"You think I'd lose somethin' important as that?" asked Jessie, taking out a key on a long string.

"You'll notice, Olsen," said Grady, "we got a string on it so's ya won't lose it."

"A *wool* string," said Jessie.

"That's jes to make shore don't nobody—uh—pull the wool over yore eyes," said Grady.

"That key's goin' to stand ya in good stead," said Jessie.

"You bet it is," said Grady, taking the key and presenting it to Olsen.

Olsen knew he might as well get it over with. "All right, fellas, what's it fer?"

"What's it fer!" exclaimed Jessie. "Why, it's the key to yore frozen-food locker."

"You know," said Grady. "A locker fer meat. Beef, pork, chicken, turkey, deer, elk ——"

Jessie took up the chant. "Rabbit, possum, rattlesnake ——"

Grady was unable to hold off longer. "Even lamb!" Both brothers almost fell off their bar stools laughing.

Charley set up a round for Jessie, Grady and Olsen. Again Olsen drank the whisky and ostentatiously put the water aside with a grimace.

"What's wrong with yore water?" asked Charley.

"Take a whiff of it," said Olsen.

Charley sniffed one of the glasses. "Smells all right to me."

"I guess you're jes used to it," said Olsen, turning from Charley to Grady and Jessie. He pulled them into a huddle. "I want to buy a cow from you boys. A special cow."

"What kin be special about a cow?" asked Grady.

"This here cow," said Olsen, "has got to be meaner'n hell and have horns."

"Fer our cows," said Jessie, "that's normal."

Olsen came out of the huddle and called to Charley. "'Nother round." He turned back to his two conspirators. "Now, I'm goin' to pay you fer this cow, but I want you to sell it ag'in to Lefty—cheap. So cheap he cain't afford to turn it down."

Charley came up with the drinks.

"Gimme a fresh glass of water," said Olsen to Charley. He waited until Charley brought the water, drank his double shot and picked up the water glass. When it came under his nose, he made a face and flung the water on the floor.

"What the hell are you doin'?" yelled Charley.

"That stuff stinks so bad it gags a man. When's the last time ya cleaned yore cistern?"

Charley drew a glass of water and tasted it. "There ain't nothin' wrong with this," he said.

"Then you shorely won't mind if I look in yore cistern," snapped Olsen.

"No, I shorely won't," yelled Charley.

Charley came from behind the bar. "Well, ya comin'?" he asked Olsen.

"You bet," said Olsen.

They went out, and Charley lifted the cistern lid. Olsen got down on his knees, started to look into the cistern, but fell back as if he were overcome.

Charley looked in the cistern and saw the three dead mice. He clapped on the lid. "Didn't I tell ya? It's perfectly clean."

"Jes a minute," said Olsen. "I'll hold my nose this time."

"Ya kin take my word fer it." Charley said.

Olsen pushed Charley aside and peered into the cistern. He rose and looked at Charley in silent accusation.

"Three li'l ol' mice couldn't make no difference," pleaded Charley.

"It might not make so much difference to a feller like me," said Olsen, "but what about them tourists?"

"Olsen, since you and me is all that knows ——"

"Why, if word ever got out up and down the highway, you couldn't sell a glass o' iced tea if yore life depended on it."

Charley hastily fished out the mice.

"The mice is out now," said Charley.

"If anybody found out they had been in there," said Olsen, "it'd be nice to say you'd cleaned it."

"Nobody has to find out," said Charley.

"Course they don't," said Olsen. "And 'specially the county health department don't."

"Ya know, Olsen, I've allus liked you. S'pose from now on I jes don't charge ya fer yore drinks."

"I think that's nice of ya, Charley."

The next day, after a brief business transaction, Lefty found he had made an unbelievably profitable buy of his winter beef. Jessie and Grady unloaded it in Lefty's rickety corral, a wild-eyed steer with a three-foot spread of horns.

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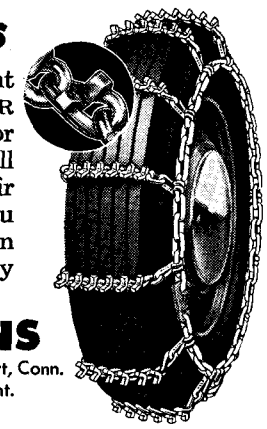

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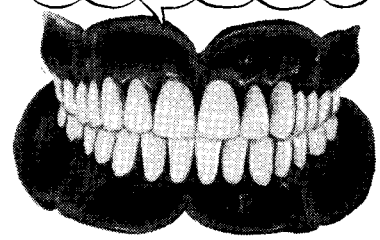

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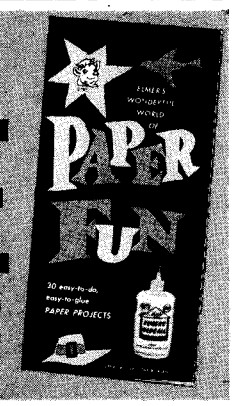

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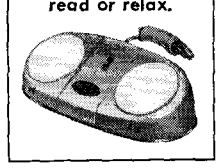

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ROPING Lefty, .38 in hand, went out and climbed to the top pole of his corral and sat in indecision. It seemed a stroke of incredible good fortune when he saw Olsen, a dead shot, walking toward him.

"Looks like ya got yorese'f a real nice beef there, Lefty," said Olsen.

"Looks a little wild to me " said Lefty.

"Who cares, when he'll soon be dead?"

"That's jes it," said Lefty. "I ain't much of a shot, and I understand ya got to hit 'em jes so."

"That's right," said Olsen heartily.

"I wish I had a squeeze pen to hold him."

"Aw hell, go on and shoot him."

"I ain't so sure," said Lefty.

"Well, then, I tell ya," said Olsen. "You saddle yore horse so we kin drag the steer over to the barn to butcher, and I'll shoot him fer ya." When Lefty was out of sight in the barn, Olsen inserted one blank cartridge into the cylinder of the revolver Lefty had handed him. Olsen calculated if he got close enough, the wadding in the blank would enrage the steer to just the proper degree.

At that moment Grady and Jessie were going up and down the highway from Lefty's to Charley's, speaking to everyone they saw. Everyone became alert and watched Lefty's service station, grinning. Tourists passing by caught the air of expectancy and stopped. Dakota drove up in her pickup with her saddled horse in back. She parked and unloaded the horse. Suddenly there was the sound of a shot, then, after a moment, Olsen's voice screaming: "*Look out!* I on'y stunned him! Rope him, Lefty! Rope him! He's goin' through the fence!" There was the sound of a mighty crash, then Olsen's voice again: "Go git him, Lefty! Don't let him git away!"

Owing to the arrangement of buildings and fences, the enraged steer had no choice but to cross the highway into what amounted to a natural arena.

Lefty chased the steer and missed throw after throw. Every time he missed, a great shout of derision went up from the growing crowd. The citizens of Powderhorn had listened to Lefty's bragging too long not to enjoy the spectacle he was making of himself.

Charley saw the people gathering in front of his place and, since it was a warm day, quickly made large quantities of iced tea which he peddled to the crowd.

In the meantime Lefty, in his anger, had begun to spur his flagging horse, and the horse began to buck. Lefty had to forget the steer and concentrate on staying aboard. At that moment Dakota leaned forward on her horse and was after the steer, her rope spinning. She made one perfect throw, and a great roar went up from the crowd as the noose settled over the steer's horns. She slowed her horse and brought the steer to a stop.

Lefty galloped up to the steer and leaned from the saddle. Olsen signaled Dakota, and she put spurs to her horse, jerking the steer out from under Lefty. He hit the ground hard. A roar of laughter went up from the crowd. Lefty came to his feet, yelling cuss words at the top of his lungs. He ran over and got hold of Dakota's rope, on the end of which was the rampaging steer. Lefty went down the rope hand over hand, with Olsen leaping about shouting encouragement, acting as if he would help if he only could. When Lefty got a good hold on the steer's horns, Olsen nodded to Dakota, and she loosened her rope from the saddle horn. Suddenly Lefty had the steer all to himself and was yelling for help to turn it loose. His feet were hitting the ground every twenty feet as the brute went at a bucking run. The crowd was almost hysterical.

"Stay with him, Lefty," yelled Olsen. "Show him what a cowboy's like."

Finally the steer began to tire, and Lefty managed to bring it to a stop. He changed holds and twisted it down. Olsen came up alongside. Lefty looked at him with blood in his eye.

"See if you kin hit it *now!*" he screamed.

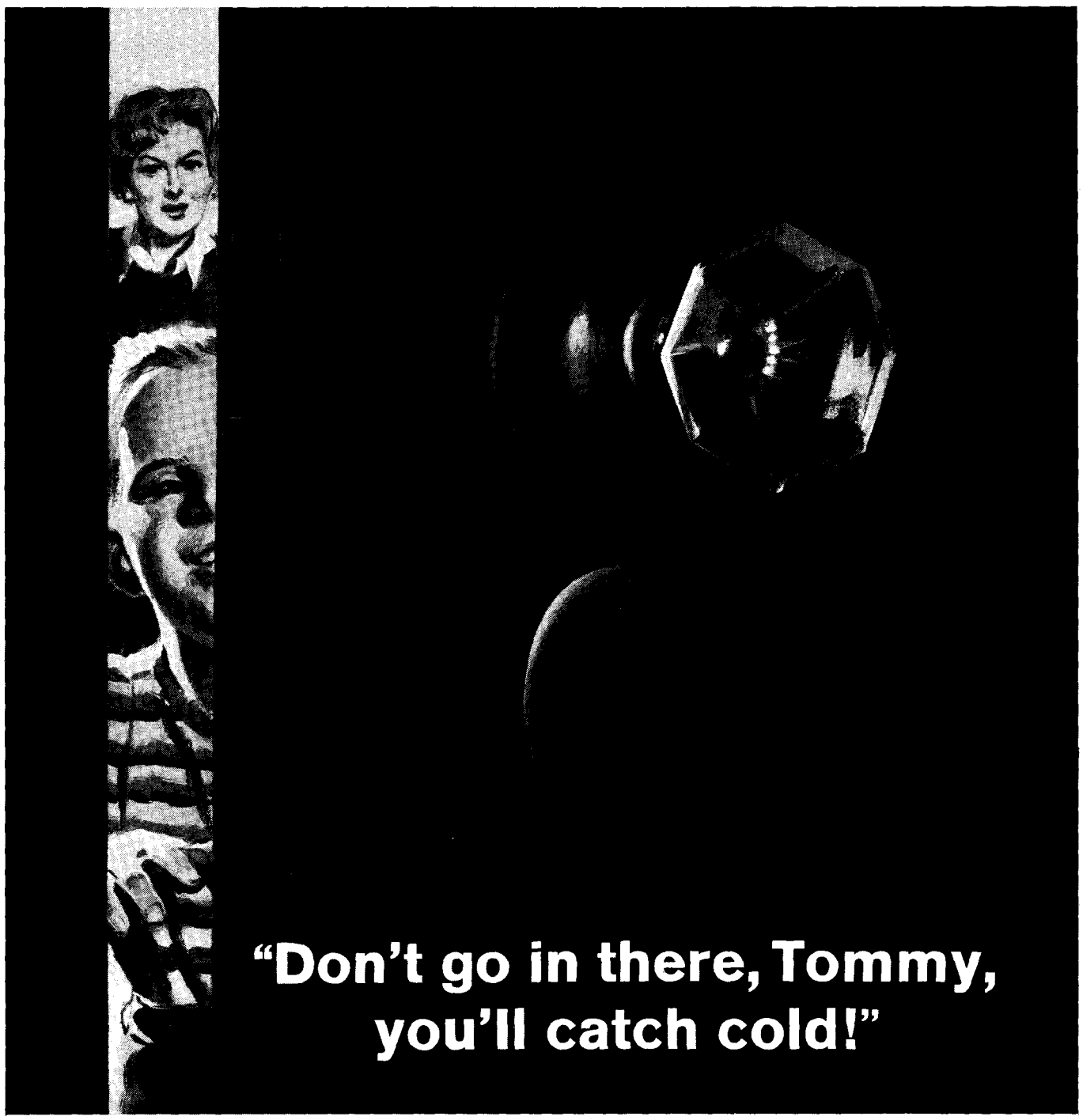
"Why, Lefty, I cain't shoot him with his head in yore lap."

"Give *me* the gun," screamed Lefty.

Olsen got into a position where it would be awkward for Lefty to reach for the gun. At the same time he took hold of the steer's tail. When Lefty loosened his hold to reach for the revolver, Olsen gave a hard yank on the steer's tail. The steer threw Lefty off and went bucking away. The crowd howled. Then suddenly there was dead silence. Lefty had come to his feet with the gun thrust out toward Olsen, rage twisting his face. Olsen's face went grim. What had been a hilarious joke was now turning out to be something different.

"Oh, you gonna be sorry 'bout this day," snarled Lefty as they circled like wrestlers. "Think ya kin show me up in front of the whole county, ya got another think comin'. I ain't gonna kill ya; I'm gonna shoot chunks off ya."

Olsen was tight-lipped, but he couldn't let up on Lefty. "I'd be safer if you'd shoot to kill."



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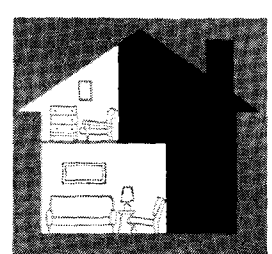

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"Jes keep it up," said Lefty. "Jes keep it up. You'll be tawkin' out of the other side of yore mouth in about two seconds."

Dakota had softly walked her horse almost within throwing range. Now she spurred forward and sent her loop snapping over Lefty's shoulders. Olsen dropped flat as the gun in Lefty's hand went off, then Olsen leaped to his feet and ran after the twisting figure of Lefty on the end of Dakota's rope.

"Drop the gun, Lefty," yelled Dakota, "and I'll let ya up."

Lefty was taking more punishment than he could bear. He tossed away the gun, and Dakota stopped her horse. Lefty made it to his feet just as Olsen came up with his fists cocked. Lefty held up his hand and backed away.

"O.K., Olsen," he panted. "I knew it was fer the lambs. I'm sorry 'bout the gun. I lost my head."

There was a moment while the crowd waited breathlessly, then Olsen's face began to change to a half smile, then he began to chuckle, then he began to roar. The crowd took its cue from Olsen, and suddenly everything was funny again.

"Come on, ever'body," Olsen yelled to the seventy or eighty people gathered in front of Charley's, "the drinks are on me!"

Charley stopped dead in the midst of an iced-tea sale. He turned to Olsen, who was crossing the highway with Dakota and Grady and Jessie and Willie and other acquaintances. Olsen returned his stare innocently. Charley moved over to intercept Olsen.

"That little agreement was jes fer yore *personal* drinks," said Charley as they crowded through the door into his bar.

"What!" exclaimed Olsen in a loud voice. "You ain't goin' to back out, are ya?"

"I shore am," said Charley.

"What if I was to tell what I know?" asked Olsen.

"It'd be yore word against mine, that's all."

The room had quieted as everyone turned to see what the new argument was about. Olsen waited until every eye was on him, then said, "All right, Charley, if that's the way you want it, I'll have a double shot with ginger ale back."

Grady looked at Jessie. "Ginger ale!"

"You're chasin' with ginger ale?" asked Jessie, unbelieving.

"Never knowed ya to chase with anythin' 'cept water," said Willie.

"Ginger ale," said Olsen.

Charley, looking venomously at Olsen, went behind the bar and served him a double shot with ginger ale back. Every eye in the room was on Olsen as he drank the shot and chased with the ginger ale.

"He really done it," said Grady incredulously.

"You was complainin' 'bout Charley's water yestid'y," said Jessie.

"Ya went out to look in the cistern," said Grady.

"Today, fer the fust time in yore life," said Jessie, "ya ain't chasin' with water."

"I'm shore glad I didn't have none o' that iced tea," said Dakota.

"I did," said several of the tourists. "It *did* taste funny."

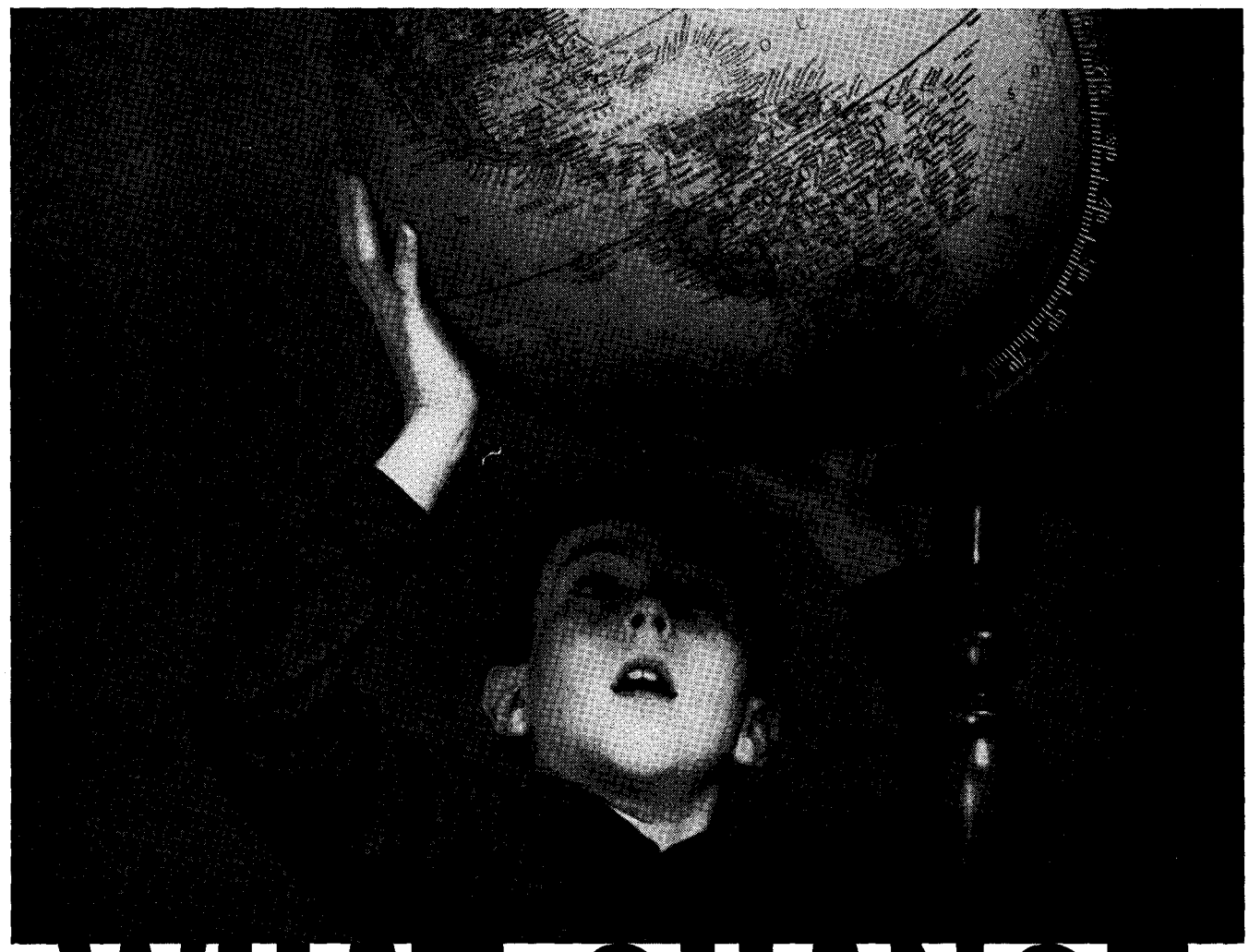
"What I think is," said Jessie, "we better have a look in Charley's cistern."

Charley looked triumphantly at Olsen. He knew he had taken out the mice. "Suit yorese'ves," he said. "I'll personally take the lid off fer ya."

Everyone trooped through the back door. Olsen and Dakota stayed on the fringe of the crowd. There was a wicked grin on Olsen's face. In the center of the crowd, Charley lifted the lid and looked down. Consternation crossed his face, and he quickly clapped the lid back on.

"Here," yelled Jessie, "let's have a look in there." He shoved Charley aside and took off the lid. "Great gawd amighty!" he shouted, "they's five dead mice in there!"

With his arm around his bride, Olsen listened to the swearing and shouting as if it were pleasant music. He caught such phrases as: ". . . tell the county health authorities . . ." and ". . . sue you, Charley . . ." and ". . . if only I hadn't drunk that iced tea. . . ." He went to help Dakota load her horse, suspecting he had put an end to lamb stealing, but not knowing he had coined a new phrase. Ever after in Powderhorn County when a man wanted to chase his liquor with water, he asked for mouse mix. THE END



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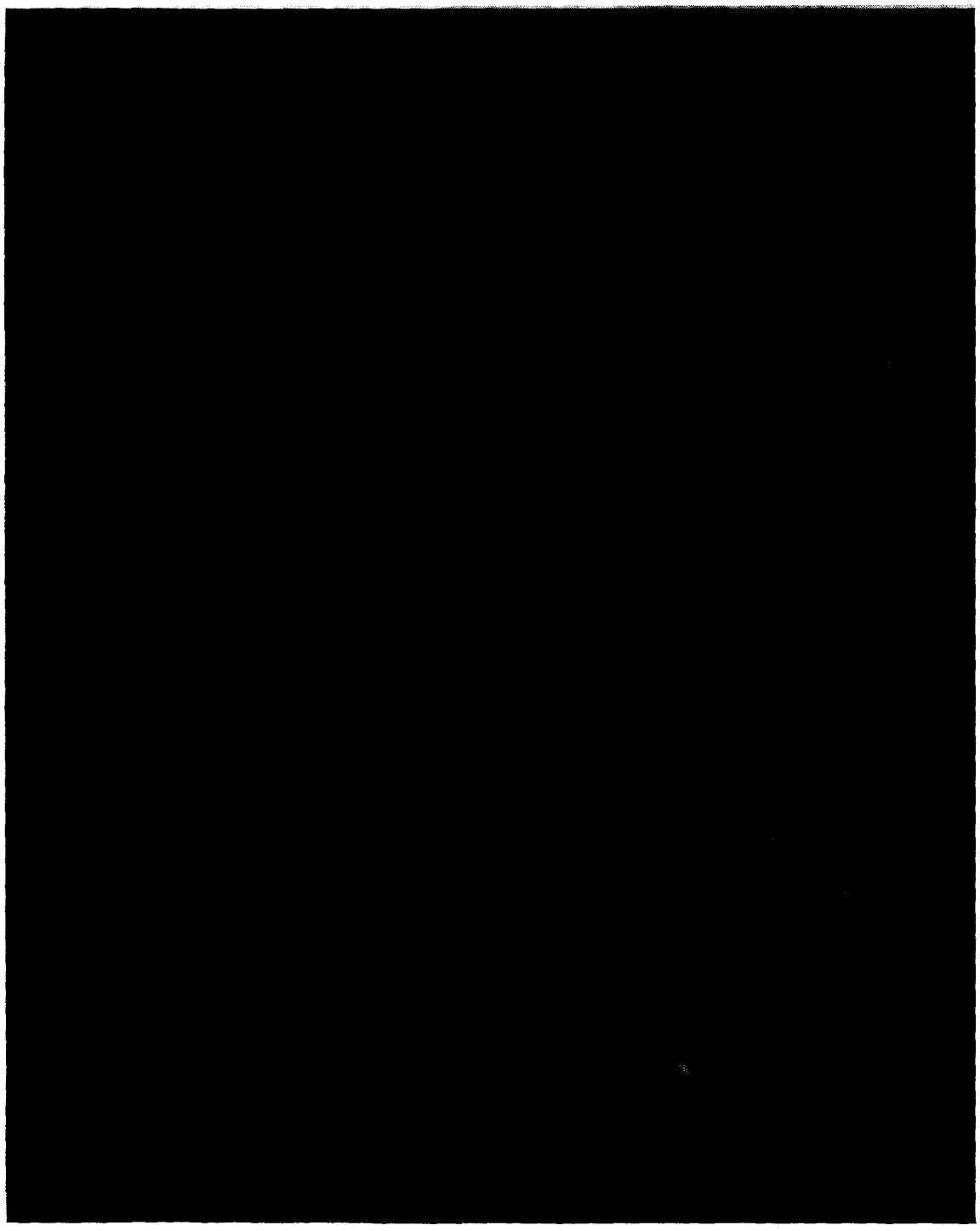
The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 6



The American proposal had been rejected. What did the Russians want?

World-wide nuclear conflict seemed inevitable, yet British Foreign Secretary Hawkes had not discarded hope of making peace with the Russians. It was a small hope, however; his disgust with the situation and its apparently doomed future undertoned whatever he said. And so he talked as Veronica, a family friend and magazine publisher, entered his sitting room. She carried a package. It was a birthday present for Hawkes, and when he opened it he was delighted, all thoughts of world destruction gone. He fondled the perfect Tabrizi bowl as if he might replace the world with it and in that way create peace. But it was time to leave for the Four Power dinner, a gathering which he hoped would end the threat of unlimited war. He put down the bowl. Could this meeting of the great world powers avert the threat of vast human destruction?

Hawkes reached the Hôtel Ville de Calvin, headquarters for the Americans in Geneva, where he would dine with Caleb Fulton, American Secretary of State, and the Russians and French.

■ Clarabelle had moved swiftly about the sitting room, tidying it up in anticipation of Geoffrey Hawkes's imminent arrival. Last of all she had turned on the lamps against the beginning dusk. As she stood, hesitating a moment whether to draw the curtains, Caleb came into the room. The signal had come from downstairs that Duke Ziegler was escorting the British foreign secretary up to their apartment.

"You look nice," Clarabelle said, pleased. "You look a lot better."

"A fresh start." Caleb came over and kissed her. "You've given me a fresh start."

It seemed to Caleb that Geoffrey Hawkes, too, had a new lease on life. He came into the room, as Duke held the door for him, with a manner debonair and more than ever gently self-assured. His dinner jacket was a garment as natural and as easy as an old shirt. Smiling benignly, he came forward to greet them.

"My dear Clarabelle, this is indeed a pleasure that I had not anticipated."

"I've just been tidying up, Geoffrey. They've had a meeting here. But don't you worry, I'm not going to interfere. I just stayed behind for a minute to say hello."

"Interfere!" The very idea was made to sound preposterous in his exclamation. "What could be more welcome? I, for one, vote for your company at any length to which you will grant it. And I'm sure that Caleb agrees with me in this."

"Oh, dear, Geoffrey," said Clarabelle, hovering on the edge of her chair as a pledge of her imminent departure, "you always say the nicest things."

"The truth, my dear. The truth is a device too little used as Caleb and I have discovered in our dealings with our dear friend and colleague, Stoneface. You know"—Caleb observed with admiration the grace, the skill, that made him appear delighted at an interlude of pleasantry—"I had rather an amusing time just now. Veronica Templeton came for tea. An extraordinary woman. She spoke very warmly of you two."

"I'm a little surprised at that," Caleb remarked dryly. "I thought we were too slow for Veronica."

"No, no, I shouldn't think so at all. I will say that she's remarkably agile. Is that the correct word? Moving, you see I mean, from environment to environment with remarkable speed and always very well adapted to whatever environment it may be."

But as Clarabelle pulled herself up and left them, this social interlude came to an end. Nevertheless, Caleb was interested to note, Geoffrey sustained the atmosphere of a casual, friendly call. He had been so pleased to find, when he had returned to his office, that confirmation had come that United Nations officials would entertain the idea of a UN supervisory force. Yes, said Caleb, he had had the same word from his people at the UN. And of course, Geoffrey went on, there had never been the slightest doubt about how London would react to the proposal they had agreed to, since it could be said that, in a sense, its origin had been in London. He paused, looking at Caleb with nothing so gross as curiosity yet nonetheless anticipating some response. The pause grew into an awkward silence, and still Caleb hesitated.

"You know," he said at last, "I've asked Frédéric Duhamel to join us here. He should be along shortly. I meant to tell you sooner."

He had said "a fresh start" to Clarabelle, and now here he was launched on it. As he had lain with his eyes closed while Clarabelle massaged his scalp, the pieces had begun to fall into a new shape. So he had come to life and quickly got on to the telephone himself. Clarabelle had been pleased, recognizing one of his moods of action, with the chill cloud of uncertainty lifting.

"You invited him to join us?" Geoffrey said. It was a distinct reproach, an intimation almost of betrayal. "You thought that wise?"

"He would find out in one way or another that we had had a private talk, and I didn't think that was good," Caleb went on, taking no notice of the measured reproof in Geoffrey's voice. "And I wanted him to hear along with you the conclusion that I've come to. I don't think it was easy for him to bring them around in Paris, and we've got to do everything we can to sustain him—you and I, that is."

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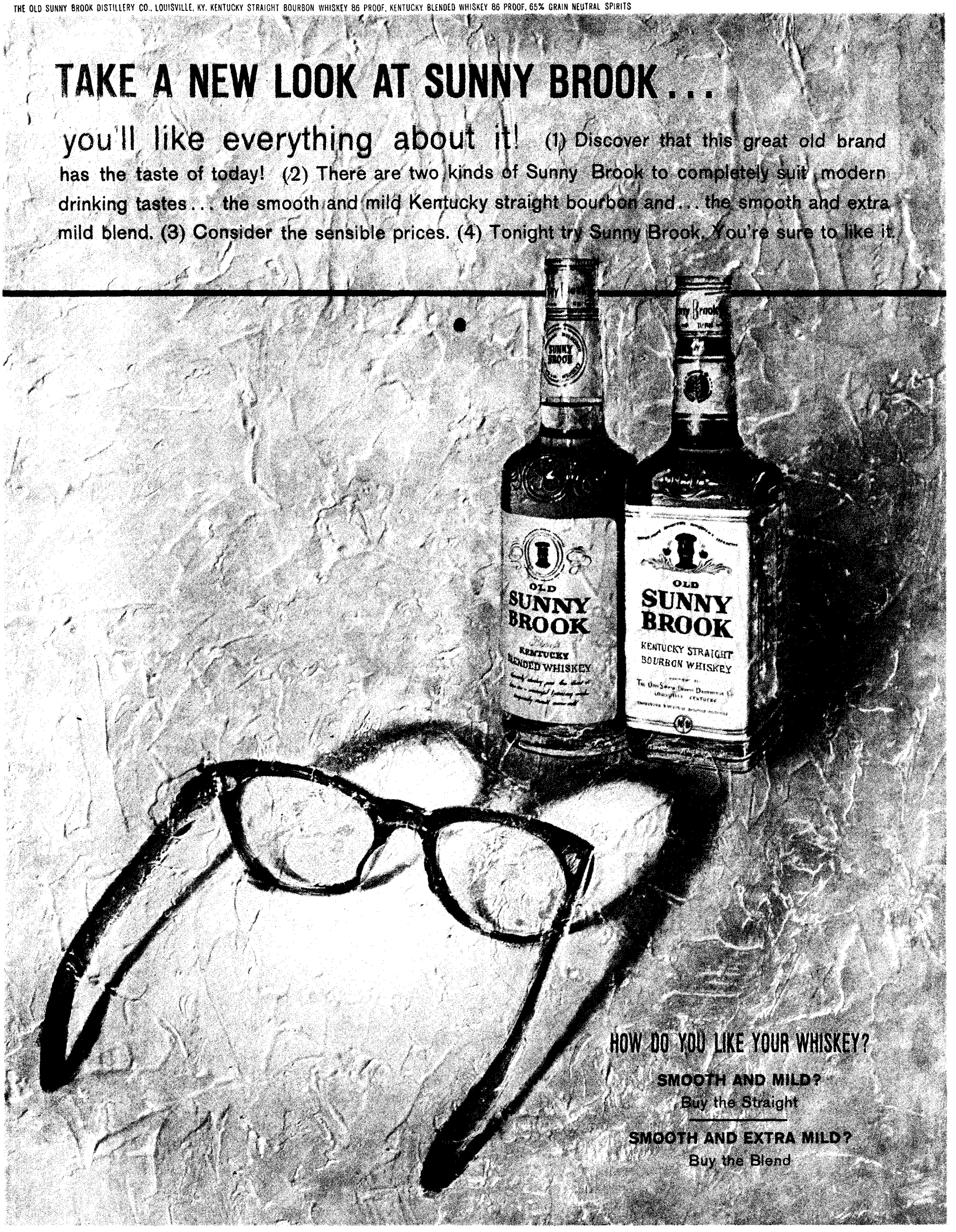

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PEACEMAKERS "I see, I see," Geoffrey Hawkes said in his most removed, foreign-office dispatch-box voice. "I'd not thought of it in that light. But you may be quite right. I had thought it a matter to be worked out in the first instance between you and me, because after all poor Frédéric is rather narrowly prescribed."

"I told him that I was calling you at the same time, and I would greatly appreciate it if he could come over even though the notice was so short. And he was very good about it, said he'd come as soon as he finished dressing. You know they've had some bad news. I suppose you heard about Michel's brother in Tunisia?"

"Yes, I'd heard. Frightful business. Terrible for Michel, terrible. Head of the family—a great shame."

Caleb was beginning to see his new course with greater clarity. Whatever pretext one might put upon the invitation, Duhamel was a third force. He saw in Geoffrey's resentment a recognition of that. He had spoken of his conclusion, which was to give it far more stature than it deserved, and he was sure this was a goad to Geoffrey.

"Geoffrey," he said earnestly, "this can be worked out, and you and I must not lose sight of what is important for both of us."

Caleb could see that Geoffrey was puzzled, and he acknowledged to himself that he had meant his remark to have just that effect. Seeing him, Caleb was more than ever pleased that he had decided to bring Duhamel, whom Duke now showed in. Caleb began to fuss about at the small bar at one end of the sitting room. Whisky? Soda? Brandy?

"Dreadful thing about Michel's brother," Geoffrey said.

"Yes, it is a very serious thing for him." Frédéric Duhamel spoke in soft, almost unaccented English, looking down at the drink he held in his hand. "It will mean a great change in his life. I am afraid I will lose him. It could not have happened at a more unfortunate time."

Caleb knew they were waiting for him to speak. The preliminaries were over now and he commenced.

"Gentlemen, I'm most grateful to you for coming here so we could have this little talk, and so there would be no doubt about where we stood. As you know, I went over with the President what we discussed at the Palais this afternoon. Now, while we didn't really go into it, I should tell you first, although you may know it already, that the Administration is in some difficulties with Congress over the tax bill. We can't afford to be licked on that. After all, he's staked too much on it, and it's related to the defense program—well—to everything."

He paused to take a pull at his drink.

"Under your form of government it is almost impossible to govern," Duhamel put in darkly, "but it is not for me in the condition which prevails in France today to speak of this."

"The terms of what we agreed to—or tentatively agreed to—this afternoon with the Russians could be taken," Caleb went on, "as a kind of defeat. I won't use that unhappy word 'appeasement.' But a defeat of sorts, nevertheless. Now I'm not saying that this would get us into more trouble over the tax bill. It could even help. But it would give our critics a chance to ask what we're doing with all the money we're spending if we let things like this happen. Is it all in vain? Now you know—you've heard me say this before—that isolationism is completely dead in America. But if what I agree to here can be interpreted as a defeat, then those who want a tough line, with no negotiation whatsoever, will have gained the upper hand. The area of maneuverability will be even more circumscribed than it is today."

"We know, those of us here, that it is already such a small island that even now we can scarcely stand against the tides constantly encroaching upon us," Geoffrey Hawkes interposed.

"I'm trying to be frank with you—as frank as possible. I want the same end that you want," Caleb said, looking at them both searchingly for a moment. "But I have to look at things as they are, at the realities, back home. So now we come to the conclusion that the President and I have reached. He believes, and I agree with him entirely, that we should put forward a condition. That is to say if we go along with a pull-back of the French forces under the supervision of the United Nations, with the United Nations policing an intermediate zone on the border, then we should ask for a similar UN force in Tunisia that would see to it that these so-called volunteers leave the country. The President and I see this as a reasonable demand, and we believe it should be put forward."

"I had thought," Geoffrey Hawkes began in a careful voice, "that we had gone over this ground rather thoroughly before. In theory, yes, Caleb, it has an enticing sound. But, as I believe I said this noon, practically speaking they have us in a cleft stick. A sovereign power has invited the help of a friendly ally. That is the position. We shall have an immediate refusal, and what then? . . . But what do you think, Frédéric? You have had such a mature judgment on this whole matter, and I'm very glad that you're here to give us your opinion."

For a moment Duhamel did not speak. On his face, which Caleb observed was the face of a scholar, a scholar sadly troubled, was a closed-away look.

"Perhaps as a move, a maneuver, it is not without value. I think we must say that we have a right to put this forward regardless of the legality of the situation. It will be immediately rejected. And then—" he hesitated, "then are we to discuss the terms as originally discussed this afternoon? Are we not then in a weaker position than we were before and is it not possible that they, in their turn, will come forward with other conditions which we would find it impossible to meet? Which I," he added in a lower voice, "would find it impossible to accept. I do not need to tell you how difficult even this has been for me."

"That is a very good point, Frédéric," Geoffrey put in quickly.

"In the event of a rejection I should have to go back to the President." Caleb gave the words a deliberate sound. "I should have to go back to discuss our future course."

"But time, time!" The rasp of the Foreign Secretary's impatience was in this. "It is not as though we had weeks or even days in which to come to terms. Or, for that matter, hours. We are faced with a situation and not a theory. I wish it were not true. But there it is."

"Geoffrey, let me just say this." Caleb Fulton was all calm reasonableness. "We lose sight of what I think you've agreed in the past is true—that they want to avoid a nuclear conflict just as much as we do. And if we act on the assumption that we must make the concessions every time, so that we don't go over the brink,

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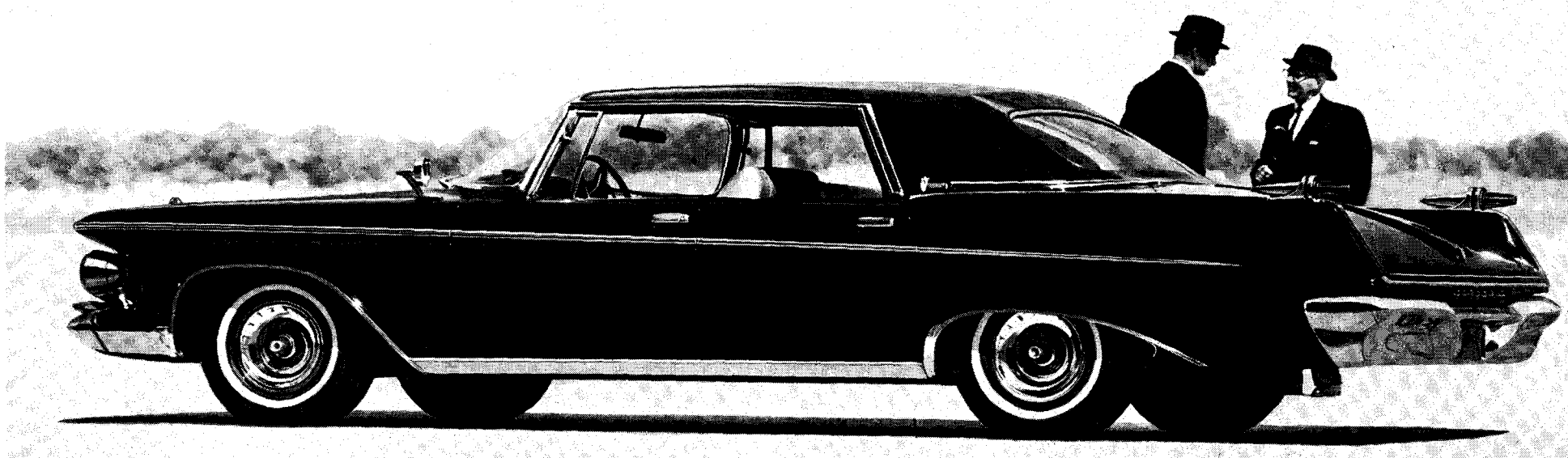

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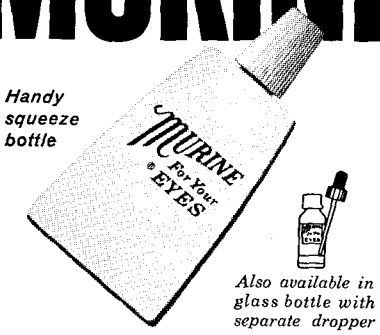

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"But my dear Caleb"—Geoffrey Hawkes no longer concealed his emotions—"you choose, if I may say so, to ignore the possibility that the decision may no longer be in their hands. They may—I do not know that this is true, but it merits consideration—be as concerned as are we for the consequences. The French force is moving forward. It is a very close thing. Surely it is some such dread circumstance as this that we have all foreseen—the accident. The accident, I repeat, that could spell the end for you, for me, for Frédéric, yes, for Stoneface, for civilization that is so delicately balanced, so precariously poised."

"It's a risk." Caleb broke the momentary silence that followed Geoffrey's impassioned speech. "Of course it's a risk. But we've got to face it unless we're ready to be pushed back time after time."

As though he had not heard this, Geoffrey Hawkes turned to Duhamel. "And may I ask you, Frédéric, whether you share my apprehension, my fears, and whether in your view it is worth taking the kind of risk Caleb proposed to take and particularly in view of your very telling point about the likelihood of impossible counterdemands?"

"Oh, but certainly I share your fears." Frédéric Duhamel seemed suddenly to come alive, emerging from the brooding introspection that had set him apart. "Certainly the danger is great. . . . And for you Caleb," he turned abruptly to the Secretary of State, "I must say to you what I have refrained from saying until this moment. There is another danger that cannot be ignored. The strain that is put upon my government is very great in accepting this settlement. You know the forces that have threatened the stability of my government. I hesitate to speak of this. But it is important to know the truth. I must speak for a moment of the past. The head of my government has made many requests that seemed to us reasonable requests. Above all, for assistance from you in the matter of nuclear weapons. And we have received no satisfaction. It is not merely the practical affair of progress in this department, but it is a question of pride for the great man who is the head of my government. Not alone pride—I must say it to you—but a question of his position in the face of the threat imposed by those same forces of which I speak. Under the emotions of this moment I hope you will understand why I am compelled to dwell on these matters out of the past."

To Caleb Fulton it seemed as though the words had been counted off by some hidden and inexorable time machine. They recalled the lost years, the years that the locusts had consumed. Was it an opportunity wholly lost, ignored in the bland complacency that time, the passage of the years, counted for nothing? Or had it from the very beginning been impossible? The imperious demands of the general set against the political imperatives of a Congress darkly suspicious of France and the sieve of French security? It was a riddle that could not be answered in a moment's pause. But in the hard-won clarity that he had achieved with the help of Clarabelle, he had resolved not to be drawn into the quicksand, the morass of past commitments, past errors, past uncertainties. He pulled himself back, holding fast to the vision of what must be done to save what could be saved. The time had come to cut the losses.

"There's so much truth in what you say"—he spoke quietly. "I won't talk about my predecessors and where I think they went wrong or where they failed to do what might have been done. There isn't, as Geoffrey puts it, time. I must just ask you now whether you approve my raising this with our Soviet friend."

"If you must, then of course you must," Geoffrey said. Outwardly at least he had recovered his dispassionate self, the self that passed calm, disinterested judgments. "How can we but know, each of us, out of long and painful experience how these political exigencies sit side by side with us ready to jog an elbow at a most unwanted time?"

"*C'est vrai, mon cher collègue!* If this is a necessity, then it is a necessity. The risk is already very great, and perhaps it will not be enlarged."

"I thank you, gentlemen. I'm deeply grateful to you." Caleb looked at his watch. "I'm afraid we'll have to be moving upstairs, as my other guests will be arriving."

"May I ask," Geoffrey paused as they were about to go out the door, "at what point you propose to put this new condition up to our dear Russian friend?"

"I've been thinking about that. I felt that it would be a good idea to wait until we were seated and perhaps just as the first course was served—he's sitting on my right—I'd put it up to him. I hope you think that's as good time as any."

"Oh, quite!" Geoffrey said in his most impeccable voice.

In the small elevator going up to the dining room on the roof they were silent. Caleb sensed their doubt, their unspoken reproach. It was of no consequence. For he was launched on a new course and he was bound in one way or another to carry them with him. It was essential to break out of the pattern of the past. It was hard, hateful, but there it was with the road signs so plainly marked.

In the reception room that gave onto the dining room on the roof his team—Merton, Tom Brace, Binkley and his assistant, Joe Johnson, and Eldridge Foley of protocol—waited. Beyond, through wide open doors, was the terrace with orange trees set out in tubs. The bar was at the end of the terrace, and he escorted Geoffrey Hawkes and Duhamel out into the soft night. But soon he excused himself to seek out Miss Brownson, whom he had seen hovering in the background as they entered.

Perhaps it was foolish, Miss Brownson said, but she had wanted him to check the table even though Mr. Foley had done the seating. Yes, he said he would, and she was right, there could always be a slip-up. Here was the seating chart at the entrance to the dining room. Forty-six places at one large oval table: it had not been easy, especially since the Russians were so sensitive—and not only the Russians. Miss Brownson gave him an understanding smile. He walked into the dining room, Miss Brownson following. Down the center of the long table was a bank of flowers and, at intervals, silver candelabra, the candles still to be lighted. Yes, fine, he said, let's see now, Stoneface at my right, Hawkes at my left, Simms next to Hawkes, Grimsby next to Simms, Volkonkov next to Grimsby, and here, on the right, is Duhamel on Stoneface's right. In one corner of the room, which was really handsome and spacious, were musicians, violins, a cello, a piano. This startled him. What would the General

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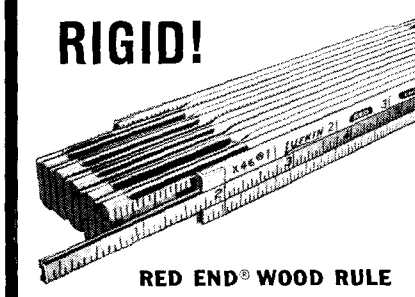

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Accounting Office say? It was a small joke they often enjoyed between themselves. Miss Brownson reminded him that the manager of the Ville de Calvin, Mr. Grinli, had wanted to make a present of the music. It had been brought to the Secretary's attention two days ago, and the Secretary had approved, and in any event they would play only while the guests were assembling and during the first course or two. Then they would retire, to return as the dinner was breaking up. And Security had approved, too, after checking each musician. Yes, he did remember, she had brought it up and it was perfectly all right, fine, fine, everything seemed to be in order.

The French had arrived and Grimsby and the other British. As Caleb moved about greeting his guests, he felt something like elation. This was in part a feeling of freedom. He had, in his own mind at least, regained a sense of the initiative, and with it he seemed to have found a new confidence. For a moment he drew Grimsby aside and sounded him on the mood of Volkonkov, with whom he had been talking earlier. He seemed, Grimsby reported, to be in a genial frame of mind, pleased, as though a threat that had hung heavy in the air were now removed as, indeed, Grimsby said in his pedantic way, it had been. So Geoffrey had not yet had an opportunity to tell him of the new development. It was just as well. The Russians were late. Caleb's watch said a quarter to nine. And then in a flock they arrived.

Stoneface appeared in what was for him a positively relaxed mood. He actually had words of praise for the terrace. If there was a bigger one and a better one in Moscow, he forbore for the moment, at least, to say so. If he felt any concern over whether the agreement had been approved by the President, he successfully concealed it. And Caleb sensed that this was because he was so sure of the outcome. Then with Stoneface at his side, Caleb was leading the way into the dining room as the musicians played something that sounded like *Pomp and Circumstance.* Here, too, Stoneface spoke words that constituted for him lavish praise. Fine, good, everything is very nice, he said. This was positively effusive, and Caleb suppressed his inward laughter at reflecting on how short-lived the mood of gay abandon was likely to be. As they were seated, the waiter served the clear turtle soup and the sherry. Service was swift, efficient. He would let Stoneface have it with the fish, which, he noted on the small handwritten menu before him, was *omble* from the Lake of Geneva.

Blandly he began by saying that he had been so happy that they had been able to agree on a means for resolving what was an extremely dangerous situation. It was, and he hoped that the Soviet Foreign Minister would agree, a good omen for the future. So much that was unfortunate had occurred. But those episodes were in the past, and now one could only hope that this would be the beginning of a new relationship in which eventually all outstanding difficulties would be removed. While it might not have been perceptible to one who had not made a study of the visage of Stoneface, Caleb, from a covert glance, felt that he detected a new wariness. Outwardly he confined himself to monosyllabic replies implying assent, and with these vague noises went the very slight rearrangement of the facial muscles that passed with Stoneface for a smile.

"But I must tell you," Caleb paused momentarily, and he saw that Stoneface had been waiting for what was to come, "that when I talked with the President this afternoon he put forward a suggestion with which I heartily concur. We believe that, in order to further assure the peace of the region, the function of the United Nations should be broadened. A second United Nations force, a commission of inquiry in the interests of preserving the peace under Article 82, should be undertaken within Tunisia itself to insure against any threat to the sovereignty of Tunisia from outside forces. As you know, outside forces have come into the area, they are armed, and they are participating in the conflict."

"Are you now putting this to me as a condition to the agreement?" Stoneface asked, betraying nothing.

"Yes," Caleb said bluntly, "I meant to do just that."

"It is entirely unacceptable."

Caleb could not help feeling a momentary admiration for the way in which, without hesitation, the rejection had come. There was no fencing. It was the ax brought down with full force.

"I'm astonished that you would react in this way." Calm deliberation was in this. "As the President and I discussed it, we felt that it was a perfectly reasonable extension of a plan on which we all had agreed, a plan that would bring an end to a conflict that threatened to spread and become far more dangerous."

"I in my turn am astonished that you should put this forward. It would be an insult to the peace-loving government and people of Tunisia. Their territory has been invaded by aggressors. If in repelling this invasion they have seen fit to ask the help of others, then this is not a matter for outside intervention. I have heard of no such request from the sovereign government of Tunisia, which has been struggling for its very existence. Once the aggression has ceased and under the terms of the agreement which I thought we had reached, once the aggressors have withdrawn under the supervision of officials of the United Nations, then the obligation has been fulfilled. There is no more that we here can do."

"But surely this is a reasonable request. What if the sovereign government of Tunisia should request this intervention? That is not impossible. I believe that our friend President Bourguiba would be willing, if he were to understand the nature of what we were attempting to do, to join in this request in the interest of the peace of the whole region. I say this even though I know how deeply he has been affronted by what has happened."

"The peace-loving peoples of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics would never consent to such an action which would seem to approve the position of the imperialist powers."

This was in Stoneface's declamatory style, offered up with all the sternness of a Moses presenting on tablets of stone the righteousness of the ages. Yet Caleb was not angered as he had been at lunch. He was even a little amused at the predictability of the monolith on his right. While it could not have been otherwise, he nevertheless felt confirmed in his design. The very arbitrariness of Stoneface's rejection fitted into his scheme.

"If this condition is persisted in," Stoneface was saying, "then I shall have to communicate with my government. It is conceivable that my government shall have conditions to attach. In that event I cannot believe an agreement of any kind will be reached. And you understand surely that the time is short."

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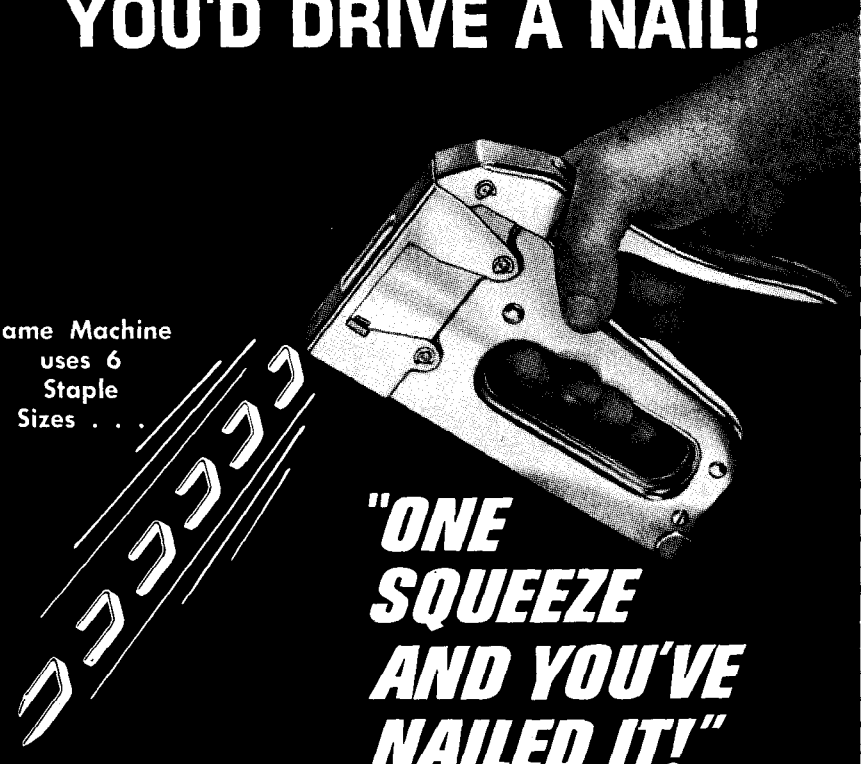

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PEACEMAKERS

There it was again, a theme for a latter-day Wagner, all those drums sounding, all destruction, doom and death. But he would not let himself be ruffled by this open threat. He had caught a glimpse of how important it was for Stoneface to succeed in this endeavor.

"Oh, I understand that very well, but I feel strongly that it's our duty to look at this whole matter and not just at one situation, one crisis, but with a view to what it will mean for peace five years or ten years from now. Of course, in view of what you've just been saying, I will have to talk with the President again."

Stoneface made no response. Turning to Geoffrey Hawkes on his left, Caleb in a low voice gave him a résumé of the conversation he had just held. Knowingly, gravely, Geoffrey Hawkes nodded; yes, he had expected just this. And so, the question hovered unspoken in the air: What now? At this precise moment Duke Ziegler, who had been seated at the foot of the table, came up to whisper in the Secretary's ear.

"You know I left word with the headwaiter that I was to be called out if there was anything urgent for you. This just came in. It's for the Secretary's eyes only."

He put the sealed envelope into Caleb's hand.

"Thanks. Keep an eye on me. I may want to scribble something and get it right off. . . . Will you excuse me if I look at this?" he said to Geoffrey and tore open the envelope. Inside the second sealed envelope, marked URGENT—FOR SECRETARY'S EYES ONLY, was a message from Abe Williams, the President's press secretary. Caleb read:

ANKER CARRYING REPORT THAT AMERICAN DELEGATION HAS AGREED TO COMPROMISE WHICH WOULD REQUIRE WITHDRAWAL OF FRENCH FORCES UNDER POSSIBLE UN SUPERVISION. ANKER GIVES BRACE AS HIS SOURCE. THE WIRE SERVICES HAVE PICKED THIS UP, AND IT'S BEING BANNERED MOST AFTERNOONS. WE ARE UNDER PRESSURE HERE TO CONFIRM OR DENY, AND THE PRESIDENT WANTED ME TO ASK YOU FOR GUIDANCE. SITTING TIGHT, BUT NATURALLY WE'D LIKE TO DENY FOR MORNINGS IF YOU THINK THIS JUSTIFIED. GATSCH SOUNDING OFF IN SENATE NOW SAYS HE WILL VOTE AGAINST TAX BILL. YOU SEE WE HAVE OUR FUN AND GAMES HERE TOO. ABE WILLIAMS.

The Secretary of State turned the message over and on the blank side scribbled a reply. He hoped it would be possible to sit tight a little longer, new developments made it essential that he talk to the President again at about 5:30 their time, will clarify whole situation then. Fun and games all around but believe we will come through O.K., he added. Duke in his seat far down the table was waiting for the signal and, as he gave him the message, the Secretary said, "Tell them to send this immediately. I hope it'll be in the White House in five to ten minutes at the latest."

As he looked up, by chance or perhaps by some intuitive sense of his own involvement, the Secretary caught Tom Brace's inquiring glance. Curiosity all around was inevitable, as Caleb understood. No ordinary message would be delivered to the Secretary of State in the middle of a formal dinner. The question uppermost in the minds of everyone in the room must have been whether this portended a new and ominous development in the conflict in Tunisia. Yet on Tom's face was a special kind of curiosity, as though he sensed that in some way his own future was caught up immediately and directly in the events that were transpiring. He turned to speak to the Russian seated on his right.

But whereas in the past he might have found Tom Brace's glance irritating in the extreme, Caleb now acknowledged to himself that what he felt was relief, a providential justification for the action which he had already decided to take. Tom Brace would not do. He must understand that there had to be an end to his habit of putting the ultimate question, of forever weighing and balancing. There were times, and this was one, when harsh necessity must transcend everything else. In a covert glance he took in Merton Simms's profile, the angular jaw squared. Caleb could be sure that Merton was arguing with Volkonkov. So far as intellect and imagination went, he was Tom Brace's inferior. But it was the quality of—well, Caleb reflected, just what was it?—determination perhaps, dogged persistence, that saw him through. He hesitated over the word "loyalty," since this might imply a personal loyalty to him, Caleb Fulton,

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BY ROBERT STANDISH
COMING IN THE POST

who happened to be Secretary of State, and, by the same implication, if Tom Brace was not personally loyal, then he must be rejected.

Of course, if Tom had given Anker any information, and surely even Anker could hardly have made this up out of whole cloth, it was a serious breach of confidence and, yes, of security itself. This in itself would be justification for the step that Caleb now prepared. And then there were all those rumors connecting him with the Grimsby woman in Paris last year. Merton, who was loyal to Tom in their personal relationship, had said he was sure there was nothing to it; gossips always talked whenever a man looked at a beautiful woman, and certainly Cynthia Grimsby was that. But the talk had persisted, and there had been that anonymous letter, which Security had brought to his attention, from someone on the Riviera who reported seeing them in a hotel together. Caleb had never quite been able to bring himself to mention it to Tom, even in a casual and half-jesting fashion. Tom would have laughed, and certainly, whether it was true or not, he would not have bothered to deny it.

Caleb was aware that a glum sort of silence had settled down around the center of the table. Geoffrey Hawkes, so assiduous on most occasions in passing the conversational ball back and forth, seemed to have withdrawn into a private world that—Caleb judged from the expression on his face—was a somber and uncertain retreat. Even the silence of Stoneface, one of whose specialties was the art of ominous withdrawal, had a special quality of disdain and contempt. As though in deference to the seniors, conversation around the table had subsided to a murmur. The intrusion of the message had done it, he felt, as though they had all suddenly ceased to play a game which had at best been only a halfhearted pretense. The message—and while Duke was as unobtrusive as possible, Caleb did not doubt that everyone at the table had observed the incident—had been like a sudden beam of harsh light flashed onto a foolish moonlight masquerade, with the children suddenly weary of a charade too nonsensical to be endured. Offstage noises had intruded, violent, demanding. Each man at the table knew how short was the time and how great the penalty for failure. And while that knowledge—so little known, so little understood, outside this room—might have been expected to unite them, Caleb observed that it had quite the opposite effect. But at least he, Caleb, could give Geoffrey an explanation.

"There's been a leak," he said in an undertone. "They're rather upset about it in Washington. It seems that this fellow Anker broadcast something about a compromise settlement that had been agreed to here. He's got the business of the U.N. in it."

"How unfortunate," Geoffrey Hawkes murmured. "I find him very offensive, Anker, and I should think he would be very troublesome for you, so importunate, so demanding. Did he give any source?"

"Yes, he hinted it was Brace. I can't believe it."

"Oh, I should very much doubt it. Anker is quite capable of pure invention when it comes to sources, I'm sure. Malice perhaps or simply obfuscation."

"Yes, I'm sure, I'm sure. But I did want you to know about this further complication for the President. It's set the Senate off and with the tax bill—but now about this evening. It's a stone wall on my right, as you predicted. No give whatsoever. But then we knew that. Now when we leave the table and as soon as coffee is served, I'll excuse myself and go down to the office to call the President again. The call is all set up. I shouldn't be gone more than twenty minutes or half an hour."

The dessert, Caleb saw from the menu before him, was *coupe framboise*. As he turned to Stoneface—the polite host determined to break this wall of silence—he took his cue from Clarabelle, remembering her conversation at breakfast and how very long ago that now seemed, a distant point in time, but still the comfortable memory of it warmed him.

"Have you had any of these fine raspberries since you've been here?" he asked. "We've been enjoying them very much."

"Raspberries? Raspberries?" Stoneface turned with an almost accusatory look as though this had been a sinister code word. At this moment the waiter put down before Stoneface the *coupe framboise*, the top heaped with bright red fruit.

"There," Caleb said, gesturing, "raspberries, the fruit that is in season here now. Do you have a word for them in Russian?"

"Yes, I understand. We do have a word. It is *malina*. We have very fine raspberries—you say it so—in the Soviet Union, much larger than these."

"I'm sure you do," Caleb said solemnly. "We grow them much bigger too. Sometimes they grow as big as small pumpkins. You have to go out and put a sort of crutch under them to hold them up when they get that big. It's quite an art, growing them. When they grow that big, they'll serve a family of three or four; you cut them up with a carving knife. Sort of like a watermelon, and you spit out the seeds just the way you do with a watermelon."

Stoneface received this in silence. About his mouth was the intimation of an expression—resentment, perhaps, skepticism, or even, Caleb suspected, humor.

"Yes, these little things"—Caleb gestured with his spoon at the raspberries on his plate, carried away now with his gambit—"these little bourgeois European raspberries, we don't have much use for them. They're a feature of our county fairs, the big ones. Fairs where the farmers bring in their produce and livestock to see who's got the best heifer and the best Rhode Island Reds. If I recall rightly, the prize last year went to a six-pound raspberry. That's pretty good, isn't it?"

"You are inventing this," Stoneface said in a tone that was solemn, and yet not entirely devoid of levity.

"Well, just a little bit," Caleb admitted, and he saw something that might have been a grin on his neighbor's face. "But anyway they're pretty big raspberries, and I'll bet yours are too."

On the broad top of the desk of the Secretary of State there were two pads of writing paper. One was blank, with a pencil beside it. On the other he had written in his clear firm hand the four points he meant to discuss with the President. The two pads, with the White House telephone, made for the kind of still life that modern photographers were fond of catching. And if you included the Secretary's long, bony hand, cut off at the wrist, the fingers tap-tap-tapping in unconscious impatience, the still life would be complete. It would bear some such foolish title as *Decision* or *Waiting for*—waiting for what? As he had come in and squared himself away in the chair before the desk, Miss Brownson had said that General Gahagan had called twice from Paris and was very anxious to have the Secretary return his call. Wordlessly he shook his head, no, no. And there were a half dozen cables, but she supposed they could wait. He nodded again, yes, yes, wait.

Item No. 1 on the pad was Tom Brace. What made his task more complicated, the Secretary acknowledged to himself in this moment of concentration, was that the President had let it be known that he would be his own Secretary of State. In their first discussion when the appointment had been offered to him, the President had said that he himself would want to shape the general direction of policy and make the large decisions. Well, that was all right. It was even proper and correct. But then came the inspired news stories, and of course they had been inspired by Abe Williams, the President's press secretary, saying that the President would be his own Secretary of State even in the particulars, the details. This was an illusion. No man beset by the multiplicity of cares and demands that bore down upon the Presidency could be his own Secretary of State. Nevertheless part of Caleb's obligation was to sustain this illusion, to sustain it not only for the public but for the President himself. This last called for diplomacy of a very special kind. At times this troubled Caleb's conscience. The stratagems he devised seemed a useless complication, a wasteful expenditure of energy and effort. But part of the

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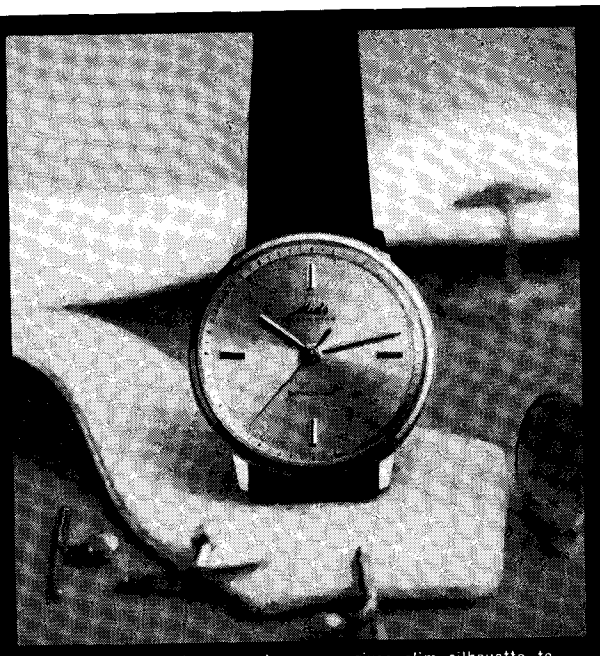

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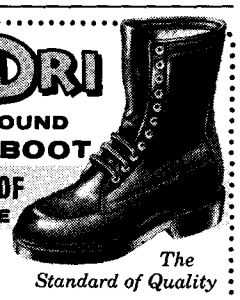

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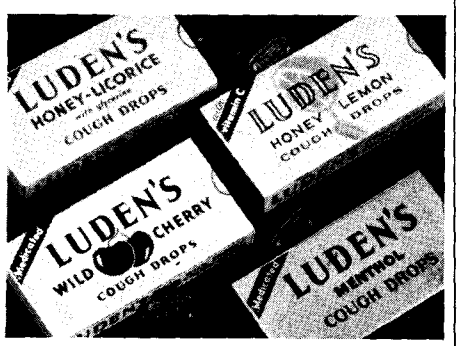
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game, yes, part of the game, he said to himself in this quiet moment of waiting. The White House telephone rang.

"You got our message, did you?" the President asked. "Abe is on the other phone for the first part of this."

"Yes, it was handed to me during dinner just now, Mr. President," he said, speaking slowly and deliberately. "I haven't had a chance yet to talk with Brace. But I'm afraid that he was indiscreet. Mike Anker goes quite a long way, but I don't think he'd make up something like that. This upsets me. You know how we've both valued the contribution that Brace has been making. But I think that now is the time for him to get out of the department. And so, if you approve, I'm going to tell him that I believe he should go back into the field. An ambassadorship: Norway is going to be open, and Canada too. I think it would be in his own best interest."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it." Regret of a kind, colored with impatience, was in this. "I thought well of him. The decision is yours to make. But what about the situation over there?" Abruptly the President's tone had altered, something harsh, peremptory almost, in it. "They've been giving us a bad time, I gather."

Caleb drew a line with his pencil through point No. 1, Tom Brace.

"Now, Mr. President, I would like to proceed," he spoke in the same slow deliberate fashion, "with a plan of action. Let me say at the start that it's based on the concept that you put forward in talking with me about a month ago about this whole African problem. You proposed that we give full support to a movement for African federation, that we use all our resources and our influence to promote our friends in Africa, our friends in North Africa and south of the Sahara. You said, as I recall it, that we should begin to move in this direction just as rapidly as possible, even if it meant a radical readjustment in our relationships with France. We agreed that time was running out in Algeria and that we couldn't wait on the French very much longer. Now I think the end has come." He began to speak a little more rapidly. "And so I would like to suggest, along the lines you have laid down in the past, a plan I propose to follow.

"First, I'm afraid that we have no choice but to accept the proposal for ending the fighting in Tunisia that I talked about with you this afternoon. That is, the U.N. force in ——"

"You mean the Russkies wouldn't have anything to do with your alternative? Aren't we just letting them hold the pistol to our head once again? Isn't that what it comes down to?"

"In one way you're right of course, Mr. President." Caleb hesitated for an instant. "But I've convinced myself that this thing is so desperate that there's no other way out. The alternative *was* turned down flat, cold. The intimation was very clear that they in their turn would come up with some new demands. And as you know, this is a close thing."

"Close!" In the President's sharp, sudden bark was his frustration, his annoyance. "Cabell of the CIA was over here half an hour ago, and he gave me an idea of how close it was on a map he had prepared. But I don't like it." This was more in sorrow than in anger. "I don't like it. It comes at such a damned awkward time." There was a moment's hesitation and then, "Well, go on with your plan, Caleb."

"We go along with the compromise, with a U.N. force on the Tunisian-Algerian border, as the only way to get out of this mess. And it does seal off the border; there is that advantage. The bare bones of that agreement will be announced tomorrow morning. I think Duhamel can pull it off with Paris, although that will be a close thing too.

"But then I propose to leave here within two to three days, making it perfectly plain that this is a bitter pill which we have swallowed very reluctantly.

"On the way back I would stop in Paris and really put it on the line with the French. For, let's face it, this would mean a pretty radical step. It would mean switching our position in the U.N., and voting with the Africans and the Asians for supervised elections in Algeria. That will be a red rag to the bull. But I think we can say with complete justice that we've saved them here this time, and in the process we're shutting off the avenue through which so much of the rebel help has come. So we have a right to say that we won't fool along any more."

As he unrolled his plan of battle, he felt a new surge of confidence. The mood of gnawing uncertainty was behind him. He sensed that he was carrying the President along with him.

"Then within a relatively short time after my return, perhaps two or three weeks—it may have to be longer in terms of the arrangement—I propose to leave on an extended tour of Africa. This would be related to our support for a great development program for a federated Africa. I had thought that you might announce at a press conference that you were asking me to go. A day or two later I could spell it out for the Senate committee. What I'm really saying is that I believe we can turn what may seem at first to be a setback into a real opportunity, an opportunity that we've long been looking for."

He came to a stop. Under other circumstances, in other times, a silence from the other end of the wire would have intimidated him. But he now felt so confident of the response that he drew a line through No. 2 on the pad before him.

"Yes," the President said in a voice of judicious appraisal. "I like that. I think it plays. It means we've got some trumps in our hand after all. And God knows we need trumps right now. I'm in a hell of a jam over this tax bill."

The other two items on the pad were No. 3, press, and No. 4, full co-operation.

in the next post

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"As I said a moment ago there will presumably be a communiqué out of here shortly after midnight announcing the bare bones of the agreement. . . . I hope that by now—Abe, if you're still there—that the heat is more or less off on that Anker leak."

"Oh, we're in pretty good shape," Abe Villiams said. "I've held them off, and I'm just about ready to shut up shop and put the lid on. If your communiqué comes out for the mornings, that takes the heat off here. I might say that—just from my own personal point of view—I don't like to see Anker get away with this. But I guess it doesn't matter too much."

"That man's caused me more trouble than anybody I can think of right offhand," the President put in.

"I can tell you he's been a headache over here," Caleb said. "But I feel that with a background briefing in the morning I can give this whole thing another look. I'm going to suggest that, while it may at first sight seem to be a reversal, it's in reality an opportunity, and I'm going to suggest that, in relation to Africa, we mean to take the fullest advantage of it. I won't be too specific about what's coming up, for the obvious reasons—timing and the fact that we haven't worked in the details. . . . What do you think of that line, Abe?"

"Sounds O.K. to me. Sounds fine."

"When you speak of details, Caleb, you must have reckoned with what a burden this will put on you. You're talking about a very short span of time even though you've got all the background work in your department. And that African trip—I don't envy you that. You've been carrying an awful load, Caleb. You mustn't overdo it."

"I seem to thrive on work as you do. What gets me down is the frustration of this pulling and hauling over here. But the basic concept has come from you. I think that it is important to keep that in mind. And I want to emphasize tomorrow morning that I've been in constant touch with you and that you've given the lead throughout."

"If you think that's wise, then very well." There was only a slight hesitancy in this. "It seems to me the stress should be on our co-operation, the way in which we're working this out together. But your judgment in these matters is very good."

The Secretary's pencil ran through item No. 3 on the pad.

"Now there's just one thing more, Mr. President. In terms of what I'm proposing, I want the fullest possible support from the start. So I'm thinking of asking Randy Wishart—after I get back to Washington—to work up a list of, say, four or five Senators who would go with me to Africa, either all the way or part of the way, depending somewhat on how everything works out."

"I can give you a list of at least ten members of that club that I'd like to see go off to Africa for a good long stay and preferably end up in the cooking pot of some cannibal king. But I guess we can't have everything."

"Well, who knows?" The Secretary was only too happy to share the President's irony. "Africa is a big continent and full of all sorts of hazards; maybe we'll encounter a rhino or a rogue elephant, even if we don't meet up with any cannibals."

"Well, there's one thing, and that is that I want you to keep out of the way of those hazards and not take any needless risks. I don't know what I'd do without you."

That buttoned it up. With a deep inner satisfaction he turned to Duke and Miss Brownson in this pause between the wars. "Well, I think we're going to begin to move now," he said to his two faithful lieutenants.

Movement, that was it, an end to the paralyzing doubt and indecision. In talking with Clarabelle once during a minor crisis early in his tenure as Secretary of State, Duke had described him as a war horse ready to charge into action, and that was how he felt at this moment, ready to roar out onto the field of battle. Childish, if you like, and certainly Geoffrey would think it so; he knew that his first encounter with his friend Geoffrey—and they were friends—would be the beginning of the struggle, sharp, fierce, bitter, perhaps even final.

"That was great," Duke said. "I could just see you steering the old ship through all those rocks and cliffs and things and bringing her right out where you wanted to be."

The figure of speech had changed. The war horse was now the master mariner on the bridge of the ship of state. But it came to the same thing. He grinned responsively at Duke.

"I want you to sit in with Tom and the others in drafting the communiqué," he said. "We'll probably give it out for immediate release. I think that's the wisest thing to do in view of this business with Anker. It'll be short, just the bare bones of the withdrawal, the UN force on the border. I think they've got a working draft already."

"You betcha, chief," Duke said in his hearty, loyal, sheep-dog devotion as they both rose to go.

"You've had quite a day," Caleb said to Miss Brownson.

"We've had quite a day," she said, and he accepted this deserved correction, knowing that she had shared it with him, minute by minute, with her anxieties hardly less, perhaps, than his. "And did you want to do anything about those telephone calls from General Gahagan? He said that you could reach him through the Military Attaché's office in Paris; he left that number, and he left two or three other numbers if you were to be calling quite late."

"No, I think we'll just forget about that," Caleb said. "The dinner went off just fine, couldn't have been better. I'd like to tell you to sign off now. But you know I'd feel better about it if you'd supervise the typing of the communiqué in its final form. There won't be time to mimeograph. It'll have to be read."

"I expected to do that, of course. And I sent a cable to Mr. Morley. I knew you didn't have time to think about it. Mrs. Morley was being operated on today. I talked the wording over with your wife this evening."

He was brought up short in flight. The Morleys were the best friends they had in the world, the oldest friends, and he had known—he and Clarabelle had discussed it—that Fran Morley was in mortal danger, one of those ghastly discoveries that removed the underpinnings as drastically as an earthquake, shearing away the easy, familiar assumption. To think that he could forget Bob and Fran completely gave him a renewed sense of the way in which he had been caught in the grinding, crushing onslaught of this particular corner of doom.

"Well, I certainly thank you for that," he said fervently, hesitating a moment in the doorway.

TO BE CONTINUED

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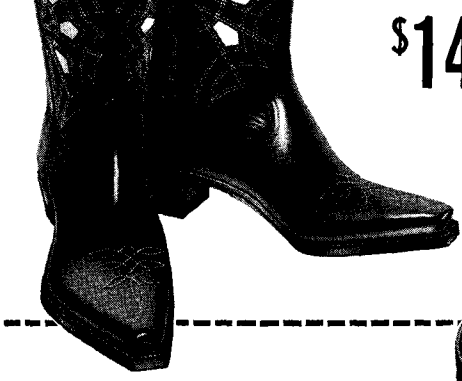

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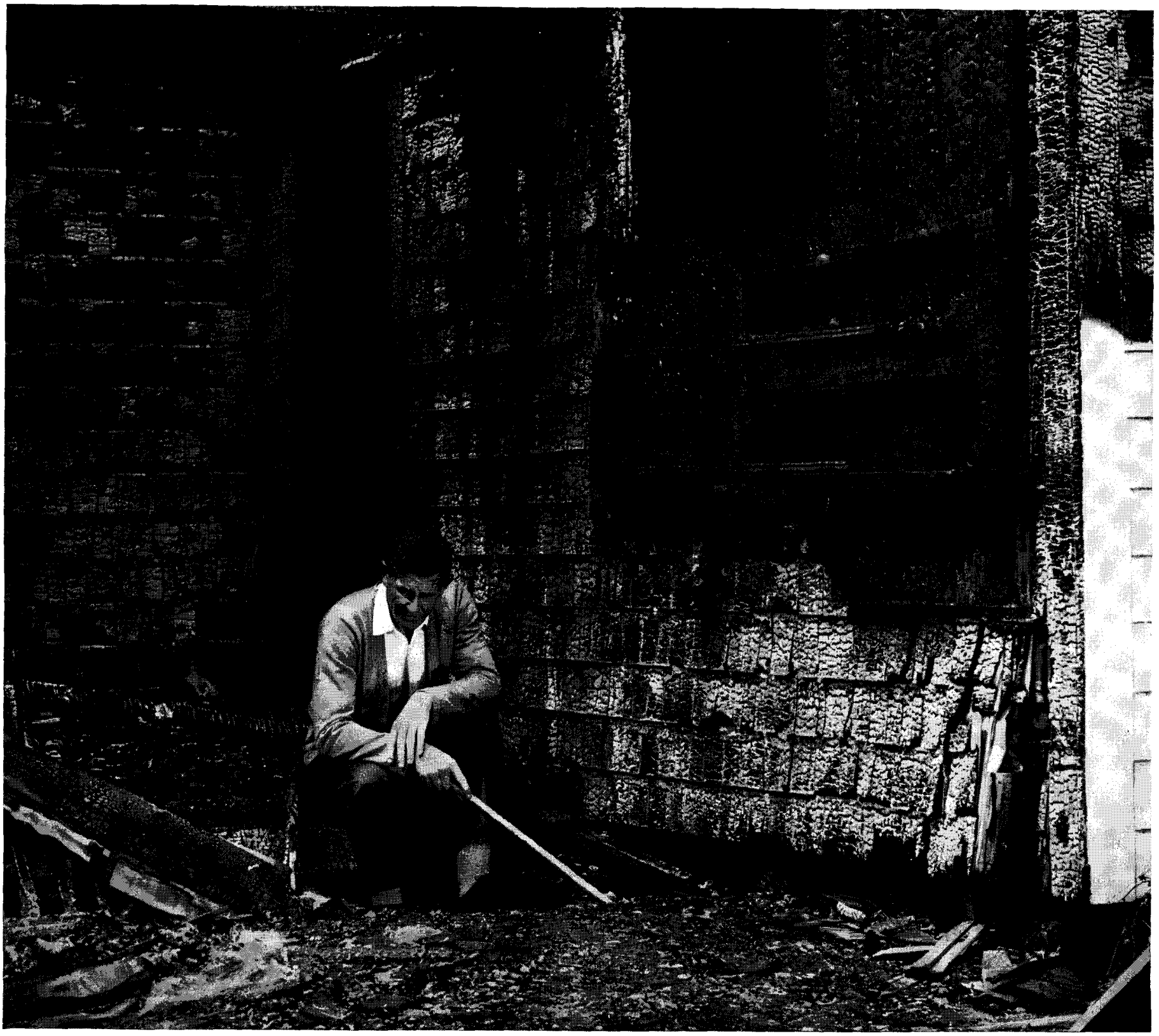

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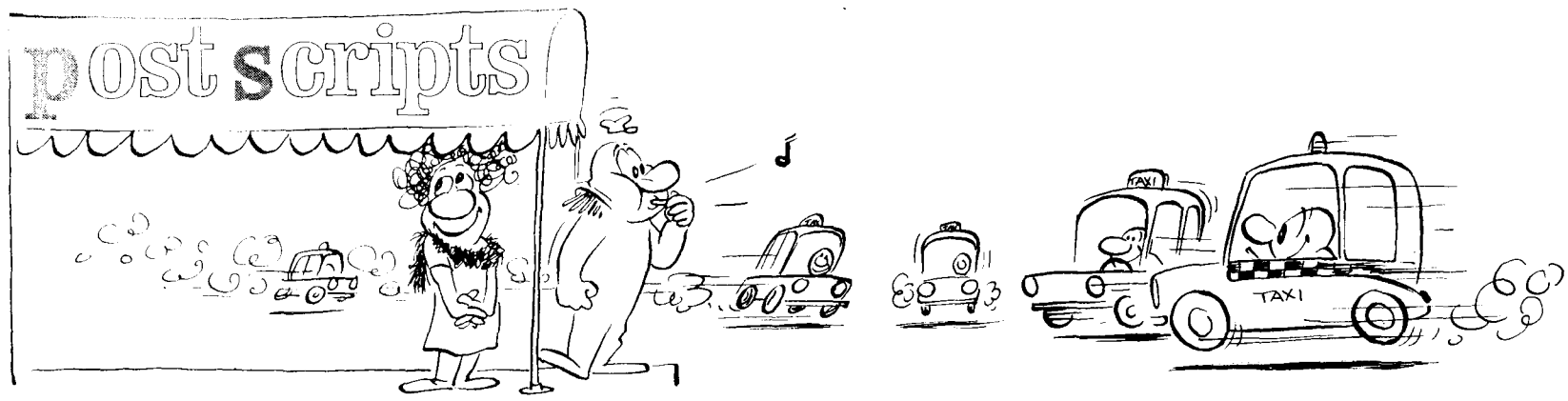
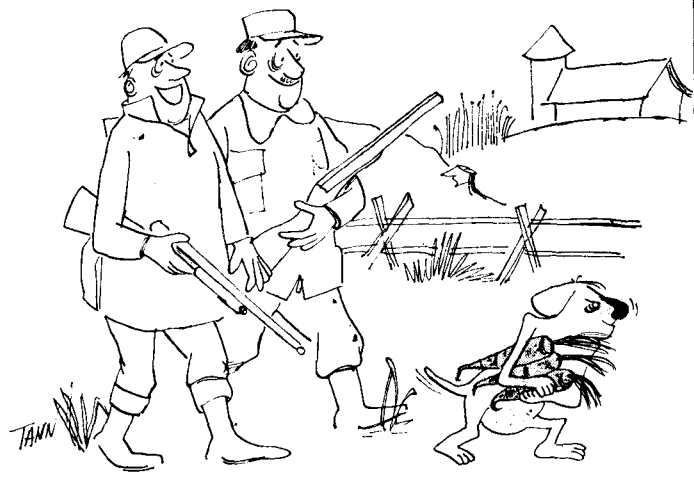


"Take over for a while, Joe. I'm going out for lunch."



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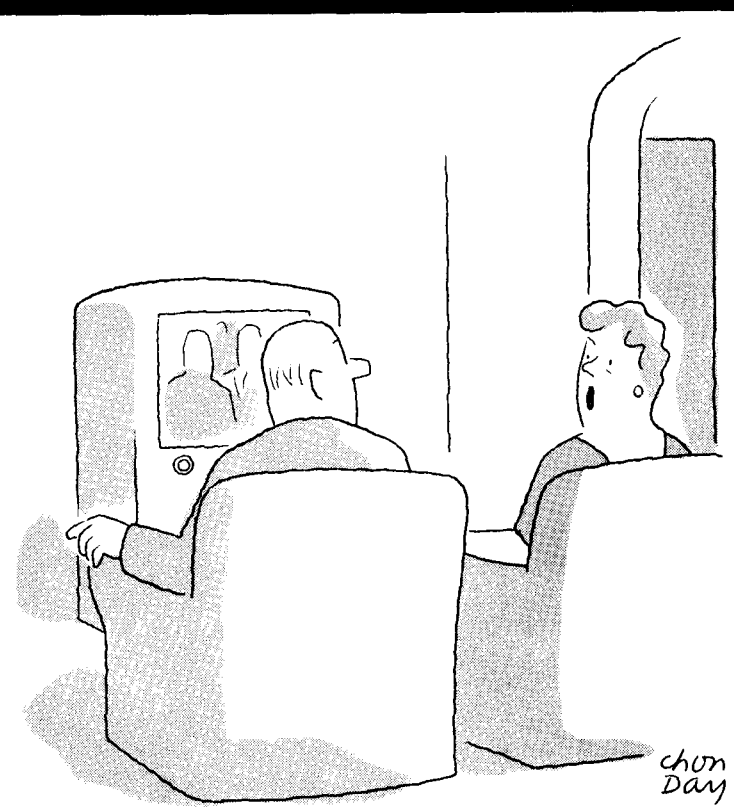

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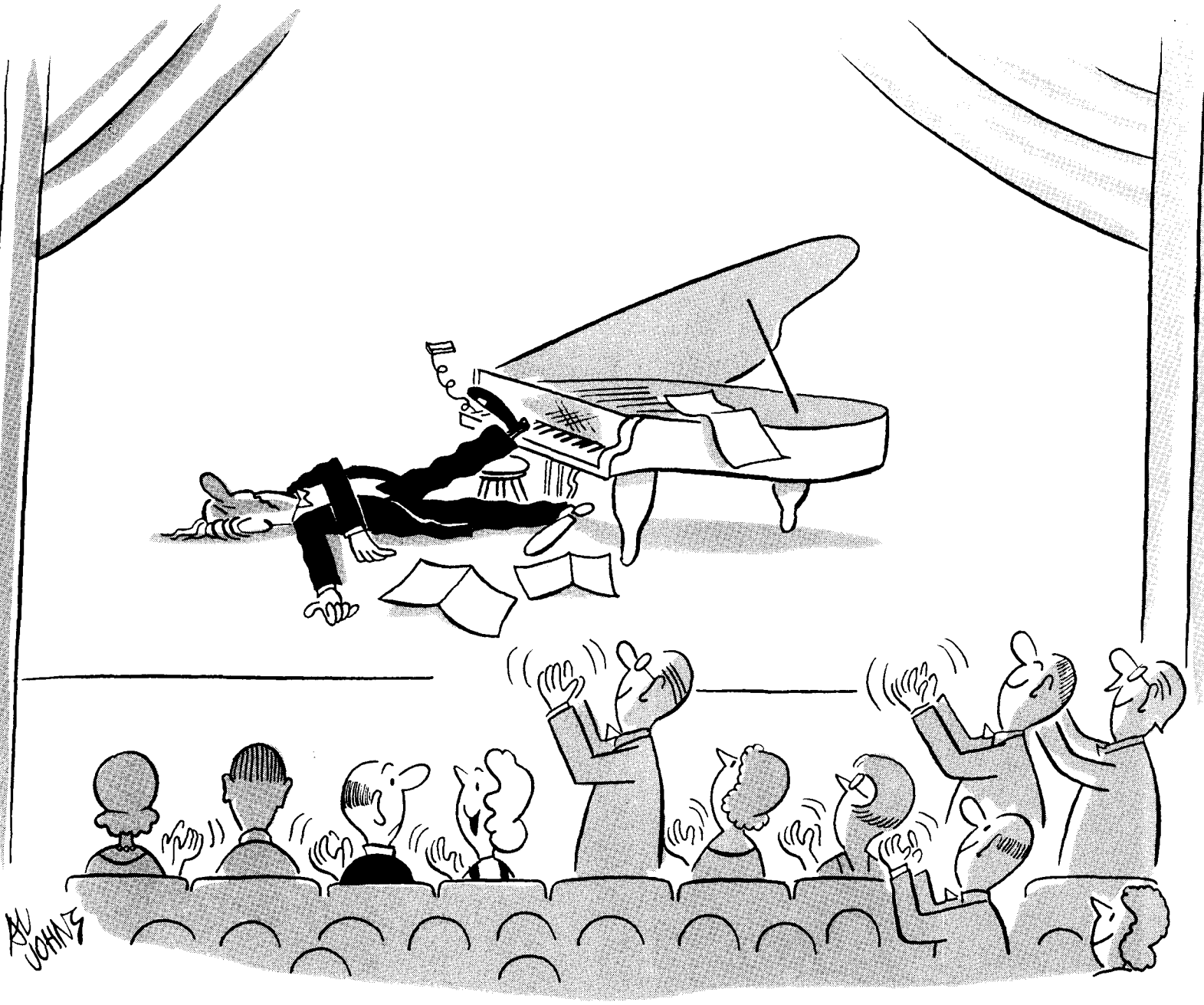

"Now do you see why he gives only two concerts a year?"

"Actually, it's Herbert's gall bladder, enlarged eighteen and a half times."

"Of course I like you. Would I be here eating your food if I didn't?"

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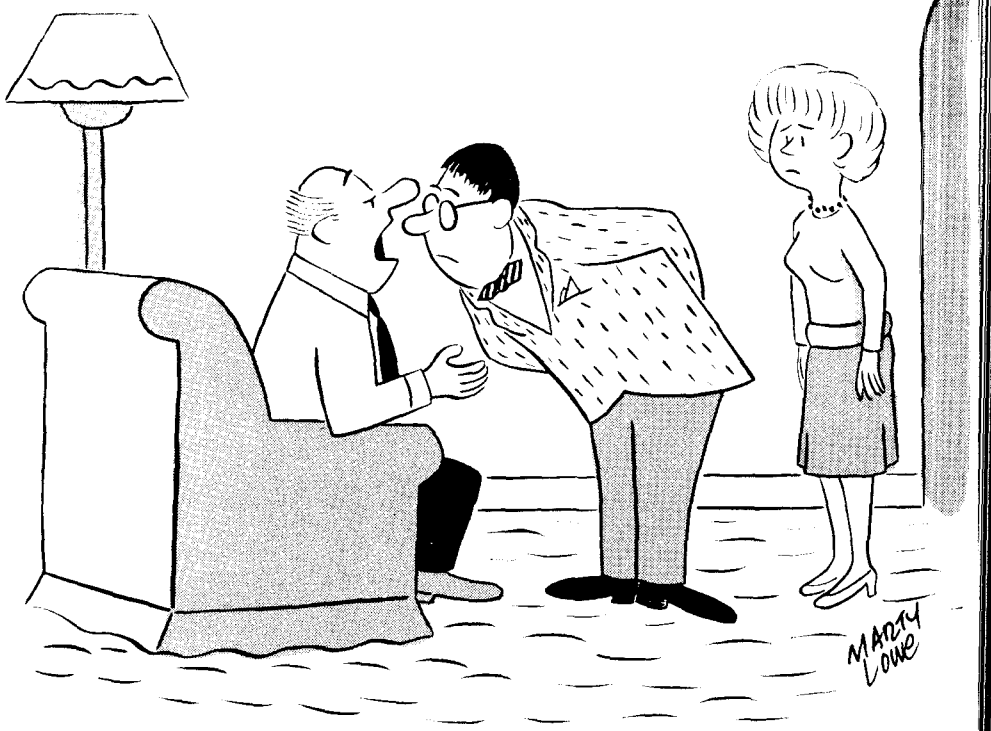
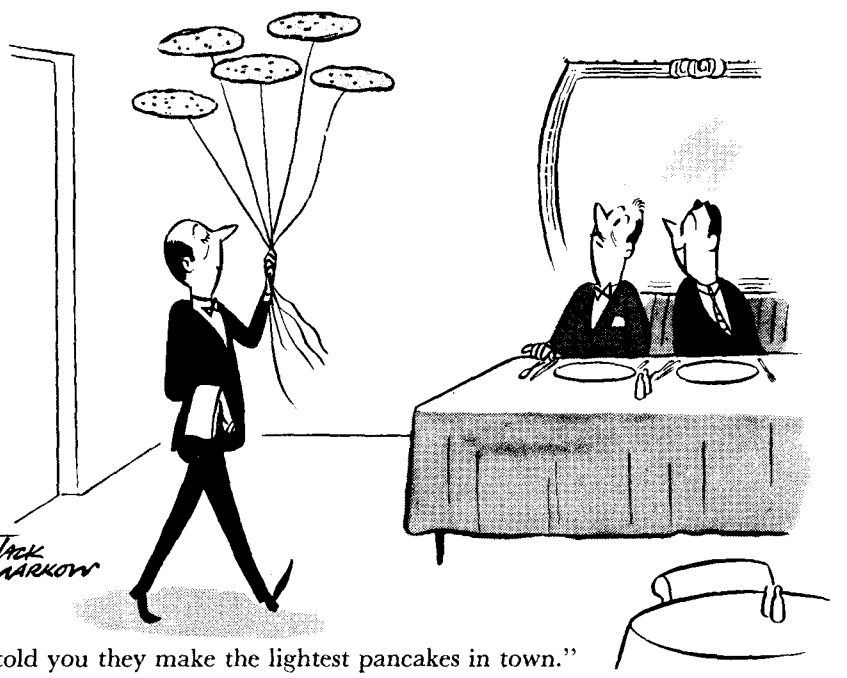


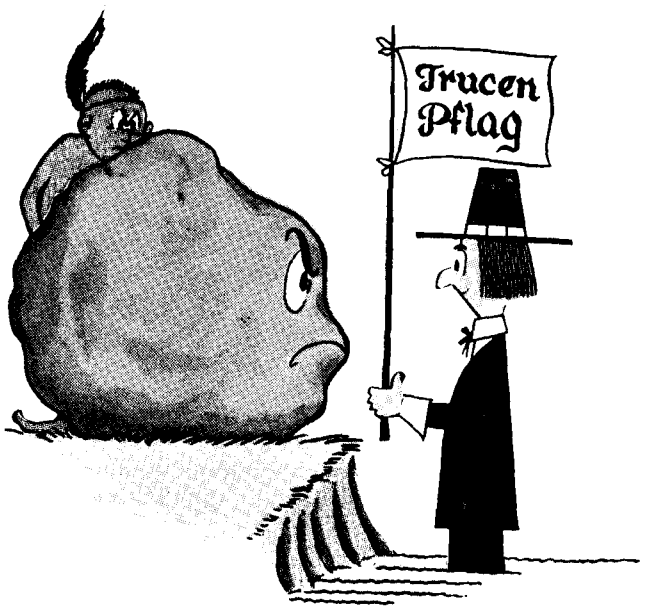
"Gloria tells me you're studying dentistry."

"You're hired!"



"I told you they make the lightest pancakes in town."

Historicker-Versen Mein Grossfader Made

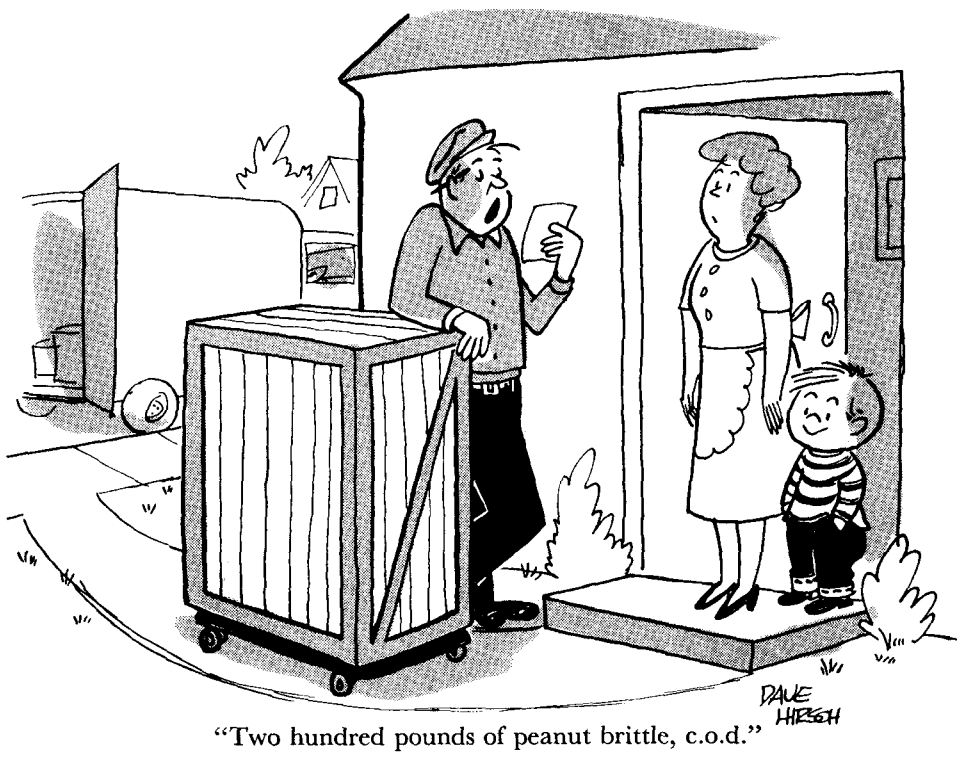


Der Pilgrimisch Faders

Ein boaten uploaden mit folkers ben sailen
Und crossen der wasser mitouten der failen.
Der Pilgrimisch Faders, includen der flocken,
Ben landen ontoppen das Plymouther Rocken.

Ist luckisch das rock ist nicht landen insteaden
Ontoppen der Faders mit bashen der headen.

Dave Morrah



"Two hundred pounds of peanut brittle, c.o.d."

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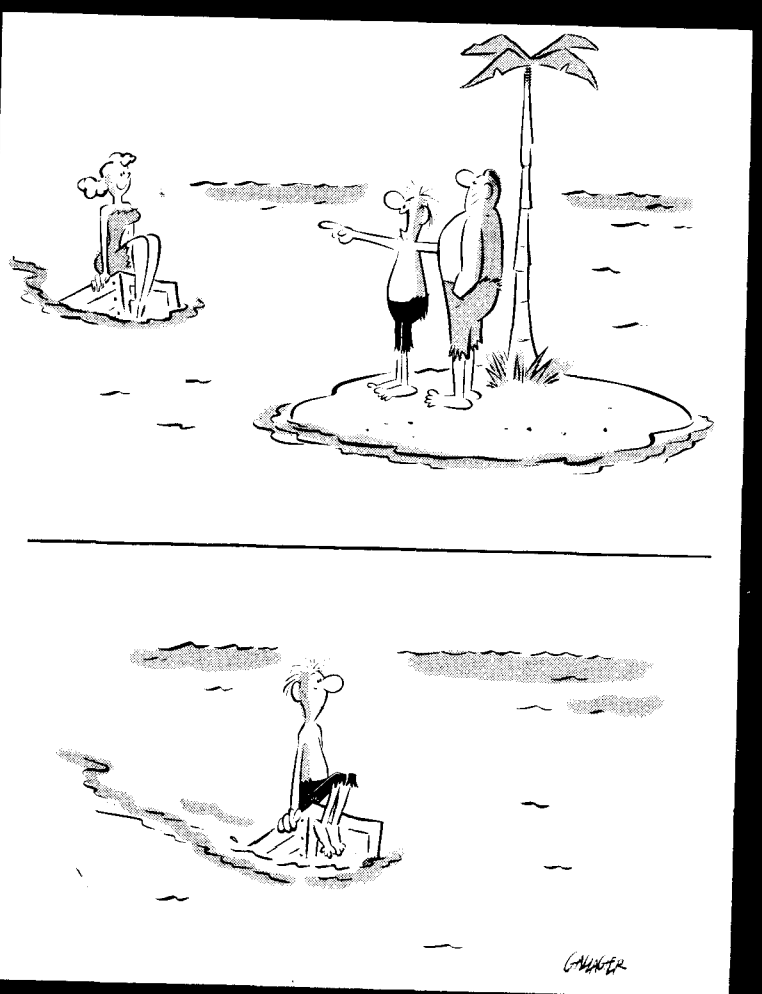
88

"This looks like a good spot."



"Having lunch in the office today, Becker? *Good!*"

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THE GREAT ART ROBBERY

Continued from page 31

In Paris a few years ago, Thompson spotted a French art dealer he knew slightly. The dealer had a package under his arm. His curiosity aroused, Thompson cornered him and, after a brief tug of war with the package, made the Frenchman open it. Inside was a Léger drawing and Thompson asked to buy it. Reluctantly the dealer put a price on it—$4000 cash. He refused to take a check.

Thompson led the Frenchman across the street to a branch office of the J. P. Morgan's bank. Though a complete stranger to the bank, Thompson managed to get the $4000 and bought the drawing.

"I'd have got that drawing even if I had to lock that guy in a vault until he sold it to me," says Thompson.

A cross between recluse and extrovert, Thompson, in his mid-sixties, is a vigorous, restless man with the build of a fullback, a head of thick, steel-colored hair, and battleship-gray eyes that alternately twinkle, glower and watch.

Outside a small circle of friends—including Pitt football coach John Michelosen, artist Malcolm Parcell, Judge Henry X. O'Brien and Carnegie Museum art expert John O'Connor Jr.—Thompson was little known in Pittsburgh before the robbery, and then only vaguely as the man who had tried to give his multimillion-dollar art collection away. But he had long been a legend in the world of art. His house, which he calls Stone's Throw, is an integral part of that legend.

The street view is deceptive. From the front, only one story is visible. The two other stories are hidden beneath the brow of the hill on which the house is built. There are fifteen rooms in the house, including four art galleries.

The rooms and galleries are crammed with paintings by Braque, Cézanne, Renoir, Matisse, Degas, Utrillo, Modigliani and the like. And strangely unobtrusive amidst so much color are pieces of sculpture by Rodin, Laurens, Maillol, Gabo, Mirko, Lipchitz and a dozen more.

A mobile by Alexander Calder hangs lightly from a ceiling; rugs designed by Picasso, Matisse, Miro and Léger adorn the floors. Outside, hidden here and there among the shrubbery, are fantastic statues by Afro, Moore and Giacometti.

Police at first believed the crime was the work of teen-age vandals. Upon closer inspection, however, investigators agreed that the culprits, although not experienced art thieves, were probably seasoned second-story men who had been watching the house for some time.

The Thompsons had been planning to leave on Saturday, July twenty-ninth, for a vacation in Seal Harbor, Maine. Two days earlier their trunks had been picked up by an express-company truck. Early Friday evening Thompson and his wife drove off to dine with friends at a country club on the other side of town.

At 9:17 P.M. Whitehall Borough police checked the house on a routine patrol-car swing through the neighborhood. Two hours later, a next-door neighbor, Norbert F. Stanny, heard a noise at the rear of the Thompson home. The noise probably was made by burglars twisting the handles from three rear doors which refused to give because safety locks held fast. Thwarted there, the thieves broke in through the front door.

Once inside the house, the burglars—police believe there were three or four of them—realized the Thompsons had not left on vacation. In the bedrooms were several pieces of half-packed luggage, evidence that the owners would return—perhaps any minute. Hence the burglars' haste; they were still frantically breaking frames and ripping canvases from the stretchers when the Thompsons' taxi pulled into the driveway at fifteen minutes past midnight.

The crooks may have been crude, but they seemed to know exactly what they were after. Perhaps they stumbled on an unfamiliar form of treasure and made a few lucky guesses. But it is possible that someone who knew the house intimately planned the theft and directed the gang to the most valuable paintings in the place—the Picassos hanging in the drawing room.

Thompson, his collection, and even his house, had received a good deal of public attention during a recent series of museum exhibitions in Zurich, Düsseldorf, The Hague and New York. These shows featured many of the nearly 400 paintings and sculpture pieces which Thompson had sold to a Swiss dealer in August of 1960.

Although the emergence of Thompson as a legend in the world of art is a development of the last decade, he had the urge to collect long before he had made his first million.

"I bought paintings when I had patches on my pants," he says. "I've always been collecting something. My first memory of owning a picture was back in Peru, Indiana, when I was eleven or twelve years old. One day an itinerant artist

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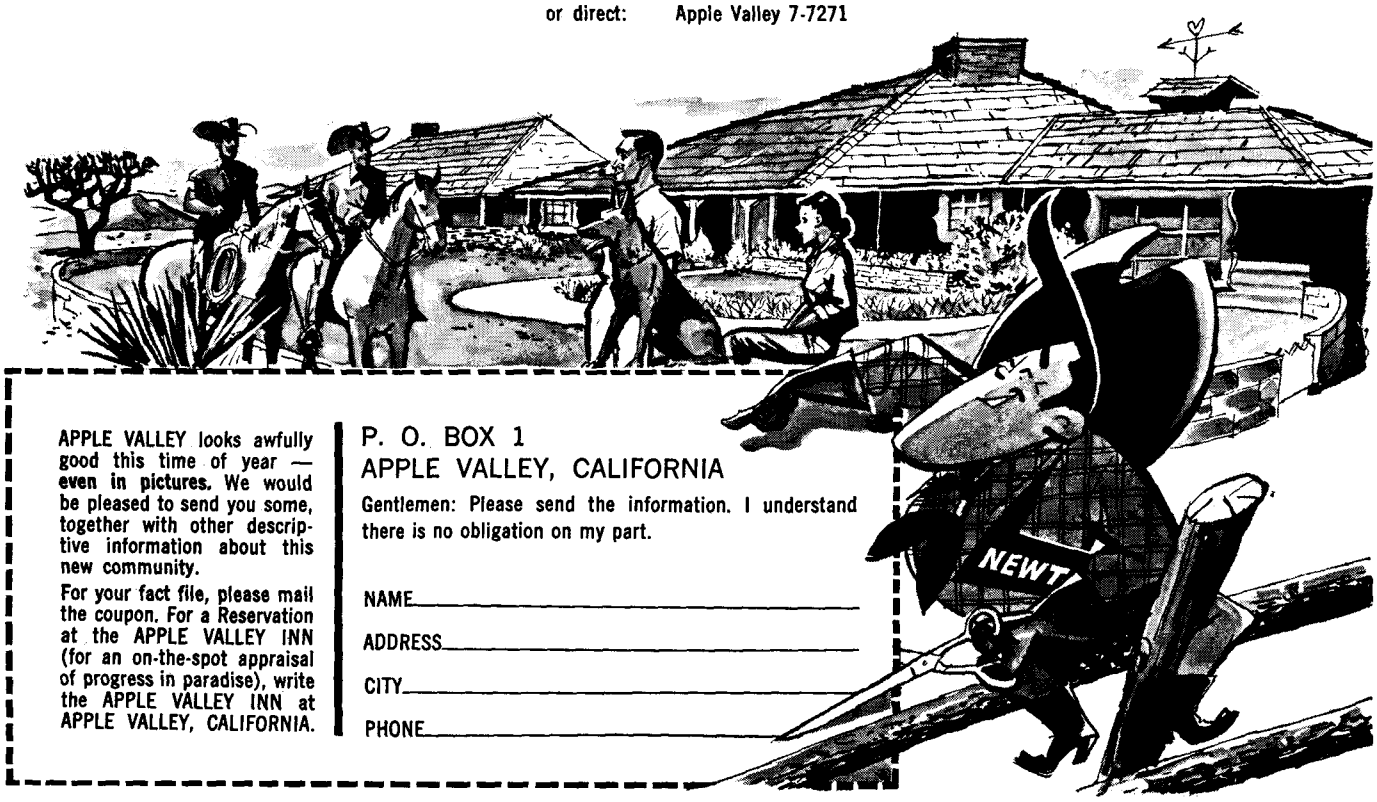

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appeared in the window of the Senger department store on Broadway. His name was Wink the Wizard and he signed his pictures 'Wink'. Senger's was offering them to customers who would buy so much merchandise. I ran all over town talking people into buying stuff so I could get the pictures."

The third of five children, Thompson was born in Newark, Ohio, and grew up in Peru, Indiana, where his father bossed a motor-manufacturing plant. Young Thompson gained a reputation in Peru as a two-fisted roughneck. He confesses that one of his early ambitions was to drag fellow townsman Cole Porter from his pony cart and "punch him in the nose." He never did, though.

As a boy, Thompson hated school. But when he was fourteen, a new teacher arrived in Peru. His name was John Whittenberger and he had been a star football player and founder of the Student Union at Indiana University. He was the kind of man Thompson could admire.

Under Whittenberger's guidance, young Thompson forsook the poolroom for the athletic field, made the high-school football and basketball teams and, as a semi-pro baseball player, earned the nickname "Leaguer" Thompson because big-league scouts reportedly had their eyes on him.

But John Whittenberger died when Thompson was seventeen. The boy left school and started bumming around the country, working as a short-order cook in Detroit, riding the rails, working briefly in a West Virginia coal mine.

Eventually he wound up in Pittsburgh, where his family had moved, and enrolled at Carnegie Tech. Too impatient to sweat out an engineering degree, he quit in 1920, in his junior year, and got a job as a foreman at the Westinghouse plant in East Pittsburgh. Quitting that, he and his brother Eugene started a supermarket-on-wheels, using a small fleet of trucks to take groceries to the housewife's doorstep. From this enterprise he shifted in 1926 to selling stocks and bonds for a New York broker; but the bottom fell out of the market, and he lost his job.

It wasn't until 1933 that his luck finally turned. In that year he rounded up several partners and launched the Thompson & Taylor Company, an investment banking house. Almost simultaneously, he married a beautiful Pittsburgh girl named Claire Craska. She bore him two children, a son, David, who was killed in an automobile crash in California in 1958, and a daughter, Sally, now the wife of Philadelphia architect Benjamin Martin.

When Claire Thompson died in 1939 he sold their home in Pittsburgh's fashionable East End, rented a farm and employed a British governess, Helene Steele, to care for the children. In 1956 he and Miss Steele were married in New York.

The Thompson & Taylor Company prospered, and before long Thompson gained virtual ownership. Shrewd investing and bitter proxy fights also won for him control of four steel-fabricating firms—Pittsburgh Engineering & Machine, Pittsburgh Steel Foundry, Pittsburgh Spring & Steel, and the Fort Pitt Steel Casting Company.

Thompson the collector stoutly denies that he applied to art the same hard-trading principles that proved so successful for Thompson the businessman. "With me it has never been a matter of buying art low and selling high," he says. "It is true that in trading around, things turned out well. But sometimes I got nicked."

Alfred Barr, collections director of New York's Museum of Modern Art, speaks knowingly of Thompson's methods of getting pictures. "He is indefatigable. If a frontal attack fails to bring down his quarry, he will try surprise—midnight phone calls to catch the resolute owner off guard, approaches through mutual friends, repeated offers to make exchanges in various and tempting combinations. Barter has in fact been one of his most effective weapons."

There are some who swear that Thompson can start a vogue for an artist simply by buying the artist's works. One of the fastest fads in art history began one afternoon in New York when he purchased twenty-seven Gromaire drawings in a 57th Street gallery. He carried them across the street to another gallery to have them framed. A museum director dropped in and saw them. Thompson sold him one drawing for the price he had paid for all twenty-seven a few minutes earlier.

Once, in the lobby of Rome's Grand Hotel, Thompson spied a young girl wearing a striking gold necklace. It was a clue that led him to the studio of Edgardo Mannucci, the girl's father, maker of the necklace. Mannucci was then an unknown sculptor. Thompson promptly bought several of his works. Today, Mannucci is a rising star.

Thompson is good at spotting fakes too. In Mexico City a few years ago, he met an Austrian dealer who had a beautiful Matisse. The man said he was acting as agent for a Paris collector who didn't want his identity known. He gave Thompson a photograph of the painting with a certification on the back signed by the

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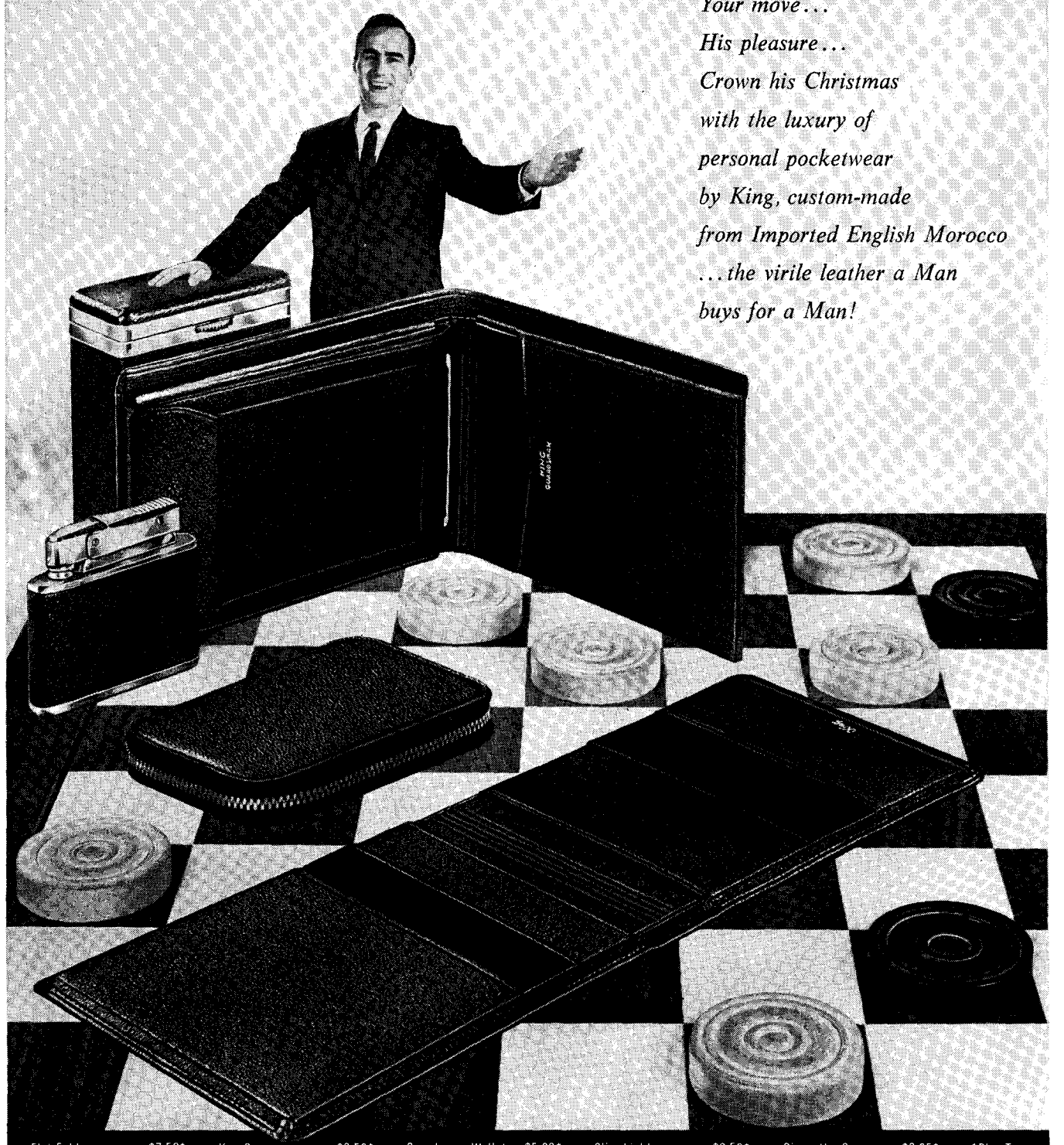

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ART ROBBERY artist. A handwriting expert verified the signature as genuine.

Still doubtful, Thompson nevertheless got the Austrian to accept a $6000 down payment, the balance, $10,000, to be paid within thirty days.

Back at Stone's Throw, his Pittsburgh house, Thompson hung the painting next to several genuine Matisse's. "It just didn't have the spark," he says regretfully. Further investigation convinced him that it was a forgery.

Using the $10,000 balance due as bait, he lured the Austrian to Pittsburgh. When the man entered Thompson's office, a deputy sheriff handed him a writ of no exit, an ancient court order which had not been invoked in Allegheny County for over a century but which served to prevent the surprised visitor from skipping town. Before Thompson was done with the "agent," he had extracted the name of the alleged Matisse owner, retrieved his $6000, and sent the man on his way with the dubious painting.

Some months later Thompson and his wife visited one of New York's leading art galleries. The manager showed them a "wonderful Matisse" he had just sold to a California collector for $60,000. It was the same one Thompson had unearthed in Mexico City.

"When I told him it was a forgery," says Thompson, "it was like setting off a bomb in church. Of course, they returned the $60,000 to the man in California."

Thompson doesn't claim infallibility in detecting fakes. "You can't be a collector without getting stuck once in a while," he admits. But he trusts his own judgment. On occasion, he has even refused to accept the word of the artist. In checking out an early Cubist Braque which the aging French master had twice certified, he not only proved it was a forgery but stumbled on two similar counterfeits which had fooled Braque. One of them the artist had even passed to be reproduced in an anthology of his work.

Unlike many devotees of modern art, Thompson does not try to shove his views down the throats of the uninitiated. Indeed, he has grave reservations about current trends in art.

"There is an overabundance of snobbery in contemporary art circles," he says. "There is an inclination to label as old hat all art that cannot be classified among today's 'action' paintings. I believe that no matter how advanced your viewpoint, realism could be as valid a subject for study as Dadaism or any of the other modern movements."

Thompson claims he bought his first Bauhaus painting by Paul Klee back in 1928, but old friends say he had little interest in modern art before he met Berlin-born dealer Curt Valentin in New York in the early 1940's. Thompson insists he started collecting moderns long before Valentin turned up on 57th Street.

Probably the first artist of importance Thompson became interested in was John Kane. He met Kane at a trolley stop in Pittsburgh several years before anyone had heard of the one-legged Irishman, who later was recognized as America's foremost "primitive."

At one time Thompson owned virtually all of Kane's works. Then in 1927 Kane won recognition at a Carnegie International Exhibition for his *Scene from the Scottish Hills* and found his art in demand. Thompson says he returned most of the paintings to Kane—free. But Kane's family is still mysteriously bitter about what they regard as Thompson's "shoddy treatment" of him.

Two years ago, some months after the death of his son, Thompson decided to retire from business. At the same time, he quietly drew up a plan to turn over his vast collection to Pittsburgh.

This gallery in Thompson's house includes work by many modern masters. Note the Picasso, torn by the thieves.

"He was," says a friend, "acutely aware that three great collections financed by Pittsburgh capital had gone to other cities—the Andrew W. Mellon Collection to the National Gallery in Washington, the Frick Collection to New York, and the Arensberg Collection to Philadelphia. Dave had made his money in Pittsburgh. This was his home. He was determined the Thompson Collection would stay here in the city."

The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, chief architect of the Pittsburgh "renaissance," was beating the drums for a new art museum. Thompson felt that this was the only agency in town with enough influence to swing the sort of deal he had in mind.

"We offered them everything—the paintings, the sculpture, the house, the furnishings—everything," he says. "We thought Stone's Throw could serve as an interim museum while the one downtown was being built."

He estimated—most modestly, as events were to prove—that his collection and home were worth between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000. He invited the Mellon Trust to verify this valuation with an independent appraisal. Then, whatever figure the appraiser arrived at, the foundation was to raise a like amount for construction of the museum, plus a second matching sum to maintain and add to the collection.

Thompson asked that his gift be kept anonymous, and he left the door open to negotiation if the terms did not satisfy the foundation. Several months went by. No appraisal was made, though several Mellon trustees visited Stone's Throw to view the collection. Finally they wrote thanking the Thompsons for their "very generous offer . . . to donate their collection"—and politely turned it down. The foundation, which has dispensed nearly $160,000,000, about half of it for Washington's National Gallery, said it had just adopted a policy of conserving its "presently uncommitted principal."

Thompson was stunned. Later he was angered by rumors that he had tried to sell his collection to the Mellon Trust for hard cash. R. Sturgis Ingersoll, president of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, characterized the rejection of the Thompson collection succinctly. "Pittsburgh," he said, "was awful dumb."

Just how dumb did not become apparent until last year, when, in disgust at the Mellon Trust's action, Thompson sold about half his fabled collection to Swiss dealer Ernst Beyeler, who reportedly has been offered up to $7,000,000 for the 338 paintings and sixty pieces of sculpture.

Billed as "The G. David Thompson Collection," these works were acclaimed as "the sensation of the season" by European critics last spring during the museum tour arranged by Beyeler. One hundred of the paintings were shown at the Guggenheim Museum in New York for three months last summer and the remaining paintings were exhibited last month in Turin, Italy.

Previously Beyeler had negotiated a deal with the city of Düsseldorf, which put up $1,500,000 for eighty-seven of Thompson's Klees. More recently the Swiss government bid $1,000,000 for Thompson's unrivaled collection of paintings and sculpture by Swiss-born Alberto Giacometti. Thus, Thompson's gift offer to Pittsburgh may have been worth at least twice his original valuation.

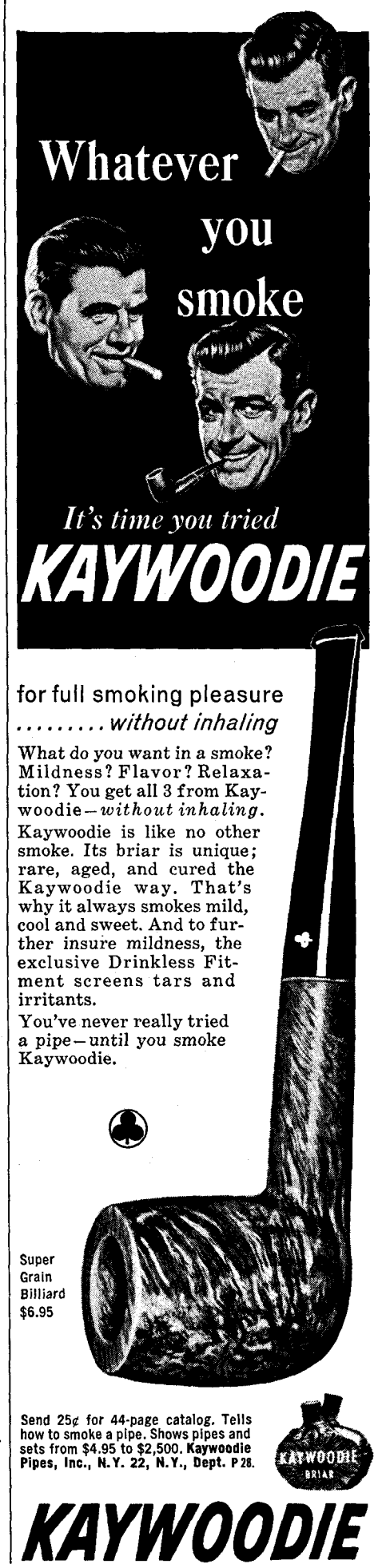
At other times Thompson has had more success in giving his art away. In memory of his old teacher, John Whittenberger, he has sent Peru High School more than fifty paintings, mostly by American artists, and nearly 100 pieces of sculpture and old pottery.

The three-story high Calder mobile that hangs in the rotunda of the Greater Pittsburgh Airport was an anonymous gift, but it is known to have cost Thompson $25,000. He has also made gifts to the Museum of Modern Art, to Harvard's Fogg Museum, which he serves as a board member, and to Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum. One of the three paintings the thieves left hanging in the Picasso Room at Stone's Throw was a rare early "rose period" nude, which Thompson has willed to the Museum of Modern Art. It has been valued at more than $200,000.

At Thompson's home the morning after the robbery, the Carnegie Institute's Gordon Washburn commented on the folly of the burglars' carting off paintings "they can't possibly sell." Now, however, some art experts disagree.

Paintings, particularly modern paintings, can be doctored so that the sharpest dealer would hesitate to call them contraband. There are signs, too, that some buyers might not care whether a painting was stolen. *The Insider's Newsletter* of Cowles Magazine recently theorized that much of the art stolen in the current epidemic of robberies may be winding up in South America and in Communist countries. Wealthy Latin Americans rarely publicize their acquisitions and seldom donate them to museums. Affluent Communist leaders, the *Newsletter* said, prefer art to liquid assets because big bank accounts can prove embarrassing.

If Thompson's stolen paintings have indeed been whisked into a Soviet-bloc country, he may as well pocket his $100,000 ransom offer and kiss them good-by. Not even an Indiana horse trader with the personality of an Irish policeman is likely to smuggle ten colorful abstracts back through the Iron Curtain. THE END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THE FOUR-DAY ARK

continued from page 33

doily his grandmother had made half a century before.

"It would kill him to have to leave," Helen said quietly.

Alan lifted his eyes to look at her. A slender girl, her short brown hair and trim-fitting slacks had somehow always looked incongruous in this old-fashioned house. She smiled at him.

"He's given us a wonderful year, Alan. Let's lend him one of ours, now."

They held a long glance, and then Alan turned his head to the doctor. "A year?"

"I'm afraid a year will be plenty."

It had been a long and emotionally trying day, but it wasn't weariness that made Alan sigh; it was a shadow, felt rather than seen, dimming the horizon.

"All right. We'll stay."

Fall sped by, and an early, harsh winter set in. The roads drifted with snow and, when Doc Littlejohn had to come out again early in December, he walked the last quarter of a mile. He did what he could to make Henry Straus comfortable and then, as he was about to leave, looked sharply at Helen.

"Shouldn't you be coming in to see me?"

She laughed. "We hadn't told anyone yet."

He took off his coat. "Well, I'm here now."

Storm followed storm, and the snow lay deep over all the land. Farm life slowed to a few simple chores, and Alan buried himself in his books, reviewing what he had learned, digging deeper into the nuances of jurisprudence. The bitter cold lasted far into spring and then, just four days ago, the south winds had finally come, bringing rain. It started abruptly, falling in sheets with a relentlessness that was ominous. It lashed at the snowbanks, melting them away, and that night, when Doc Littlejohn responded to their urgent call, he reported the creeks already out of their banks.

"You'll see water around here," he predicted. "Too bad that dam won't be finished until next year."

"We'll be all right as soon as the rain stops. How is he, Doc?"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid it's only a matter of a day or two. I expect he'll just sleep away, this time." He looked thoughtfully at Helen. "You know, you could ride back to town with me."

"Why should I?"

He grunted. "We've got a lot of snow to get rid of. I don't mind wading through snow, but water is something else again."

Helen laughed. "You said yourself it's probably ten days off."

"I know. I know. But I've been wrong before."

Apprehension stabbed at Alan. As he considered the possibilities for disaster, he felt painfully inadequate in the face of a suddenly explosive situation.

"Maybe you'd better go in with him."

She smiled. "Don't be silly."

"Mrs. Dike has an extra room," Doc Littlejohn said. "You could stay there, I know."

"And I'd feel a lot easier about you," Alan added. "Taking care of grandpa is a big enough job and, if it should keep on raining, there's no telling how long we might be isolated."

"Alan," Helen said with quiet finality, "I want to be here, with you."

Doc Littlejohn shrugged and pulled on his raincoat. "Well, just take it easy, anyway." He put on his wet hat. "Sorry I can't do more for you, or for Henry."

"It's all right," Alan said. He opened the door. "Odd, isn't it? One coming, one going."

The doctor looked at the deluge falling beyond the eaves. "Immortality at work, Alan. God bless you all."

The rain didn't stop. Hour after hour, day and night, it slashed at the land. Puddles formed, ran together, grew and spread into sheets. Yellow foam from the creeks twisted sinuously across what had been level fields. Bridges gave way before onslaughts of driftwood. Low roads melted. Wild animals moved in the open; a sodden fox splashed across the vegetable garden, a skunk with half a dozen miniatures at her heels marched brazenly up the road. The electricity, and then the phone, went out. And in the darkened, silent house the tension mounted while Henry Straus slept quietly on.

In the gray light of this fourth morning of rain, Alan stood in the window of his grandfather's room, fighting the growing panic he'd felt since before dawn. Helen had been restless in her sleep, crying out in the darkness, mumbling inarticulately. He had been up and down half a dozen times, listening to her, slipping downstairs to check on his grandfather. The relentlessness of the rain, his increasing concern over Helen and the depressing inevitability of his grandfather's death had chipped away at his reserve of energy until he felt like a zombi, half asleep, half awake, deeply weary.

He heard the bed creak in the big room overhead and knew that Helen was awake. Alan glanced once more at the silent old man and went swiftly up the stairs. Helen was struggling to sit up and, as she turned toward the door, the look on her face sent a stab of fear through him.

"What's the matter?"

Her eyes were big with bewilderment. "I don't know. I had some pains. I've got a funny feeling."

He forced a smile. "Probably just that roughneck turning over."

She shook her head. "This is different."

He dropped to his knees beside the bed. "You can't!" The cry escaped his lips before he could stop it.

She smiled suddenly at his concern and held her hand toward his lips. "Alan."

He took the hand, pressed its warmth against his cheek and then kissed the soft palm. "Yeah. *I* should worry." He tried to match her smile. "I wish I'd sent you in with Doc, though."

"I don't want to be away from you. I'll be all right; I feel better already, now that you're here."

"I'll get you something to eat and then take care of the stock."

"I don't think I feel like eating just yet. Is grandpa all right?"

"Just the same." He kissed her forehead. "Stay in bed now and take it easy. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Is the water still coming up?"

He hesitated, then knew she'd see it in his face. "Some." He made his tone light. "We'll be all right as soon as the rain stops. It can't go on forever and, after all, the old house hasn't floated away in over fifty years."

She turned her eyes to the window and shivered a little. "I wish it'd stop. I wish it'd stop right now."

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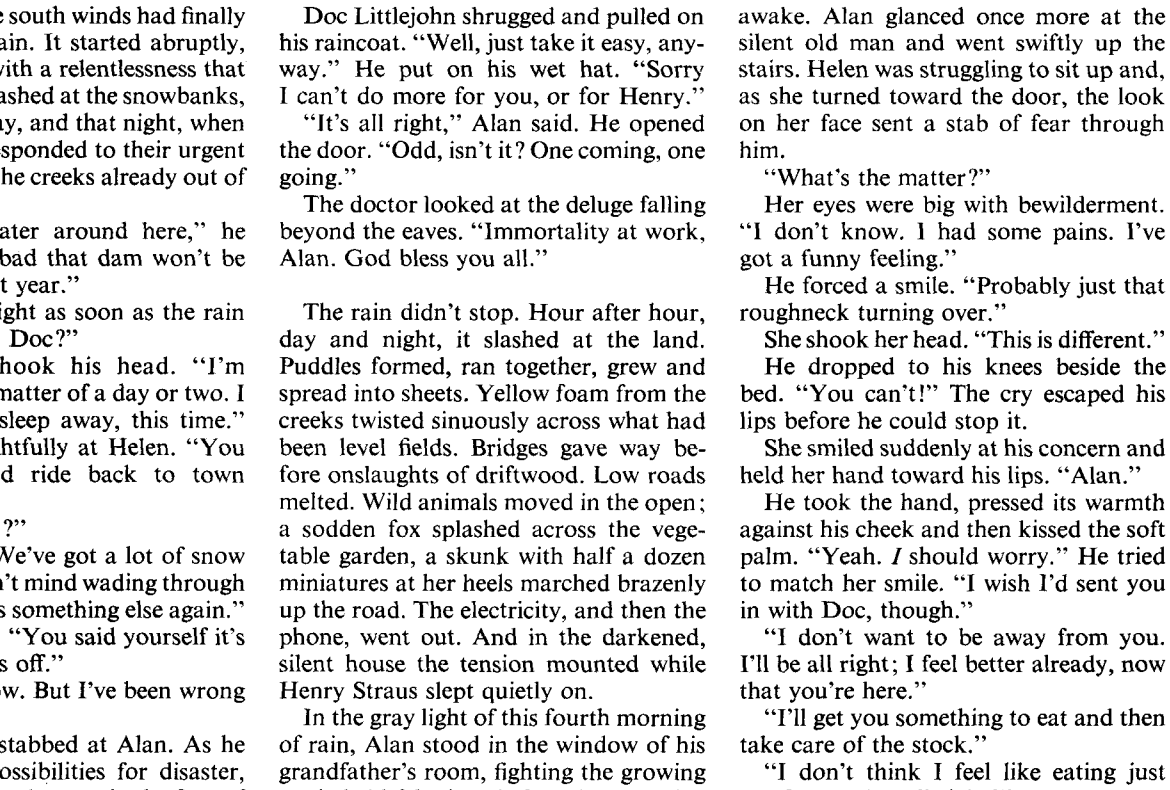

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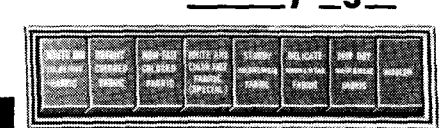

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He went downstairs, put on his slicker and pulled on the knee-length boots. The big kitchen was filled with the aroma of the meats he was roasting, now that the freezer was thawing. The electric stove was a useless gadget under the circumstances, but the old wood range which his grandfather had never bothered to remove was performing as faithfully today as it had two generations before, when it was new. Alan added more wood to the fire, then opened the back door and stopped, aghast at the scene that lay before him.

The fifty yards between house and barn, which a scant half hour before had shown only a series of puddles, was covered by a sheet of water.

Panic slammed down on him again. A flood wasn't just a possibility—it was here. Water was probably already in the barn; he'd have to get the stock out as quickly as possible.

He was aware of Brandy, the tawny collie, looking up at him anxiously. "It's all right, boy. It's all right."

Alan hurried down the steps, wishing he could believe his own words. The rain beat viciously at him, and he left a wake in the muddy water.

Everywhere he saw the same ominous stretch of flood. Only the top of the road in front of the house was visible, and a few yards beyond the gate, toward the creek, even that had disappeared. Off to the west the land sloped up to a low ridge, a quarter of a mile away. The ridge was probably safe. If he could get the cows and horses that far, they'd be all right.

The horses and cows, yes, but Helen and grandpa were something else again. They had to have real shelter, and he'd have to be at hand to find it for them. Alan began to run toward the barn, the water spraying out in dirty sheets.

The stone foundation of the barn was submerged and, even as he slid wide the big door, a wavelet lapped over the worn sill onto the splintered planks. The cows were lowing, and both horses whinnied piercingly as he stepped inside. The chickens were already roosting on the narrow stairs leading up to the haymow, and Toby, the yellow barn cat who lived a riotous life of independence, came eagerly toward him, mewing hoarsely. The pigsty was on a lower level, and from that direction came bedlam.

A stone ramp, guarded by a gate, led down to the sty under one corner of the barn. Alan opened the gate, and 400 pounds of porcine anger lunged up into the barn, the sow's squealing piglets streaming after her. The water swirled darkly behind them, almost to the top of the ramp. The pigs set the chickens to cackling; the horses reared and whinnied, kicking at their stalls; the cows answered with a frenzied note Alan had never heard before. Terror was in the air, ballooning, and Alan felt it surge up within himself, then fought it back savagely. He couldn't give way now.

The frightened animals hushed their clamor and stared at him—the sow from a corner of the barn, the cows and horses from one side, the chickens and the yellow cat from the stairs—the same, fixed expression in their eyes. They expected him to save them from disaster.

For a moment Alan was overwhelmed. He hadn't asked for this. All he wanted was a quiet, uneventful life; what he had was a barnful of terrified animals and a houseful of potential tragedy—and a sudden, shattering sense of responsibility.

Over all the years the farm had given and given, steadfastly pouring forth its bounty. Now it needed something in return; now it needed the help and courage of someone who loved it. It needed someone to fight for it, to help keep its creatures alive.

And in that moment of tableau, with the suddenly quieted animals watching him, gooseflesh studded Alan's arms. A flood of resolution welled up within him, warmed him, and then subsided.

"All right," he said aloud.

He let down the chain that confined the cows, grabbed the bell collar of old Bess and started out of the barn, the two other Jerseys following close behind. Bess hesitated at the door, then stepped out and splashed along beside him, head up, eyes rolling with fright. The other cows bumped each other in their haste to get through the door and lunged awkwardly after them, spraying the water wide.

Alan led them out the gate, through the deeper water of the roadside ditch and up onto the gravel hardtop. He turned Bess in the direction of the ridge and slapped her rump sharply.

"Good luck, girl!"

Her bell tolling dismally in the downpour, she lumbered off with her two companions. Alan splashed back to the barn.

The water stood three inches over the floor already. The horses were kicking frantically, but he left them for the moment. The small pigs squealed with fright, splashing about wildly, but there was no point in taking them to the loft first; the old sow was the problem.

Alan climbed the stairs to the haymow, and the chickens scattered before him,

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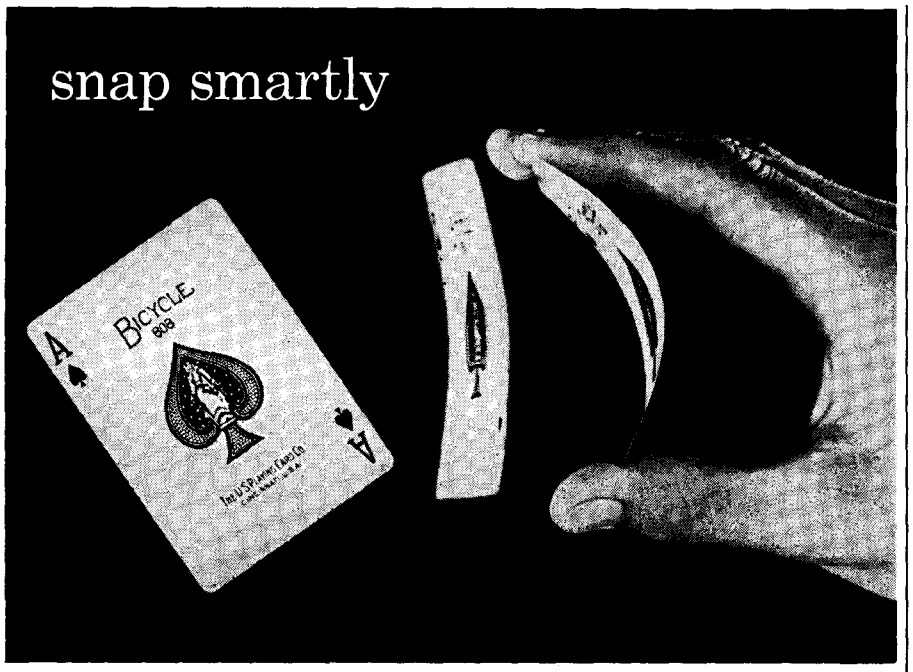

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ARK adding their squawks to the barn's turmoil. He found the block and tackle used to hoist the hay into the loft and lashed the big sheave to a floor beam opposite the stairs, smashing through a board where a knothole showed the underlying stringer.

He fashioned a noose, secured it to the hook of the running block and then, paying out the line, took the block and the hauling part of the line down the stairs. The sow backed into a corner, grunting angrily, trampling over the frenzied piglets. Alan lunged in, dropped the noose over her head and took a strain on the line. She fought wildly for a moment, then gave in and moved reluctantly to the foot of the stairs. There she stopped and sank back on her haunches, bracing her forefeet against the bottom riser.

Alan swore and heaved at the line. The sow's neck stretched, but she didn't budge. He considered hitching up a horse, but it'd take too long and, besides, he wasn't sure they'd work for him in their state of terror. He turned his back on the sow, the line over his shoulder, and grimly threw all his weight into it.

He could hear her hoarse gasping even over his own, and for a blind, brutal moment he thought she was going to let him strangle her; and, straining, a red film before his eyes, he hoped she would.

Then the rope gave a little, and a little more. He surged forward savagely, and she started slowly, reluctantly up the stairs, gradually moving faster until, seeing the level floor above her, she went the last two steps in a rush.

Staggering with exhaustion, Alan splashed after her squealing babies and carried them one by one up to the loft. That was that. If they came down, or fell down or broke through the floor, he'd done his best. He waded over to the stalls and pulled back the doors, stumbling away as the horses lunged out and then stood trembling, nostrils wide, in the middle of the flooded barn. The wash flowed over the tops of Alan's boots, filling them instantly.

He caught the horses' halters and, moving laboriously through water above his knees, took them out the gate. At the ditch the icy water swirled around his waist, numbing him. He led them along the now submerged road to where it was still above water and turned the horses loose. They broke into a wild gallop toward the ridge.

Alan fought his way back. The old farmhouse was set high off the ground, but the muddy water was more than halfway up the foundations. Alan stumbled up the steps and stood on the sheltered back porch, swaying, trying to catch his breath. The collie leaned tight against the door, watching him anxiously. After a moment's rest Alan pulled off his boots, emptied them and opened the door. A gush of warm air, heady with the meat smell, flowed out to meet him, and Brandy ducked inside.

One more chore. Alan picked up the wooden box that sheltered Helen's brooding hen and tiny chicks and carried it into the kitchen. When he bent to put it on the table the hen pecked angrily at his face. He jerked his head back, swore, then shut the back door and leaned wearily against it. Brandy flopped in front of the stove and looked up, thumping his tail.

Alan laughed helplessly. "O.K., so you got inside. Just remember that once doesn't make a habit."

A pool of water had formed where he stood. He wearily pulled off his clothes. According to the clock he'd been out less than an hour, but he felt as if he'd worked a full day. He dropped the sodden clothes into the tub in the bathroom and toweled himself fiercely until his body glowed. He put on a bathrobe.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

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He had started down the hall toward his grandfather's room when Helen's voice, sharp with anxiety, reached him. "Alan!" He was upstairs in a moment. She lay there, quiet, watching the door, her eyes big with fright, and he saw in them the same look that he'd seen in the animals'—a silent cry for help.

He knelt beside the bed, and she moved her head close to his and began to weep uncontrollably. He held her tight, unable to speak, the beat of his heart slowing under the grip of fear until he was afraid it would stop altogether.

"The pains have started—oh, *Alan!*"

And then Brandy came into the room, the soft pad of his feet just audible above the drumming rain. The dog had rarely been in the house and never before upstairs, but now he moved purposefully in beside Alan and laid his slender muzzle on the sheet, his soft eyes filled with concern and affection. Helen brushed her cheeks against the dog's head, and a bubble caught in Alan's throat, ached briefly and then was gone.

"Easy does it," he said with a calmness that he didn't feel. "Everything will be all right."

"The water's worse, isn't it?"

He forced a smile. "The farm's been under water before, but the house has stood. It'll stand now."

"But grandpa ——"

"We don't have to worry about grandpa," Alan said gently. "He hasn't any pain. He's just resting, getting ready for his journey."

She gasped and shut her eyes and caught his hand in her own, squeezing it fiercely until the spasm had passed. Perspiration studded her upper lip, and when she opened her eyes again they were glistening, but smiling.

"That was a bad one."

He kissed the hand holding his. "I know all the things that are supposed to be done. I've studied it. I won't be the first father who ever delivered his child."

"I'm not afraid," she whispered. She dropped Alan's hand and extended her forefinger to touch the black tip of Brandy's nose. "You're going to have someone to play with, to take care of."

The dog's long tail wagged slowly, lovingly. Alan rose to his feet. "I'm going to get some of the things we might need up here, just in case the water does come in. I don't think it will, but you never can tell. Better be safe. I'll be right back." He started for the door.

"Alan." He turned around. "Please bring grandpa up," she said. "He'll be all right on the couch. I won't worry about him being down there all alone, then. Oh, Alan! I hope the baby comes in time—he was so pleased about it."

The bubble was there in his throat again, and he swallowed hard at it before he could speak. "He'll know. One way or another, he'll know."

He carried the frail, silent form up the stairs and laid it tenderly on the old black-leather couch by a window. As he arranged the pillows and blankets, his grandfather sighed softly, and Alan wondered how many times in the past half century Henry Straus had stretched out here, comfortably weary from labor on his beloved land. If he should open his eyes now, he would see only water from the window, but the outlines of the farm were there; they would always be there. The farm was real and permanent, a substantial thing; the water only a temporary inconvenience.

The hours dragged by. Helen's pains came and went with increasing frequency, and she suffered them in silence as long as she could. The time came, though, when they were almost constant and, as the hurt mounted within her and she cried out against it, each protest was a knife point in Alan's heart. He did what he could for her, trying not to show his fear, overwhelmed with the enormity of what was happening, numb with the realization that he, too, was standing judgment.

She smiled once through her pain and spoke, her voice so low he had to bend down to her lips to catch the words. "The rain. It's stopped."

And even as he turned toward the window, wondering how she could be aware of such a thing, she cried out again and dug her fingers into his arm, arching under the impact of pain.

An hour, an eternity, passed and then suddenly Alan was too busy to be afraid any longer. He worked swiftly, tenderly, realizing that what he was doing came almost by instinct. There was a moment of awesome silence and then a feeble cry, growing stronger even as it ebbed, and he held the angry, red-faced dark-haired child in his arms.

His son was born.

Some time later Helen lay against a fresh white pillow, strength already flowing back into her spent body, the baby cradled in her arms. Alan smiled wearily down at them, almost lightheaded with relief. He kissed Helen on the forehead, touched the button nose of his tiny son with one long finger and then turned away, walking slowly to the window.

The eaves still dripped, but the absence of the noisy drumming on the roof left a quiet that was almost eerie. He looked down at the dull sheet of water that stretched unbrokenly over the fields and through the barren groves. His gaze finally fell on the gooseberry bushes near the back door.

Debris was caught in the exposed upper branches. Alan studied it, frowning, puzzled. Then suddenly light broke: *the debris was slanting down.*

He spun around. "The water's dropping! The farm's safe!"

He walked back to the foot of the bed and stood in silence for a full minute, studying the baby in Helen's arms.

"Something happened out in the barn; the farm came alive." He spoke quietly. "All these years I've looked on it as just something to take all you can from, but you can't just take. You've got to give too. Give and ye shall receive; sow and ye shall reap. I feel now what grandpa must have felt all these years. He gave the farm his love, and it showered its bounty on him. That bounty's waiting for us, too, Helen. When I graduate, I could practice law in town and live out here—except that it's a lot to ask a girl who's lived on pavement all her life."

Her eyes were wide, glistening. "Why, Alan, I've loved it here from the very first day! And for Henry."

He broke into a smile, realizing that the easy way she spoke the name aloud meant only that she, too, had long considered it. From the direction of the couch there was a gentle sigh, and Helen turned her head quickly.

"Grandpa's gone," she said.

Alan stepped across the room and looked down on the fine old face, relaxed now, in peace. "Yes, he's gone." He felt a slow warmth, a tenderness, flooding over him. "I guess he felt he couldn't go until he knew the farm was all right. We've set him free." THE END

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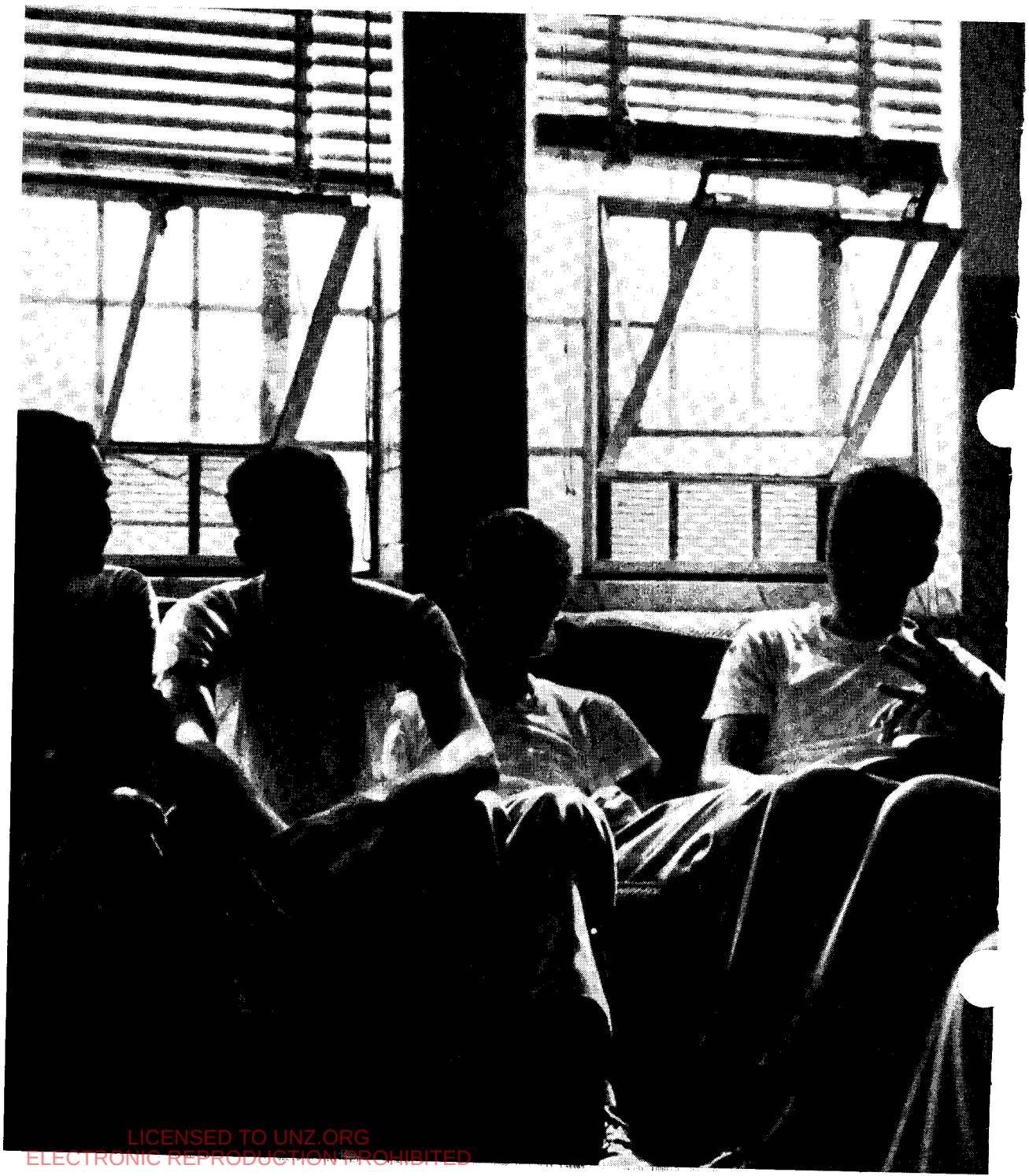

On a warm Saturday afternoon in July of 1954, a seventeen-year-old high-school student, who shall be known here as Chester, had two beers at a café in southern Illinois with an older acquaintance named Arthur, who was on parole from a state reformatory. Both were bored and aimless. Arthur suggested they "crash" a wedding reception and dance being held in a nearby town in Indiana.

Having no transportation, Arthur "borrowed" an automobile by using a technique he had learned from inmates of the reformatory. The boys drove to the Indiana town, slipped into the party and danced with several guests, including a sixteen-year-old girl who took a fancy to Arthur. About ten P.M. all three drove away in the stolen automobile.

Shortly after midnight the girl staggered into a service station just over the state line in Illinois. Her face was bruised and her clothes torn. She told a state police officer, who arrived shortly, that she had been raped. Chester and Arthur were arrested the next morning and, because they had crossed a state line, were taken into Federal district court, charged with automobile theft, kidnaping and rape. They made no defense except to say that the girl was a "heavy necker" and "was asking for it."

As a parolee Arthur faced a stiff prison sentence. He would be confined with hardened convicts, and his chances of becoming a useful citizen were poor. Prior to 1954 Chester would have faced about the same fate. But in 1954 the U. S. Bureau of Prisons was implementing a new law known as the Youth Corrections Act. It gave Federal judges discretionary power to sentence youths to an all-juvenile institution where, for the first time, the correctional process co-ordinated the work of the courts, police, the prison administration, the parole authority and the probation service. The program was designed not to make the

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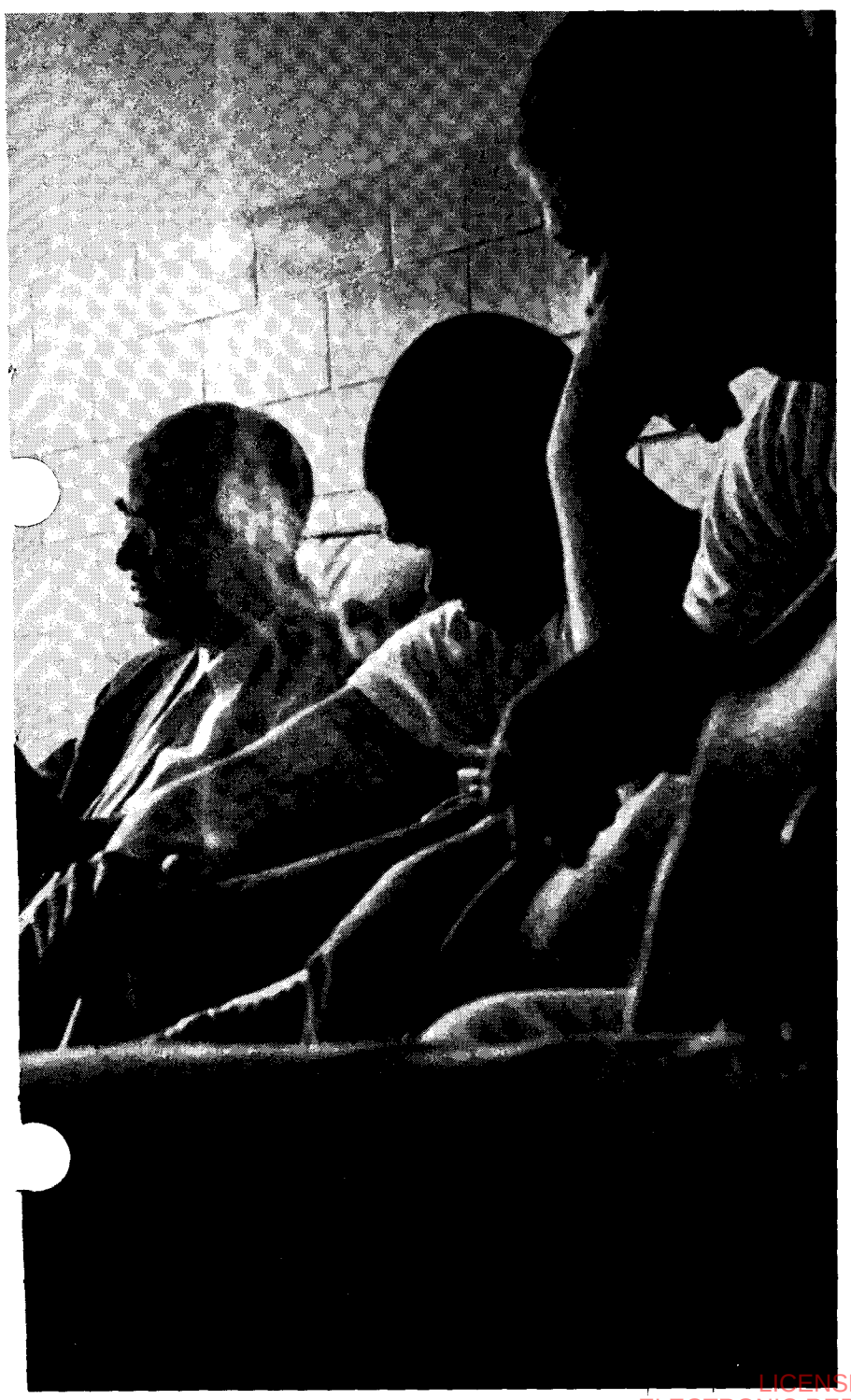
The case history of a boy sent to the Federal Youth Center, Ashland, Kentucky, where new techniques of rehabilitation include an almost unlimited freedom.

THEM INCORRIGIBLE



New insight, better outlook: A group of recent arrivals speak their minds in a group-therapy session led by a staff psychologist.

punishment of young offenders "fit the crime" but to restrain and retrain them as stable men.

On November 24, 1954, Chester appeared before a Federal judge. The judge gave him a stern talk and committed him "to the custody of the Attorney General of the United States" for observation at a classification center and for retraining under the Youth Corrections Act. Two days later Chester was driven along a road curving across a lawn to the entrance of the Federal Youth Center at Ashland, Kentucky, where about 525 inmates are all under the age of twenty-one. He entered a pleasant lobby. A guard unlocked a barred door and motioned him through. The door closed behind him, and the key turned in the lock.

Chester thus entered the first "class" of 323 boys—those received at the center that fiscal year to begin an experiment designed to alter radically the national approach to treatment of young offenders.

"I expected a dungeon like I'd seen in the movies," Chester remembers. "I thought maybe they'd beat me up."

Instead, after the routine of reception, he was given a suit of khakis and led down a wide, brightly painted corridor. He was installed in the admissions unit for a thirty-day period of orientation. The unit contained forty-five individual rooms—an effort is made to avoid "cells"—surrounding a common area with large tables and benches for relaxation. Music is often piped into the areas, and there are periods when inmates may watch television, attend movies and exercise outside or in the gym.

A key feature of Ashland's program is that sentences are not for fixed terms but for an indefinite period—usually not to exceed four years of confinement, plus two years of parole. A boy may be released whenever the Youth Correction Division of the U. S. Board of Parole says he has progressed enough to go home. Thus the "sitting out" of a term by doing nothing except obeying rules is largely eliminated, and the boys are given an incentive to "earn" their release by cooperating in the retraining program.

"But you can't expect leniency here," Chester was told. "We are interested in you and want to help you. The rest, though, is up to you."

Chester nodded, but his private reaction was: "O.K., there are rules. I'll make you believe I obey them."

Like the other inmates, Chester was put under the supervision of a parole officer who would follow Chester's progress. The entire Youth Center staff of about 160—including parole officers, a psychiatrist, psychologist, two chaplains, supervisors and teachers—undergoes special training to handle youthful offenders. The staff in general is dedicated to determining why a boy got into trouble and what can be done to solve his basic problems. "Contrary to general belief," Warden John J. Norton says, "these boys are seldom first offenders. They often have been in trouble for years and are at an age when they are facing their last chance. Now is our biggest opportunity to do something for them before it is too late."

The effort to "do something" for Chester began with a series of mental and physical tests during the orientation period. At that time he was under close observation by his parole officer, his quarters officer, his chaplain and the supervisor of the kitchen, where he was assigned to work. All of them made regular written reports, and the parole officer soon had a file that told a great deal about Chester.

The boy had lived with his mother and stepfather in a medium-sized city. Both adults worked in factories and had little time for Chester. He acquired bad habits in early childhood. Arrested for breaking and entering, vandalism and assault, he had been placed on probation when he was fifteen. He was an indifferent student in high school, and his teachers said he lacked control when left alone.

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PRISONS The psychiatric report on Chester was a description of the average juvenile delinquent: "He says that everything he does or tries to do goes wrong. He has little feeling of responsibility. He is hostile toward authority, blaming the police for his troubles. He is withdrawn, inadequate, insecure and emotionally immature. He acts tough, but underneath he looks on himself as a worthless person, unable to achieve anything. Recommend institutional guidance and close supervision in retraining program."

The retraining program at Ashland seeks to bring about an "inner change" in the boy and to help him mature so that he can face reality. A dozen interlocking methods may be used to overcome his insecurity by showing him that adults are interested in his welfare, or to offset his "worthless" feeling by training him to gain a sense of achievement. Finally, the program seeks to give a boy guidance in selecting activities that will overcome his basic problems, help him develop steady work habits and instill a desire for self-improvement. Needless to say, the program often falls short of its goals. Some boys simply refuse to participate despite such incentives as better living quarters, greater liberty and earlier parole. Others try to "con" the staff into believing they are co-operating when they aren't. But many, including some who at first were hostile, are steadily pressured toward whole-hearted participation.

Chester was trusting nobody when, at the end of the thirty-day orientation period, his case came up for a team progress report. Regular progress reports—sometimes every month but at least once every six months—are made on each boy by a team that includes his parole officer, chaplain, quarters officer, recreation officer, work officer, educational adviser and the warden or associate warden.

After an exchange of views, the team members agreed that Chester needed to develop steady work habits if he was ever to gain self-respect. He was ordered transferred from the admissions unit to a dormitory and kept on inside security—he could not go outside the high double fences of the compound. The boy was then called into the meeting and asked how he was getting along. Chester replied indifferently but flushed when told he would have to continue working in the kitchen, which he disliked.

"I was jumpy," Chester recalled later. "When you're jumpy, little things seem like important things." As a result, he picked a fight as soon as he was shifted to the dormitory. Then he refused to work in the kitchen. He was promptly removed to segregation—a section of barred isolation cells.

It would be easy to classify Chester's behavior as signs of incorrigibility, but officers at Ashland take another view. "A boy is troubled and frightened when he comes here," Warden Norton says. "Perhaps he can't believe we're interested in him, so he behaves in a way that forces us to give him special attention. What he is doing subconsciously is crying out for control. He wants restraint because he knows he can't control himself. So in segregation we give him control and try to help him while he's there."

In segregation Chester expected to be treated as a child who has misbehaved. Instead, the custodian, whom we shall call Officer B., treated him fairly and as an individual. During the next few days they talked occasionally, and gradually Chester began discussing his troubles.

"I didn't get it," Chester recalled. "Here was a guy who had nothing to gain by helping me, but he went out of his way to do it. I decided to con him. But I got no place. Looking back on it, I think it was a turning point. I began to trust him."

After a week, Chester said he wanted to return to work in the kitchen, and he was sent back to his dormitory. Officer B. urged him to come and talk whenever he felt like it. One of the features of the Ashland program is "open house" for an hour every day at noon when inmates can talk to their parole officers, to a chaplain or other staff members. The talks give the boys a chance to blow off steam.

"We may be getting a break," Chester's parole officer said the next time the youth's case came up for a team progress report. "He's gone several times to talk with Officer B., who is probably the first person he ever trusted. Last week he suggested a way of improving kitchen service. His idea worked, and everybody congratulated him. Maybe he'll see that he can accomplish something if he tries."

Urged on by Officer B., Chester enrolled in evening classes to complete his high-school education. Each boy at Ashland has an educational adviser and is given tests to determine his academic standing. Those whose scores indicate a standing below the sixth-grade level are required to attend day classes. High-school-level courses are voluntary.

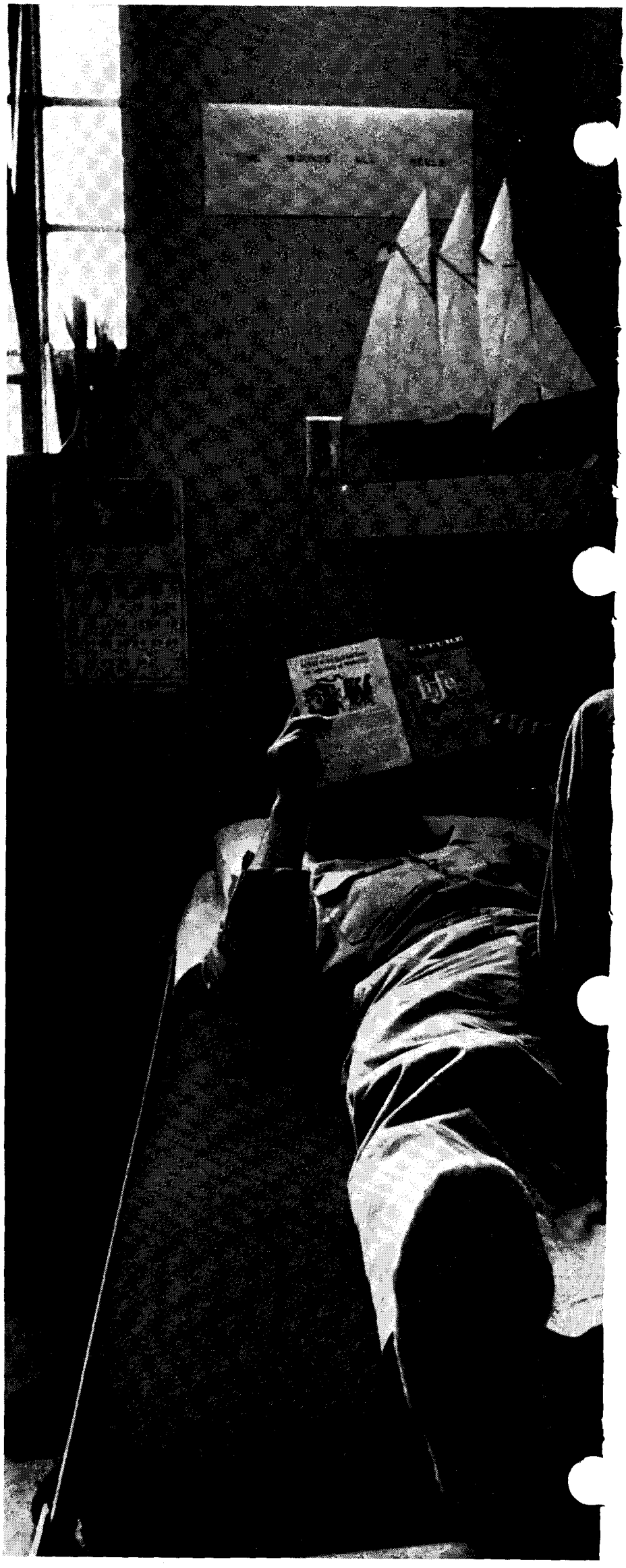
In the late spring of 1955 Chester was persuaded to join a group-therapy course. A dozen staff members conduct these sessions once a week for groups of about ten boys. The youths are asked to speak their minds freely about the institution, the staff or their personal problems with the assurance that anything they say—unless they are planning a crime—will be confidential. The groups meet in a pleasant lounge, but it often takes a great deal of effort to persuade the boys to speak out. Some abuse the freedom allowed them during the period, but most of the inmates at these sessions are serious, and the discussions often give the staff members better insight into their jobs.

Although Chester didn't regard the group-therapy sessions as important, he had begun to acquire the habit of participation in the program—partly because he was interested and partly because he concluded that he could get more privileges by participating. He went to religious services occasionally in the little chapel built entirely by inmates. He spent hours in the library reading room and applied for a job on *Barometer*, the bi-weekly mimeographed newspaper published by inmates.

On September 7, 1955, Chester was shifted to medium custody, meaning he could work outside the fences while under supervision. He was transferred from the kitchen to the groundkeeper's crew. He also entered the vocational evaluation program, which is a testing ground rather than a training course. A number of boys are tried out in various vocations such as plumbing, welding or electrical work to determine whether they are interested and have the necessary skill. Those who qualify graduate to specialized vocational training—auto repair, for example—and eventually work in the machine shop, the garage or the furniture factory, where they earn a small wage.

Vocational training didn't interest Chester, but because he could type he was put to work in the storeroom where he might eventually earn as much as twenty dollars a month. "A funny thing happened there," he recalls. "I didn't trust

Photographs by Larry Keighley



Privacy is his privilege: a well-behaved inmate enjoys his "honor unit"

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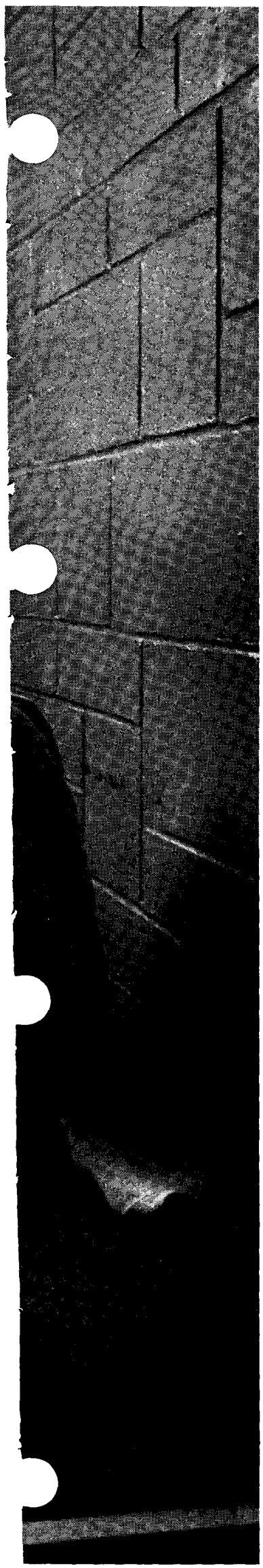


room, decorated to his taste.

any of my bosses, and my big idea was to get out of Ashland in any way I could. But for some reason my bosses seemed to like me. If I did good, they praised me. I began watching them and listening to the things they said. I had always said dog-eat-dog, but these guys had a different idea. They were interested in their families, in their jobs—in things I had always snickered at. They were even interested in me. They did little extra things for me, and after a while I got so I was glad to do something extra for them."

By March of 1956 Chester's work supervisor was able to report that Chester was "endeavoring to make the most of his opportunities and to accept responsibility." The supervisor recommended a Meritorious Service Award of ten dollars a month—one of the incentives to advance in the program. A few weeks later the award was approved at a team progress-report meeting. The warden wrote him a congratulatory letter, and Chester was elevated to a semihonor unit, where he had more privileges and might go outside the fences with less supervision.

In a correctional institution there are limits to the influence that the staff can exert either by persuasion or by rules. There are always tough-guy inmates who use strong-arm tactics against weaker boys, bullying them into violations of rules. To offset the disruptive influence of such strong-arm leadership, the staff often asks boys like Chester to encourage weaker inmates to active participation in the retraining program. As a boy cooperates, he earns an individual room, the privilege of staying up later and the privilege of moving more freely about the institution's 250-acre farm that produces milk, meat and eggs for the center. Sometimes a boy may work in nearby communities or in Ashland, or visit nearby towns as a member of the baseball team or the choir or the fire-fighting crew. All such privileges are used as incentives.

Chester gained admission to the most privileged group late in 1956, when he was shifted to one of the eighty-four private rooms in the full-honor unit. "The real privilege in the honor unit is privacy," he commented. "You can't imagine what it is until you don't have it for a couple of years. But you have to work to keep it. If your bed isn't properly made or your window is dirty, you're tossed back into a dormitory."

After two years he was considerably changed from the sullen boy in the segregation unit. His room was much the same as the barren cubicle he had occupied during his first month at the center, but now there were pictures on the wall. A half dozen books were on the table, and a model airplane hung from the ceiling. On the wall was a calendar with the date of the next parole-board meeting marked in red.

Chester's appearance had changed too. His hair had been trimmed to a reasonable length. His clothes were neat. His manner in conversation with his quarters officer was slightly formal, but he was frank and gave an impression of self-confidence.

"Maybe the most important thing that I've learned," Chester told his parole officer, "is not just to quit trying to deceive other people but to quit trying to fool myself. If I had been put in a program like this when I first got into trouble, instead of being put on probation, I might have avoided a lot of grief."

The number of youthful offenders who get their chance to avoid a lot of grief has been increasing each year as more and more judges take advantage of the Youth Corrections Act. Since 1954 almost 6000 boys have been committed to custody of the Attorney General to be retrained at Ashland or at five other institutions where similar programs have since been instituted. (These institutions are the National Training Schools for Boys in Washington, D.C.; Natural Bridge Camp, Greenlee, Virginia; Chillicothe, Ohio; El Reno, Oklahoma; and Englewood, California.) More than 4000 boys have gone through Ashland, which also receives youths who are sentenced under the Federal Juvenile Delinquency Act and who must be released on or before their twenty-first birthday.

The Ashland Youth Center inmates serve an average of about eighteen and a half months at a cost to the taxpayer of $6.42 per boy per day as compared with an average of $4.95 for all Federal prisoners. The higher cost is due to a diet better suited to growing boys and the need for a larger staff.

After seven years, officials of the Bureau of Prisons are convinced the results far outweigh the extra cost.

The rehabilitation record of the first "class" at the Youth Center, which in an experimental period was subjected to a number of program changes, was not so impressive as that of later classes. Nevertheless, a study by the U.S. Board of Parole showed that 38.5 per cent of the boys completed their paroles without any violations. Another 20 per cent committed some violation and were later reparoled successfully. Approximately 40 per cent were regarded as unsuccessful products of the program. The statistics, however, miss some good and some bad results. They do not show how many boys kept out of trouble while on parole but later committed crimes. Nor do they show that many parole violations were minor technicalities. Most important, they fail to show how the program may have favorably influenced a boy.

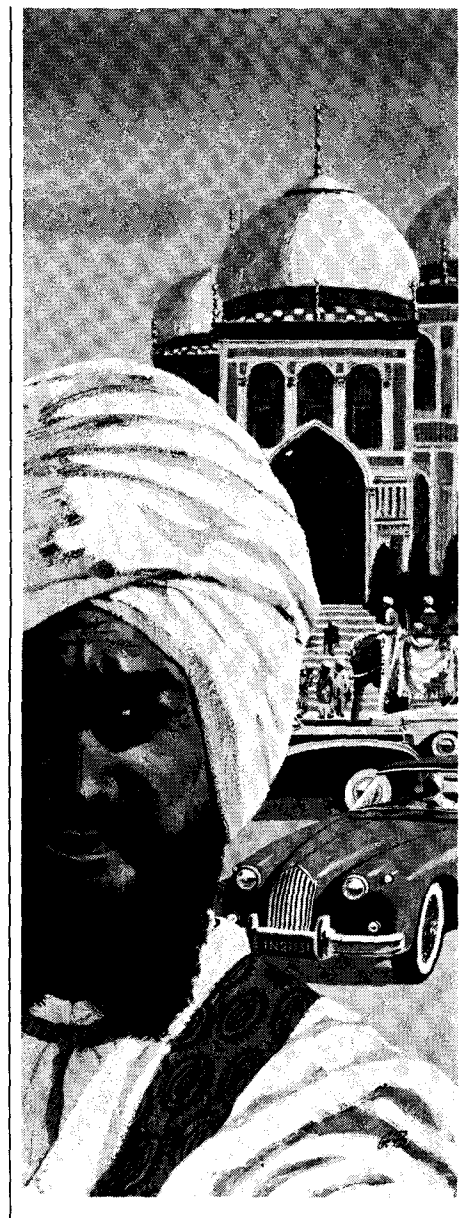
For example, one boy who robbed a Connecticut bank is now president of the student government at his college and plans to become a psychologist so that he can eventually get a job working with boys at an institution like Ashland. Another boy prepared to become a minister by taking correspondence courses while at the Youth Center. Such examples, of course, are exceptions. But about 95 per cent of the inmates progress enough to "earn" their release prior to expiration of their maximum sentences, and all have the opportunity to take advantage of scientific guidance and training instead of merely being caged in a cell.

Not long ago Richard J. Heaney, the deputy assistant director of the Bureau and former warden at Ashland, was standing nearby when an Ashland inmate reported to his work supervisor on the results of a difficult assignment. When the boy had finished, the supervisor patted him on the shoulder and said, "Nice going, kid."

"That," said Heaney, "is the radical change in the correctional process. You can't afford just to lock them up. You have to build them up."

As for Chester, he had some highly discouraging experiences—as do most parolees—after his release from the Youth Center, but he kept out of serious trouble. Next June, if all goes well, he will graduate from college.

"It's having friends who are interested in you that makes the difference," he has concluded. "A lot of guys never seemed to get that idea. I was lucky." THE END



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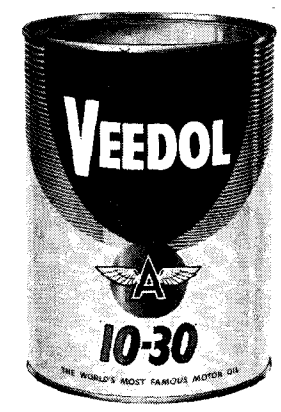

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EDITORIALS

THIS TOWN PAYS ITS TEACHERS ON "MERIT" AND NOBODY'S MAD!

Professional educationists have consistently opposed merit-pay plans. Under the system usually used, teachers get paid according to years in service, number of graduate degrees or, in small communities, the bargaining ability of the applicant. Objections to incentive pay for teachers are about the same as those used by labor unions in industry, where merit plans nevertheless have gained ground.

However, the school system of Canton, Connecticut, a town of 4800 not far from Hartford, uses the merit system without serious dissent by anybody. Canton has two elementary schools and a junior-senior high school, with fifty-five teachers under contract. In 1951 Canton got a new school superintendent, Dr. H. B. Jestin. A former Army officer with experience in industry, Doctor Jestin felt that both teachers and pupils would be better off under some kind of incentive method. He and his board, after much consultation with teachers and Canton citizens, decided to try.

They set up an Evaluation Criteria Committee which reviews teachers' work continually. Principals do the evaluating, and the conclusions are available only to school authorities. More than half a teacher's "points" for pay purposes come from observation of how well his or her pupils get along in their studies. Due credit is given teachers who have earned graduate degrees, or are studying to improve themselves professionally. But nobody says to a teacher, "You have a master's degree, so you get this much," or "Sorry, you haven't got a master's." In some systems fine natural teachers have been downgraded because of the degree cult.

One wonders how all this goes over with teachers. None has appealed from evaluations; nobody has resigned because of them. Canton-plan advocates point out, however, that pay will tend to go up rather than down under the incentive plan—it isn't a cheap deal. Teachers are rated "superior," down through "competent," or the bottom, "unsatisfactory." A teacher rated "superior" can make the top of $8200 a year; if "unsatisfactory," he goes on probation and can be fired if his work doesn't improve. This doesn't interfere with tenure. Doctor Jestin says, since records are kept of observations as to a teacher's work, there is evidence to back up pay decisions.

Is everybody happy? Probably not, but there are results which parents and pupils can appreciate. In 1955, the year before Canton's incentive plan went into effect, 42 per cent of their college-prep seniors were accepted by colleges. This year 54 per cent were accepted. Moreover, Canton is able to attract top-flight teachers and build for the demands of the future.

WHY RESTRICT IMPORTS OF AN ESSENTIAL FUEL?

Quotas and import restrictions are at best clumsy interferences with normal trade practices. When they are imposed on products that are in short supply, they make no sense at all. A case in point is the quota on residual oil imposed in 1959 as part of a regulation restricting oil imports in the supposed interest of national defense. Considerable confusion has arisen recently from the news that Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall was considering reducing the quota for imports of crude oil, while relaxing, if not removing completely, import quotas on residual oil. Why make it more difficult to import petroleum at one state of refinement while encouraging the importation of still another grade?

The reason for this apparent contradiction is simple enough. Crude oil is in ample supply in the United States, while residual oil—the gooey, gelatinous product left over at the end of the refining process—is in very short supply. Indeed, few American refineries have any "residual" left when refining has been completed. Residual oil comes almost entirely from Venezuela where, because of United States restrictions on importation of this necessary fuel, surplus residual oil is frequently dumped into artificial lakes and pits.

The importance of residual oil to the American economy lies in its use as fuel by public-utility plants, schools, hospitals, apartment houses and some manufacturing plants—located mostly on the East Coast. Because of the quota the cost of residual oil in the United States is about thirty-nine cents above the world price. In cost per energy unit, coal and residual oil are not far apart; the difference lies in the cost of shipping and hauling. Senator Pastore of Rhode Island explained in a speech in the Senate last summer that the transportation cost of importing 100,000 barrels of residual oil from Venezuela is $17,800, while transportation charges for an amount of coal equivalent in heating potential is $122,000. It is easy to see why senators from New England are up in arms against continuance of the restriction.

The principal defender of the restrictions is the coal-mining industry and the miners it employs. The unemployment of miners is attributed to imported residual oil when, as is fairly plain to most people, the thing which has cost jobs to miners is automation. As Senator Pastore pointed out in the speech referred to, employment in the mining industry declined from 415,582 in 1950 to 159,100 ten years later—but during that decade the amount of residual oil consumed hardly varied at all. We tend to agree with Senator Bush of Connecticut, who said that these quotas on residual oil "have not stimulated oil exploration. And they have not cured the real cause of unemployment in the coal fields. But they have done serious economic damage on the eastern coast of the United States"—and, it might be added, to the economy of Venezuela, which country we need on our side.

This quota looks like one exercise in economic nationalism which we could very well do without. Protectionism which doesn't protect anything seems hardly worth maintaining.

A TOUCH OF FIRMNESS, AND RED DEMANDS RECEDE!

On October sixteenth the headlines were in the sense of DE GAULLE VETOES HIGH-LEVEL TALKS WITH KHRUSHCHEV. He thought the Soviet dictator might see evidence of Western weakness in this eagerness to confer. The reaction in London, and to a lesser extent Washington, was that the French leader had put his foot in it. But on October eighteenth the headlines said something like KHRUSHCHEV RELAXES STAND ON BERLIN. London and Washington agreed that they were glad to hear such good news.

What we find difficult to understand is the almost universal failure to note the possibility that there might be a connection between General de Gaulle's blunt "*Non!*" and Khrushchev's "relaxation" on Berlin, including an expression of willingness to postpone that inexorable ultimatum again. After all, in the past, Communist demands have tended to recede in the face of Western determination and to advance when the West displays an excess of eagerness to negotiate the nonnegotiable. Why couldn't that have been true this time?

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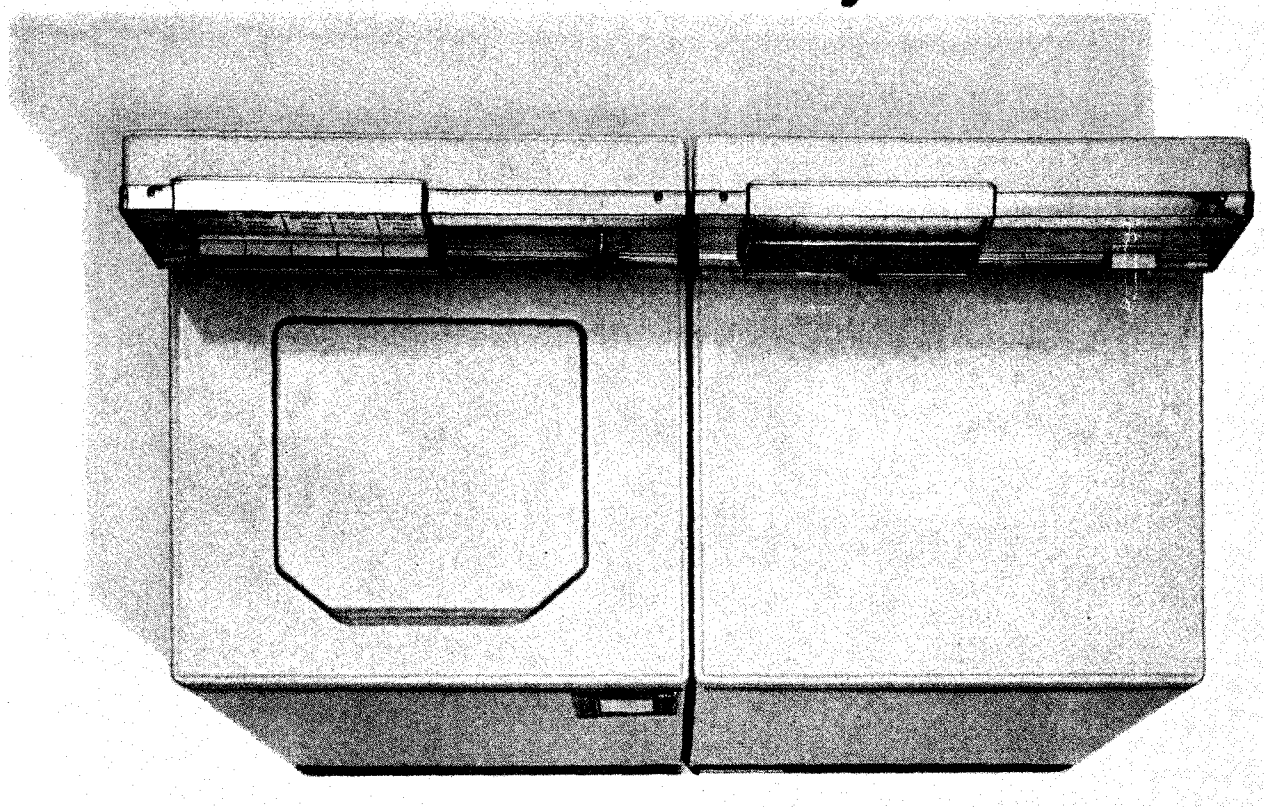
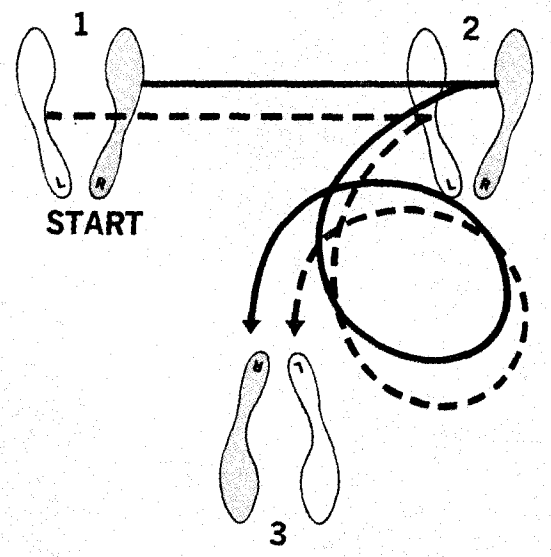
The Washer and Dryer Waltz





START

1 Step forward with both feet and place laundry in automatic washer.

2 Step to right (lightly, to the dryer). Withdraw laundry dried previously.

3 Turn . . . and the next steps are up to you . . . your washer and dryer take it from there.

You'll never really have a ball on wash day, but the closest you can come to it is with partners like an automatic washer and dryer. Have you seen the new models? They have special cycles for all the new fabrics and wash-and-wear clothes. They clean gently, dry gently, and they're easy to care for because the steel cabinets resist stains, dents and scratches—and, of course, dirt just wipes away. They're steel inside, too, as all really reliable and hard-working appliances are, and it's unbelievable how they will make a hero out of the husband who buys them.

Steel

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USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

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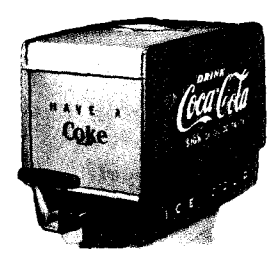

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